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# Collier's

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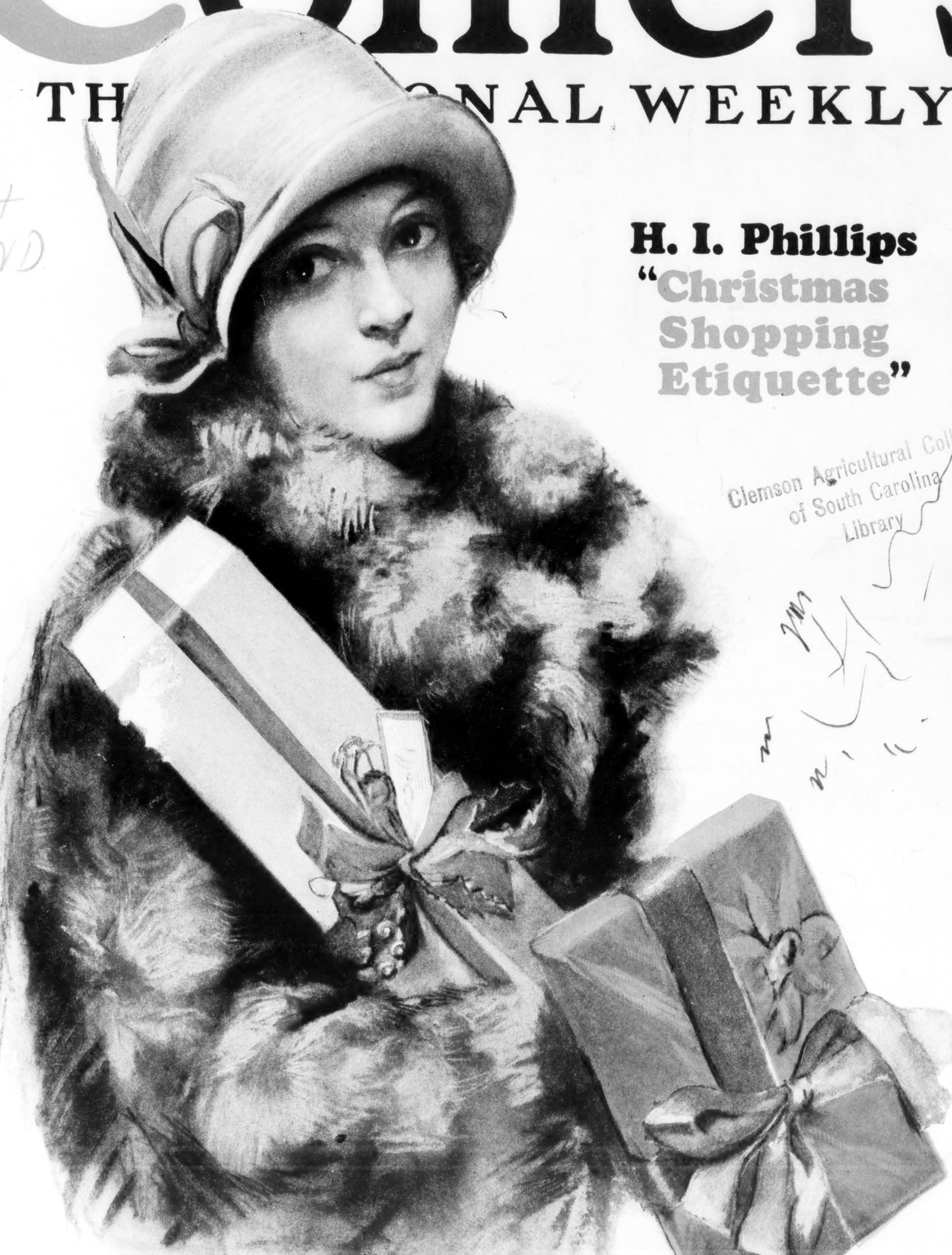

Cover by
Augusta
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**H. I. Phillips**

**"Christmas
Shopping
Etiquette"**

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## All-America Footbal

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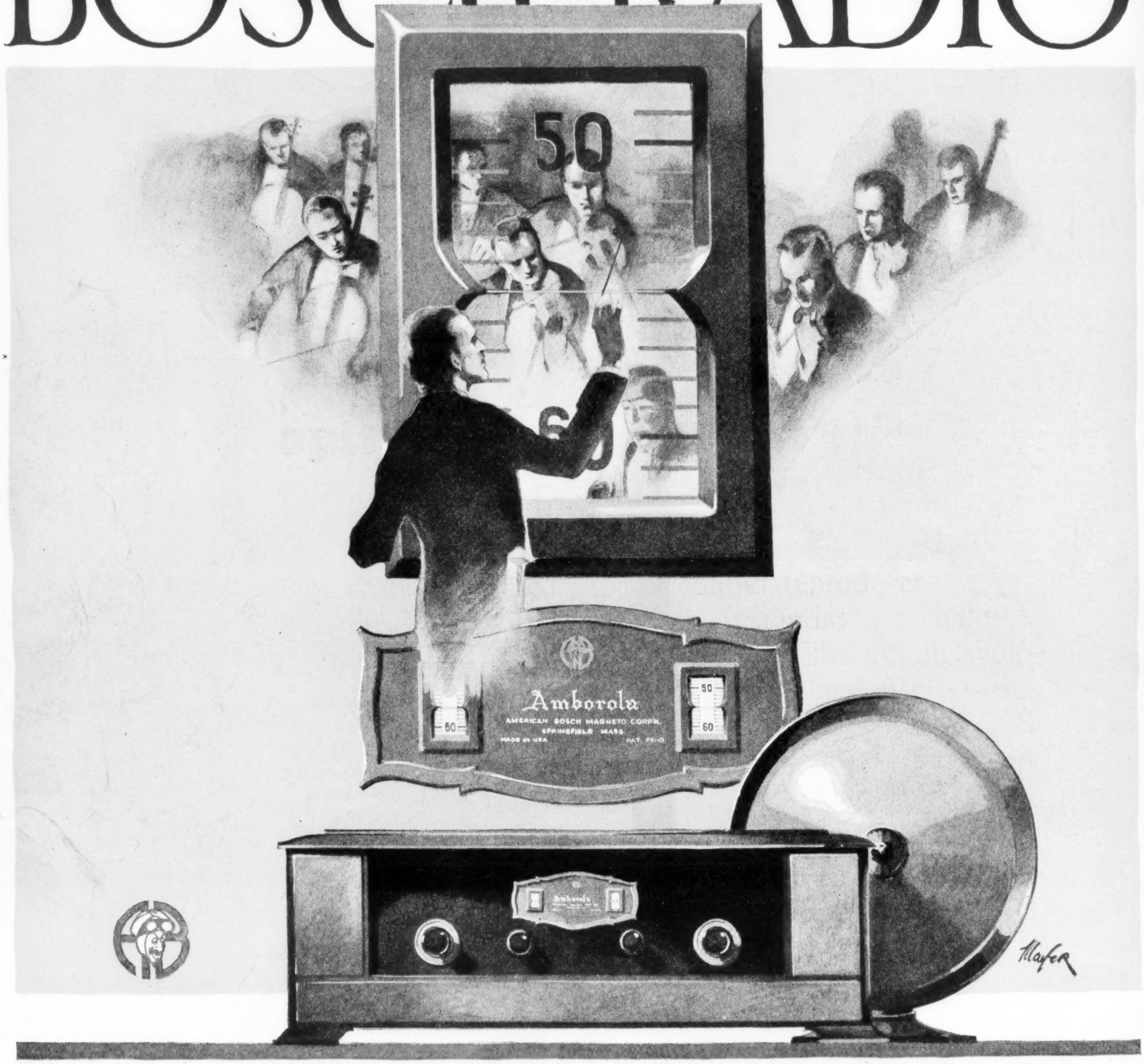
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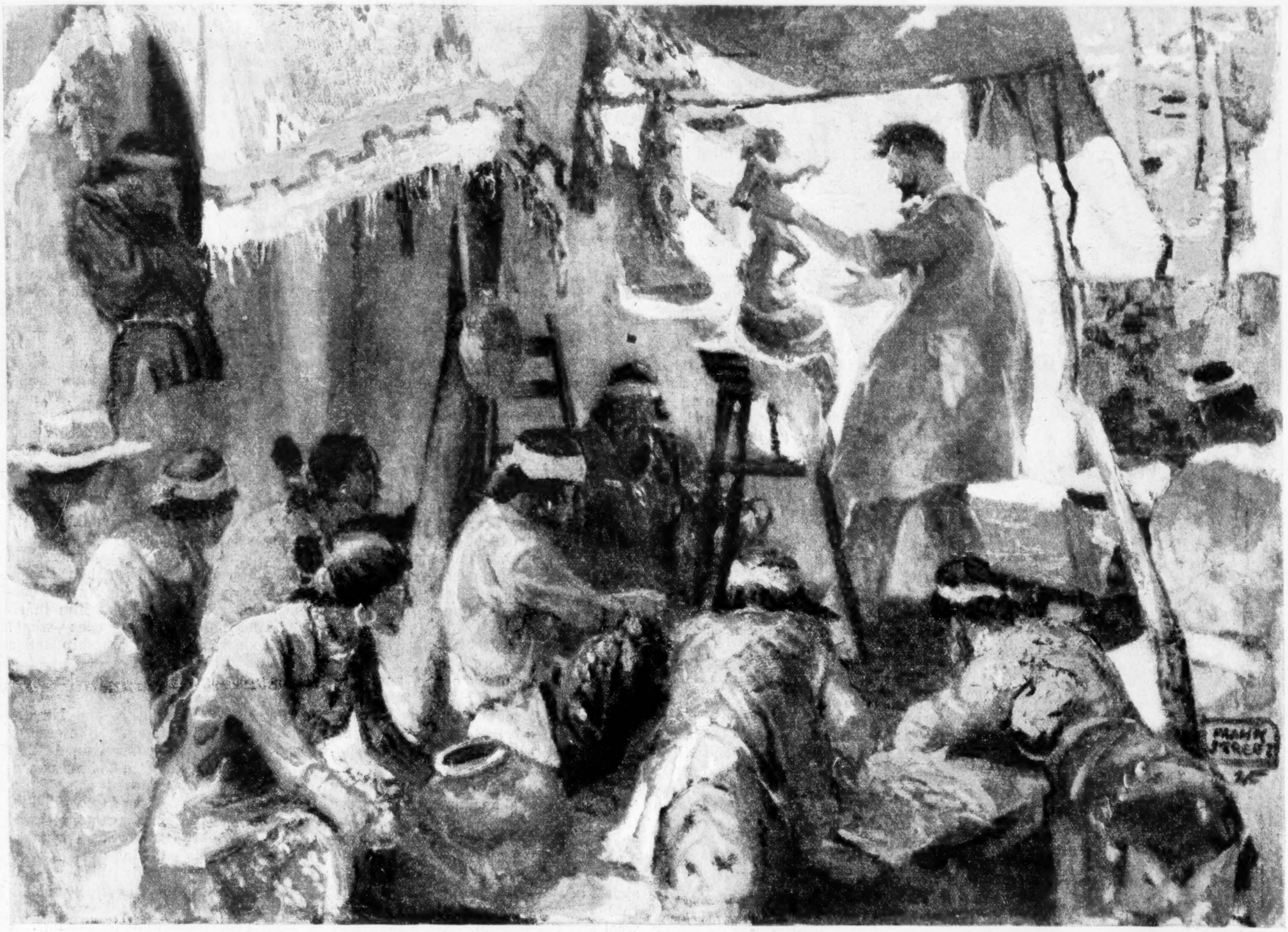


*They would not pose for me, and I found myself regarded with a great deal of suspicion and animosity*

# Madonna of the Mesa

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

I READ the meager newspaper account with a mingling of emotions. Blind! Ross Tenerforth blind!

I had known for some time, as the few did who were privileged enough to be his intimates, that he faced the prospect of losing his eyesight. Two famous oculists had warned him of it and had advised dark glasses and a rest from the driving fury of his work. His response was characteristic of him. He flung out to Arizona, where the sun is a brazen sphere of barbed light; where the yellow sand catches and reflects the molten glare. He had established himself on the desert in an adobe house on the outskirts of a remote village, a house that had once been occupied by a priest who, through a life's hard struggle, had failed to shake the belief of his dusky charges in rain gods and the medicinal properties of the witch man's rattle.

The nearest contact with civilization was the trading post on the Anajane River, thirty miles away, where the Navaho Indians came on their plodding ponies to trade turquoise necklaces and silver belts for Pendleton blankets and yards of blood-red velvet. It is not strange that in such a complete isolation even Ross Tenerforth should be forgotten. Now and then a statuette came out of Arizona, a gorgeous bit of distorted beauty. A Zuñi rain priest with a writhing snake in his mouth; a starving calf by a dry water hole; a Hopi kachina dancer in his weird painted ceremonial mask. At first there were several statuettes a year. They became fewer and fewer. At last they ceased altogether.

I felt a certain responsibility for this last mad fling of his. For I, Clive Carruthers, had, in my early youth, known the desert and the desert dwellers. I had ridden and tramped and loafed over the Arizona and New Mexico country. I spoke a fair imitation of Navaho and knew the universal sign language of the tribes, so that I was well received wherever I went. I knew that it had been my passionate recitals of that arid, lovely, lonely land, with its unbelievable colorings and its somber, unfathomable mysteries of bygone people, that had tempted Ross to sample their beauties for himself when the harping of his friends concerning the condition of his eyes drove him out of New York.

And then, in San Francisco, when the air was tanged with the feeling of approaching Yuletide, I read the brief, heartlessly laconic dispatch, copied from a New York paper:

"Ross Tenerforth, famous sculptor, has been living for the past two years

*Table of contents will be found on page 46*

in the isolation of an Indian village north of Anajane. It is reported that he has completely lost his sight."

Upon an impulse as wild and sudden as his own, I decided to seek him out—to spend Christmas in that remote Indian village set far back on the Painted Desert in the midst of giant purple cliffs and savage, sun-baked towers of stone.

It was a three-day journey by rail to the tiny, sun-flayed town of Gotoyan. From there I went some distance in a rickety car that alternately mired itself in sand drifts and bumped precariously over rocky trails that had never been created with the idea of modern automobile travel. From the trading post on the Anajane River I discarded the machine and thankfully though stiffly trusted myself to a Navaho pony, which had an ingrowing suspicion that every rock hid a rattlesnake, and to a taciturn Indian of the Walapi tribe, who consented to guide me to the village in exchange for several silver dollars, which he wanted—not to spend, but to make into buttons for his shirt!

I felt that I had left far behind me the world—and Christmas. Certainly there was no feeling of Yuletide in the hot, sage-scented air. The Indian rode ahead of me, silently, slouched in his saddle, his face all but hidden under a greasy sombrero. I wrapped a bandanna around my neck and pulled it up over my nostrils to escape some part of the hot, slow-rising clouds of dust that my horse's hoofs sent up.

The Indian turned in his saddle and grunted something. He pointed ahead, and I could discern the outlines of a small adobe house. The square patches of windows shone warmly yellow in the clear blue dusk. I felt my heart throbbing excitedly. Ross Tenerforth! Christmas Eve! And this remote, desert world. It was like a dream that wakes one from sleep by its very strangeness.

I dismissed my guide with the stipulated amount, and he took my tired, reluctant horse by the bridle. I paused at the door, with its crudely arranged wooden latch. My hand was upon the panels, ready to knock, when it swung open from inside. Silhouetted against the light that illumined the interior a man stood framed, with hands outstretched, welcoming me. It was Ross Tenerforth. And yet, was it? There was nothing familiar in the sturdy, eager grasp of his hands on mine, the excited, boyish smile on his sensitive, flexible mouth, or the hearty welcome of his greeting.

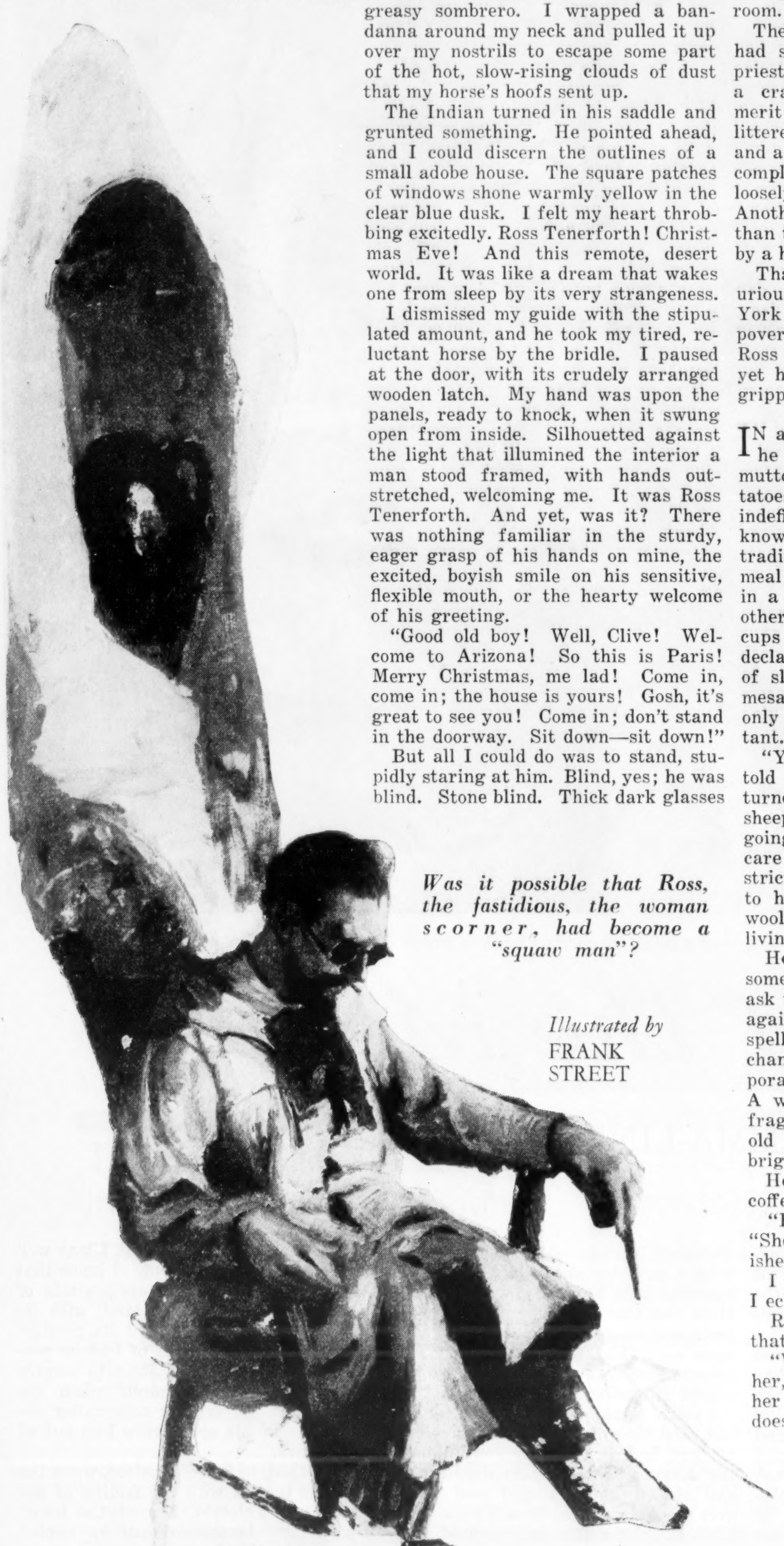
"Good old boy! Well, Clive! Welcome to Arizona! So this is Paris! Merry Christmas, me lad! Come in, come in; the house is yours! Gosh, it's great to see you! Come in; don't stand in the doorway. Sit down—sit down!"

But all I could do was to stand, stupidly staring at him. Blind, yes; he was blind. Stone blind. Thick dark glasses hid the vacant hollowness of his eyes, but his groping hands told the story—his hands and that peculiar lifted face that the blind always have. He laughed delightedly as he tugged at my coat and felt for my hat.

I glanced almost furtively about the one room of the house. It was pitifully, meagerly bare. The floor was of native cement, scrubbed and clean. There were two chairs; a rude table with a few tin pans; a small cook stove, which had probably been the pride of the late padre's heart; a cupboard for dishes and cooking supplies; a cooler which was pierced through the wall. A quaint old Spanish bed took up one side of the room.

There was a small alcove—perhaps it had served as a chapel for the good priest. Now it was a workshop—if such a cramped, nondescript space could merit that term. There was a table littered with lumps of clay, a scalpel and a molding board. Two or three uncompleted figurines stood in a row, loosely covered over with cheesecloth. Another sculptured group, much larger than the others, was completely covered by a heavy drape.

That was all. I remembered the luxurious untidiness of Ross' huge New York studio. Everything here spoke of poverty—pinching, grinding poverty. Ross had never known poverty. And yet he could smile. The wonder of it gripped me; made me dull and stupid.



*Was it possible that Ross, the fastidious, the woman scorner, had become a "squaw man"?*

*Illustrated by*
FRANK STREET

IN a surprisingly short length of time he put upon the rude table a rich mutton stew, with coffee and boiled potatoes. There were some cookies too, of indefinite age. They had lain, no one knows how long, on the shelves of the trading post at Anajane. A curious meal for Christmas Eve! But we ate it in a holiday spirit. We pledged each other Merry Christmas in hot steaming cups of strong black coffee, and Ross declared that he could hear the jingle of sleigh bells outside on the moonlit mesa. I heard bells too. But they were only sheep bells, soft, low-toned, distant.

"You are listening to my income," he told me, his sightless, smiling face turned toward me. "I invested in a few sheep after I found my eyes were really going. One of the Navaho herders takes care of them with his and renders me a strict accounting—at least, according to his own ideas—of the sale of the wool and the mutton. Not a luxurious living; still, it suffices, as you see."

He waved a hand about the bare yet somehow contentful room. I feared to ask the question that was urging itself against my lips. I feared to break the spell of his gayety. Perhaps all this change of countenance was but a temporary mood, brought on by my visit. A word might damage it, smash it to fragments. I did not want to see the old look of intolerance mar the new brightness of his face.

He paused a moment, as we drank our coffee, and listened.

"E-ho-de is coming, I think," he said. "She will know that we will have finished eating."

I looked at him sharply. "E-ho-de?" I echoed. "Who is that?"

Ross was filling his pipe with tobacco that I proffered.

"Well, I hardly know how to describe her," he said, smiling. "I can't call her my maid of all work, because she doesn't do all the work. And she isn't exactly my model—although I have used her several times when she didn't know about it, and once when she did. I don't think I can even call her a friend, because Indians are too self-contained. You never quite know how you stand with them. So I will simply say that she is a Navaho girl, a widow, with a very small, captivating youngster who bears the Spanish name of Jesusito—so named by the old priest who baptized him—'Little Jesus.' Does it sound sacreligious to you? It won't if you pronounce it in Spanish, 'Hay-soo-seéto.' It is a very common name among them, you know."

"Yes, I know," I mumbled.

But I was not thinking of the child and his name. I was wondering about the girl—E-ho-de? Was she the answer to the puzzle? Was this new happiness, which, it seemed to me, Ross did not even consciously recognize as such, caused by a desert love affair? Was it possible that Ross Tenerforth, the fastidious, the woman scorner, had become a "squaw man"?

But even as the door opened I knew that my supposition was wrong. The girl, E-ho-de, did not love him. She stood there, framed by the luminous night sky of the desert, leading by the hand a round-faced, staring little Indian of perhaps three years. She was dressed as all Navaho women dress, with a tight-fitting velvet bodice and long, clinging sleeves; long, full skirts that billowed out from her hips; black hair cut in a bang across the forehead and tied up behind with innumerable strands of red and green wool. There were turquoise pendants in her ears and ropes of silver and turquoise chains about her throat. The little fellow wore a red velvet shirt, donned, I thought, in honor of my arrival. The buttons were made of silver dimes, as were the buttons on E-ho-de's white, ankle-length moccasins.

No, she did not love Ross Tenerforth. She had opened the door without knocking, in accordance with the Navaho custom. She stood looking at him in silence, and there was in her eyes—what? A curious mingling of worship and a haunting glaze of fear.

His greeting was one of careless good nature.

"Come in," he said in the Navaho tongue; "we have eaten." She entered silently, her white-moccasined feet making no sound on the bare, uncovered floor. She removed the dishes, heated water, and signed the child to sit near her. He was much interested in me and in the gold watch which I held out for his examination. But he would not disobey his mother. He squatted beside her, watching us with round, unsmiling eyes.

Ross Tenerforth went on talking:

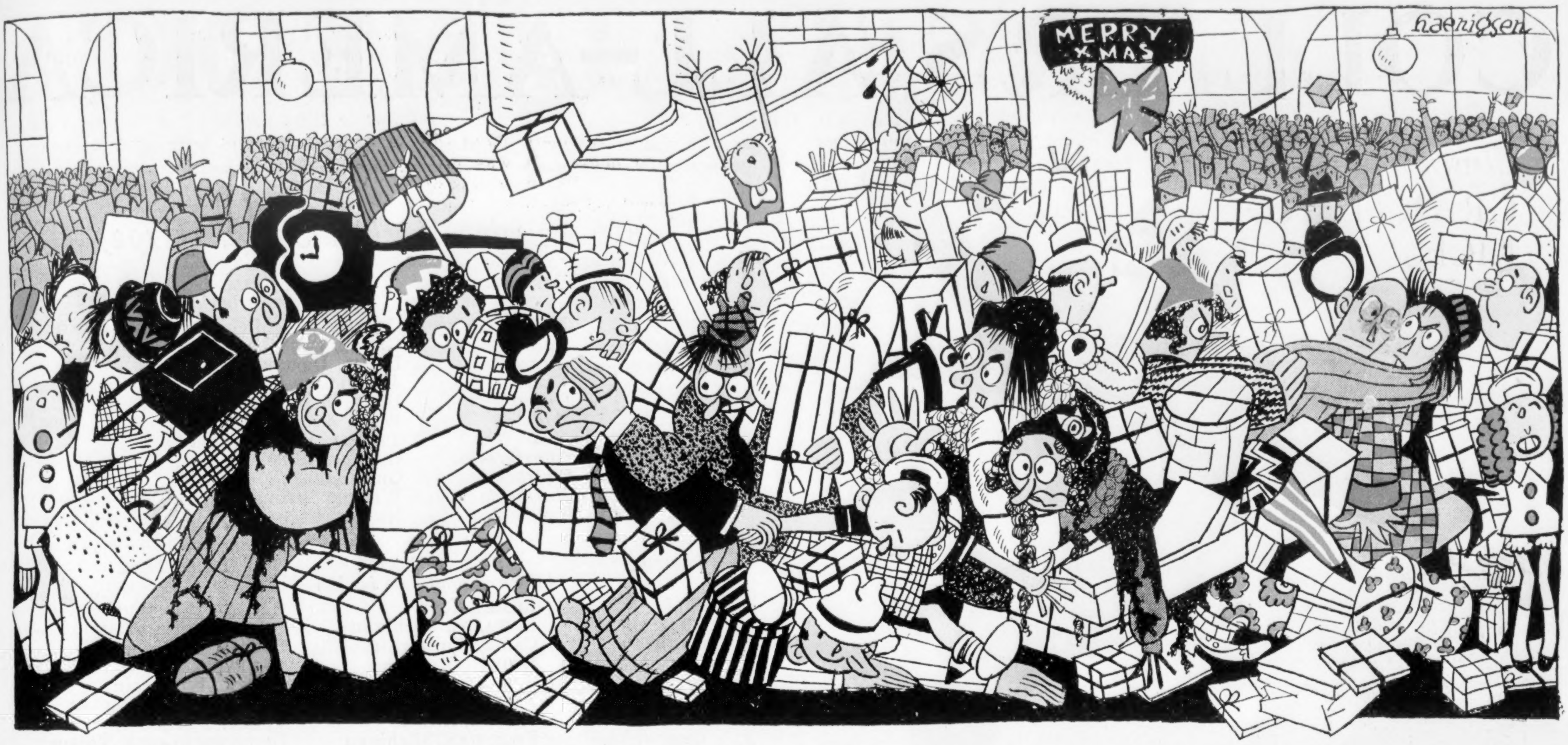
"I stored things up in my memory. And I trained my hands, as my eyes became less reliable, to do double work. Fortunately, I am a sculptor. I could have done nothing if I had had to depend on color and canvas. But form—ah, the hands are the master of that!"

HE SPREAD out his long, spatulate-tipped hands. I could see those thin, sensitive fingers kneading form out of a shapeless lump of clay.

"There are a few unfinished things in the workbench over there," he went on, and pointed. "Those smaller things are 'horrors'—your pet word, I believe, for my particular brand of art. One of them is a mad dog dying—" He smiled, almost impishly. "Go ahead, Clive, wince; I can feel it. You always hated my idea of beauty, didn't you? One is a fire dancer putting live coals against an open wound, and one is my own conception of the struggle between savagery and civilization. None of them are what you would call pleasant themes.

"I began something else—something that got hold of me and made me go on and on. It isn't finished yet—perhaps it will never be finished. But I work at it incessantly. If it is as good as I think, it will be the best thing I've ever done. It will bring me a small fortune."

(*Continued on page 43*)



# The book of etiquette for Christmas shoppers

**GOOD form for department-store line-buckers, including official rules for the great game of "Storm-the-Elevator" and invaluable suggestions for shoppers, ladies and gentlemen who wish to enjoy the sweet Yuletide spirit without losing an eye, ear, tooth, arm or leg**

*By* H. I. PHILLIPS

CHRISTMAS, as someone so aptly has said, comes but once a year. There is a disposition to make it a more frequent event in the Texas oil belt, in Hollywood and among the promoters of Broadway musical shows, but the practice is frowned upon by scrupulous observers of good form.

When it comes it brings good cheer, according to the legend makers, and a noticeable let-down in good manners, according to eyewitnesses. Any attempt in this country to make Christmas shopping a wholly well-mannered proceeding is, of course, absurd on its face, and that is where the attempt would speedily find itself, anyway.

The Christmas shopper is entitled to her little homicidal outbreaks and massacres.

No amount of education can ever make her abandon her fighting battle cry of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a trip through the toy department!" Therefore the primary purpose of this article (which has the approval of the Life Extension Institute, the League for Bettering Human Relationships, the Society Opposed to War, the 1925 Intersectional Football Conference and the S. P. C. A.) is to standardize the conduct and so codify the various grips, holds, maneuvers, clinches, etc., that every shopper and store employee will be given a fair chance; and to establish between shopper and store clerk a better understanding of what is expected of each and of what is proper and correct behavior in the best regulated Christmas shopping circles.

*Preparing the Store.* The proprietor of the big department store owes something to his patrons. His store should suffer nothing by comparison with the other well-regulated fight clubs. Lavish decorations are not necessary, but it should be tastefully draped with curtains, draperies, potted plants, fire extinguishers, price cards and house detectives. The lighting should be ample but not glaring.

A few weeks before the Yuletide season, announcement should be made in the newspapers of the hours during which the store will receive patrons and giving some idea of what they may expect to find upon arrival.

### Free-for-All! Let's Go!

A HALF hour or so before the time set for receiving patrons the superintendent should arrive and get everything in readiness. The shades should be raised, the coverings taken off the cases and the lights lighted. The help then should enter, using a special doorway. Directly upon entering the store the employees should remove their hats and coats, fix their hair and take their places behind the various counters quietly and with simple dignity. The talk at this point should be light. Serious topics should be avoided. The saleslady at the hand bags, purses and leather-goods counter may drop some such remark as "Somebody got away with my wad of gum again last night. I left it right here on the bottom of this satchel." The girl in charge of the ladies' waists, camisoles, chemises counter may toss off the comment, "Gee, but my dogs are going back on me fast! I soaked 'em last night in hot water for over an hour, and still I can hardly stand on 'em." And so on and so forth.

After the clerks have taken their places it is the custom for the floorwalkers to make their appearance and take a trial spin around the course. They should wear dark clothes of business cut and very superior expressions.

*Arrival of Customers.* While the hours during which department stores will receive may be given as 8:30 to 5 or 9 to 5:30, customers are not required by the rules of etiquette to appear promptly at the opening hour. They may come as they desire, and it is the prevailing custom for the great majority to arrive between 3 P. M. and the closing hour. This makes the party more spirited.

They may enter by any of the entrances so designated and should do so with the head held well down, the torso thrust forward from the waist and with the arms and elbows in the position where they will do the most good. It is well to keep the weight on the toes to assure the best leverage. An umbrella or cane may be carried without violating good form, but the use of clubs, iron bars, cutlasses, bolo knives and similar implements should be avoided.

No shopper may be held to have precedence over another by virtue of social position. It is entirely a matter of weight, strength and durability.

Above all, be resolute! Tradition holds no brief for the undetermined, the vacillating and the weak. The thing to do is to follow through, once one's drive has been started. He who hesitates is lost, and she who hesitates is battered.

No formal exchange of greetings is called for. A moderate amount of patience is expected, but the spirit of the day should be in accord with the motto expressed on the flag of the Colonial fathers, "Don't Tread on Me!"

While a good vocabulary is important at such a moment, the conversation should not be verbose. Precedent requires that a lady, finding herself hurled violently to right or left by another lady, glare and exclaim, "Who're you shoving around?"

The lady thus addressed should reply, "I'm sure I don't know and, what's more, I don't care to." The first lady may add, with a sharp sidewise thrust of the elbow, "It's a wonder somebody wouldn't teach some people manners!"

The reply to this, as recommended by the best authorities, is "Aw, sign off!"

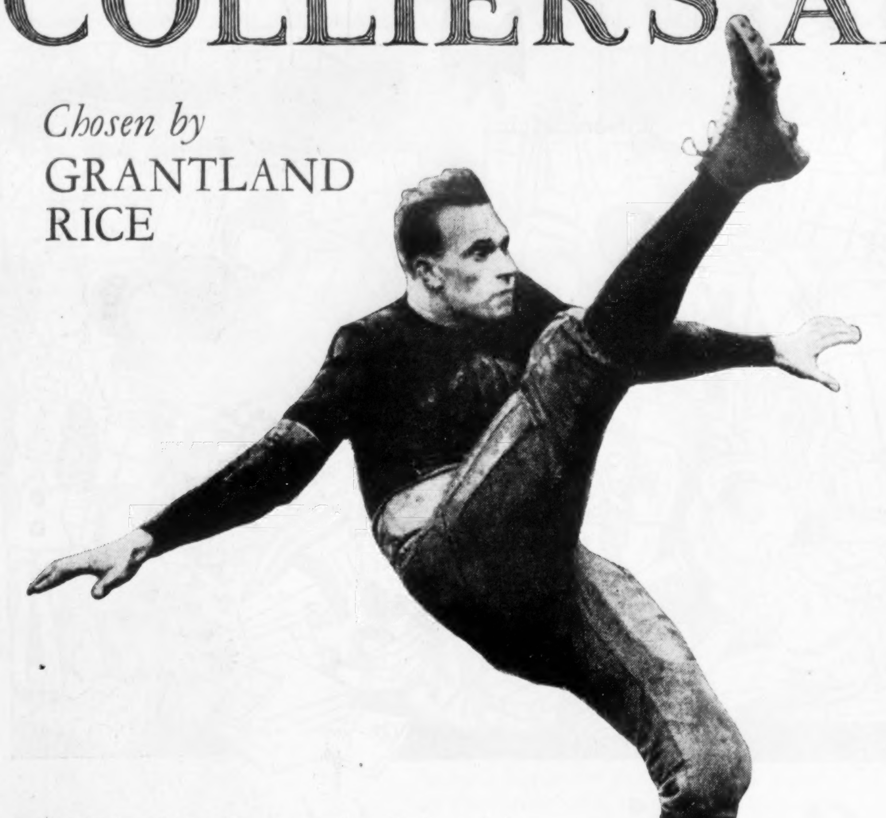
This sort of thing can run on until a shrill scream and a cry of "You're standing on my little Walter. There goes his ear on that woman's umbrella!" from a hysterical mother diverts the conversation to more exciting channels.

*Etiquette in the Revolving Door.* Not more than two shoppers should occupy one compartment of a revolving door at one time. For a third woman to attempt it reveals poor breeding as well as poor judgment, and for a fourth to try to squeeze in is too vulgar for words. The average revolving-door compartment is designed to hold, at full capacity, two medium-sized passengers and luggage not in excess of 250 pounds, or one such passenger with luggage and two children. The term luggage does not apply to rocking horses, kiddie-kars, bicycles, express wagons or stuffed animals over three feet in height.

After having fought their way inside the store the survivors should pause long enough to discover how many articles of clothing have been lost in the shuffle and to locate the shopper or shoppers from (*Continued on page 42*)

# COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA

*Chosen by*
GRANTLAND RICE


**Oberlander, Dartmouth,**
*Halfback*

## *All-America Football Squad of 1925*

| Position | First Team (*With starting backs*) |
|---|---|
| *End* | Oosterbaan, Michigan |
| *Tackle* | Chase, Pittsburgh |
| *Guard* | Diehl, Dartmouth |
| *Center* | McMillan, Princeton |
| *Guard* | Hess, Ohio State |
| *Tackle* | Weir, Nebraska |
| *End* | Thayer, Pennsylvania |
| *Quarterback* | Grange, Illinois |
| *Halfback* | Oberlander, Dartmouth |
| *Halfback* | Wilson, Washington |
| *Fullback* | Nevers, Stanford |

| Position | Second Team (*With second-half backs*) | Third Team |
|---|---|---|
| *End* | Romey, Iowa | Bacchus, Missouri |
| *Tackle* | Edwards, Michigan | Lindenmeyer, Missouri |
| *Guard* | Carey, California | Sturhahn, Yale |
| *Center* | Brown, Michigan | Lowry, Northwestern |
| *Guard* | Godwin, Georgia Tech. | Stipek, Wisconsin |
| *Tackle* | Parker, Dartmouth | Erickson, Washington |
| *End* | Kassel, Illinois | Tully, Dartmouth |
| *Quarterback* | Friedman, Michigan | Lautenschlager, Tulane |
| *Halfback* | Tryon, Colgate | Flournoy, Tulane |
| *Halfback* | Slagle, Princeton | Keefer, Brown |
| *Fullback* | Hubert, Alabama | Plansky, Georgetown |

BEFORE the harpoon, dipped in poison, is lifted too high, before the American war whoop of rage and wrath is sounded through each section because certain stars have not been named, there must first be a complete understanding of how this All-America Football Team for 1925 was assembled.

It must first be acknowledged with the tremendous spread of football play that no one man, nor twenty men, blessed with all the eyes that Argus ever knew could follow the season's play of all the thousands who carried the ball or opened up holes for the men who did the carrying.

It must also be understood that a football team to-day is no longer a matter of eleven men. The modern team is a squad where there is often a set of second-half backfield men every whit as strong as the starting set. These backfield stars are no longer considered substitutes but because of their greater speed are often held in reserve to follow the pressure backs.

### Here Are the Tests

UNDER all these conditions it is important to know the foundation upon which this All-America team was built.

1. It must be understood that the first-half "pressure" backs and the second-half running backs are both vital needs in a modern organization, which may frequently number from fifteen to eighteen regulars, of whom several of the best men may often be started later in the game. Of course, the three running backs named here are considered members of the first team.

2. It must be further understood that many of these selections were determined by the majority opinion given by a large group of leading coaches, officials and football writers between Berkeley and Hanover, Tulane and Minnesota. I have seen the following teams play: Pennsylvania, Yale, Illinois, Chicago, Princeton, Ohio State, Nebraska, Army, Navy, Dartmouth, Cornell, Columbia. The coaches who have been kind enough to send in their opinions include:

From the East—Hawley, Dartmouth; Jones, Yale; Roper, Princeton; Young, Pennsylvania; Rogers, West Virginia.

From the Middle West—Yost, Michigan; Rockne, Notre Dame; Zuppke, Illinois; Wilce, Ohio State; Spears, Minnesota; Brewer, Missouri; Bearg, Nebraska.

From the Far West—Warner, Stanford; Smith, California; Bagshaw, Washington.

From the South—McGugin, Vanderbilt; Wade, Alabama; Alexander, Georgia Tech.

This is only a partial list, which must also include many of the leading officials and football writers who were kind enough to give their various judgments. In all matters of doubt the majority opinions of these men from the inside were used to make the award.

3. In place of picking the team that might be strongest at the end of the season if it was to meet an opponent, which it will never do, an attempt was made to name those who have contributed most from the start of the season to the final game. This would affect such stars as Edwards of Michigan, Kreuz of Pennsylvania and Wycoff of Georgia Tech., all of whom were injured and forced into retirement for two or more important games. Each man is rated in the position he played.

4. It is admitted that proximity to publicity is a vital factor in any All-America selection where the dividing line in many cases is as thin as the segment of a toy balloon. So, with other details being fairly even, the veteran was given first consideration. There will be complaints that many stars have been overlooked, and these complaints will be justified. But the opinions of so many leading coaches, officials and writers at least insure the sterling ability of all players who are named.

The list of candidates for various positions seen or sent in by expert observers is the most formidable ever gathered. After considerable weeding in order not to print a football directory the following remained among the leaders:

CENTERS

McMillan, Princeton; Brown, Michigan; Lowry, Northwestern; Gray, Penn. State; Hutchinson, Nebraska; Griffen, Iowa.

GUARDS

Diehl, Dartmouth; Hess, Ohio State; Carey, California; Godwin, Georgia Tech.; Stipek, Wisconsin; Mahan, West Virginia; Sturhahn, Yale; Walsh, Minnesota; Kilgour, Harvard; Wissinger, Pittsburgh; Krasuki, Iowa; Baer, Michigan; Watson, St. Mary's; Lentz, Navy; Schmidt, Army.

TACKLES

Chase, Pittsburgh; Weir, Nebraska; Edwards, Michigan; Lindenmeyer, Missouri; Erickson, Washington; Parker, Dartmouth; Hawkins, Michigan; Nelson, Iowa; Henderson, Chicago; Rives, Vanderbilt; Sprague, Army; Davis, West Virginia; Sieracki, Pennsylvania; Kearney, Cornell; Steiner, Nebraska.

ENDS

Oosterbaan, Michigan; Thayer, Pennsylvania; Kassel, Illinois; Leary, Fordham; Romey, Iowa; Bacchus, Missouri; Shipke, Stanford; Oliker, West Virginia; O'Rourke, St. Mary's; Adams, University of Southern California; Lampe, Chicago; Tully, Dartmouth; Hanson, Syracuse.

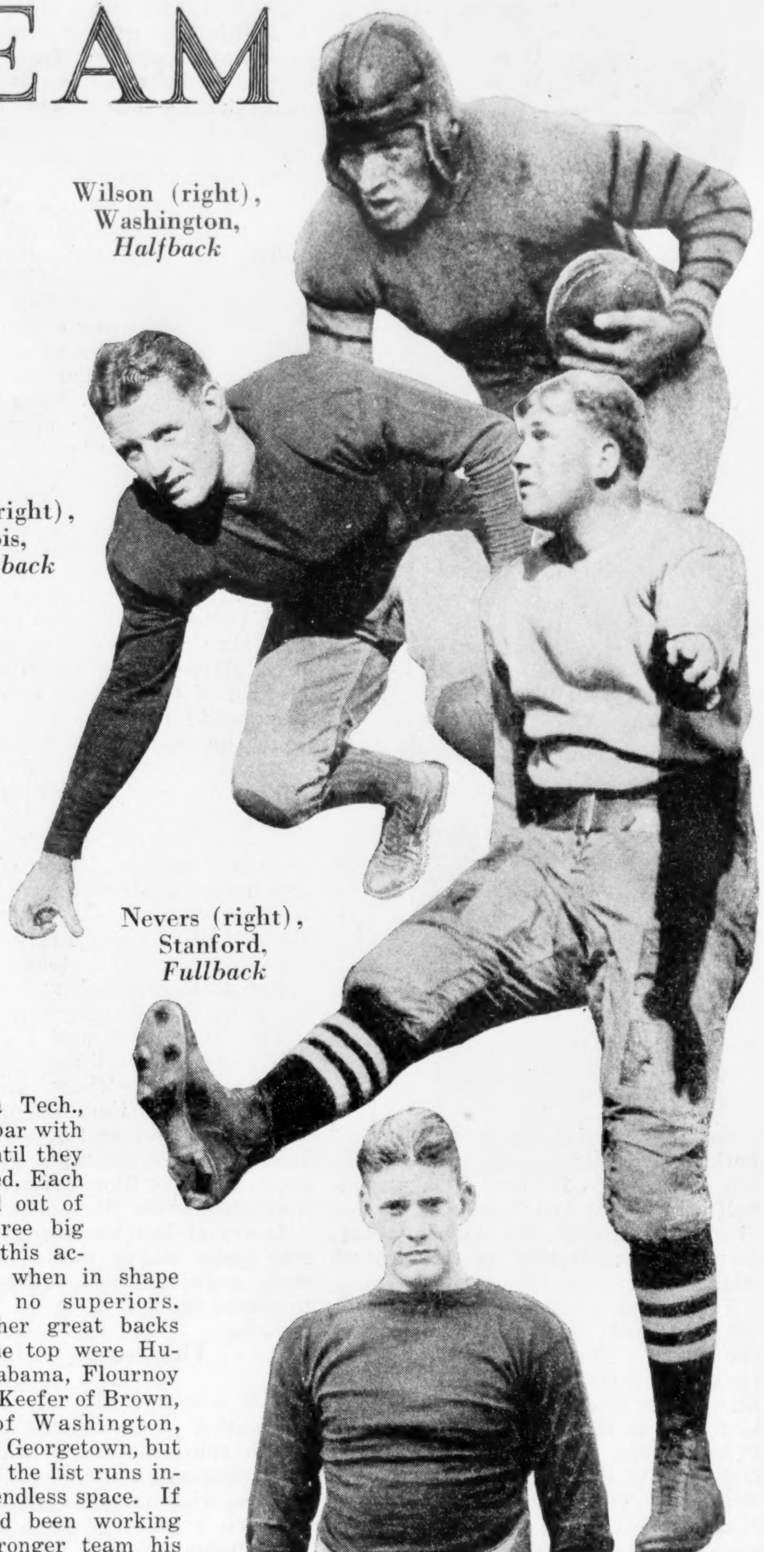
QUARTERBACKS

Grange, Illinois; Friedman, Michigan; Lautenschlager, Tulane; Graham, Fordham; Caulkins, Princeton; Kelly, Montana; Diffey, Virginia; Leith, Pennsylvania; Almquist, Minnesota; Gormley, Georgetown; Edwards, Notre Dame.

Oosterbaan, Michigan, *End*

Thayer, Pennsylvania, *End*

# FOOTBALL TEAM



Wilson (right), Washington, *Halfback*

Grange (right), Illinois, *Quarterback*

Nevers (right), Stanford, *Fullback*

### HALFBACKS

Wilson, Washington; Tryon, Colgate; Oberlander, Dartmouth; Slagle, Princeton; Flanagan, Notre Dame; Flournoy, Tulane; Keefer, Brown; Welsh, Pittsburgh; Brown, Alabama; Kirkleski, Lafayette; Imlay, California; Dixon, California; Marek, Ohio State; Kutsch, Iowa; Wilcox, Purdue; Kline, Yale; Jones, Florida; Dignan, Princeton; Hagerty, Georgetown; Shapley, Navy; Wilson, Army; Borelli, Muhlenberg; Spangler, Gettysburg; Manning, Fordham.

### FULLBACKS

Nevers, Stanford; Kreuz, Pennsylvania; Tesreau, Washington; Plansky, Georgetown; Barnum, West Virginia; Hubert, Alabama; Wycoff, Georgia Tech.; Drury, University of Southern California; Gustafson, Pittsburgh; McCarty, Chicago; Karow, Ohio State; Amos, Washington and Jefferson; Britton, Illinois; Joesting, Minnesota; Molenda, Michigan; Fry, Iowa; Harmon, Wisconsin; White, Virginia Military Institute; Ramicciotti, St. Louis; Jones, Oregon; Strader, St. Mary's; Allen, Yale; Hewitt, Army; Lewis, Northwestern.

### The Backfield Argument

SINCE most of the hoarseness and most of the inflamed oratory which followed the season was due to a prolonged discussion of backfield strength this should be the matter of first consideration. From the strongest backfield list that football has ever known the four leaders in all departments of offensive and defensive play were Oberlander, Dartmouth; Wilson, Washington; Nevers, Stanford, and Tryon, Colgate.

Here are four men who could pass, kick, hit a line, run an end, block, tackle and do a complete job. Oberlander and Nevers weigh 200 pounds, Wilson 195 and Tryon 180. Slagle of Princeton is close enough to any one of the four to walk alongside, for the Tiger is another brilliant all-around player without a weakness.

What about Grange and Friedman? These two were the best quarterbacks in the country. Grange was the better ball carrier, Friedman the better passer and in many respects the better all-around man for the year. Grange, running with only one exception on miry, muddy fields, was responsible for most of his team's scoring against Butler, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Ohio State. In addition to this he played good football against both Michigan and Chicago. He had greater magnetism and greater personality than any member of football's sixty-year parade and these also were qualities which helped to give Illinois victories in her last three big games.

Friedman was a great quarterback, a marvelous passer, a good runner, a good kicker and a brilliant field director who deserves equal rank with Grange. He will be an even finer player next fall with this year's experience.

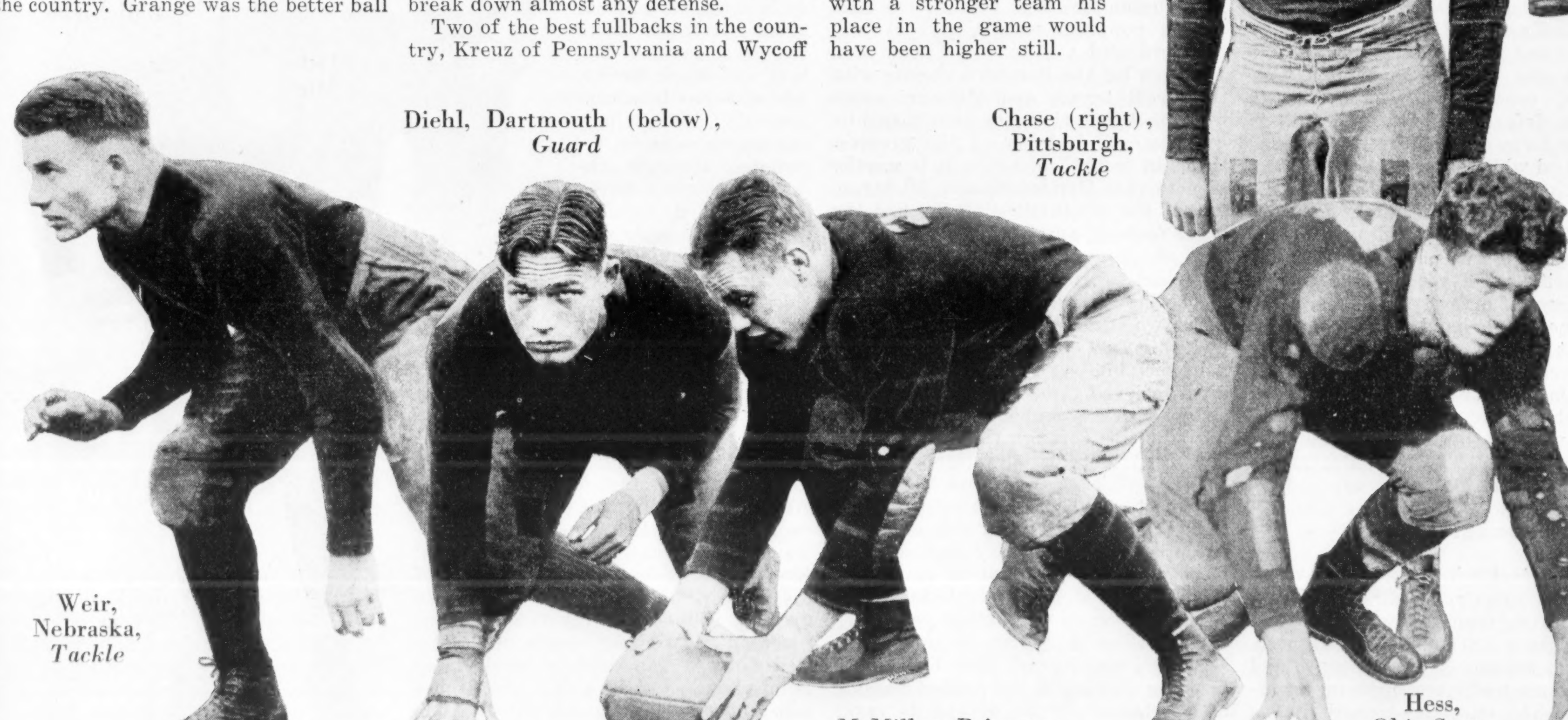
### Many Bright Stars

IF THERE is any one man who deserves first ranking it is Oberlander of Dartmouth. This 200-pound back can take his place as one of the greatest passers that ever lived. He was a fine punter, a fine ball carrier, a good blocker and a strong defensive back. In the game against Cornell, Oberlander completed thirteen out of his first fifteen passes to Tully, Lane and Sage, where the ball traveled from 35 to 50 yards and the two that failed were perfectly thrown.

Wilson of Washington was just about his equal, a shining performer in every game at every form of football attack and defense. And the same can be said of Ernie Nevers, the blond Stanford giant who finished a great career with one of his greatest games.

Tryon of Colgate has been a great back for four years, a star of high quality who was hard to catch and hard to stop; a football player who could handle any job upon the gridiron. He has missed some of the fame which he deserved. Slagle of Princeton can fight his way through a line, run an end, handle himself in a broken field, kick, pass and tackle with enough sureness and force to jolt any man he hits. Tryon and Slagle, directed by Friedman, would put on a second-half attack fast enough, varied enough and strong enough to break down almost any defense.

Two of the best fullbacks in the country, Kreuz of Pennsylvania and Wycoff of Georgia Tech., were on a par with the best until they were injured. Each was forced out of two or three big games on this account, but when in shape they had no superiors. Among other great backs close to the top were Hubert of Alabama, Flournoy of Tulane, Keefer of Brown, Tesreau of Washington, Hagerty of Georgetown, but once again the list runs into almost endless space. If Keefer had been working with a stronger team his place in the game would have been higher still.



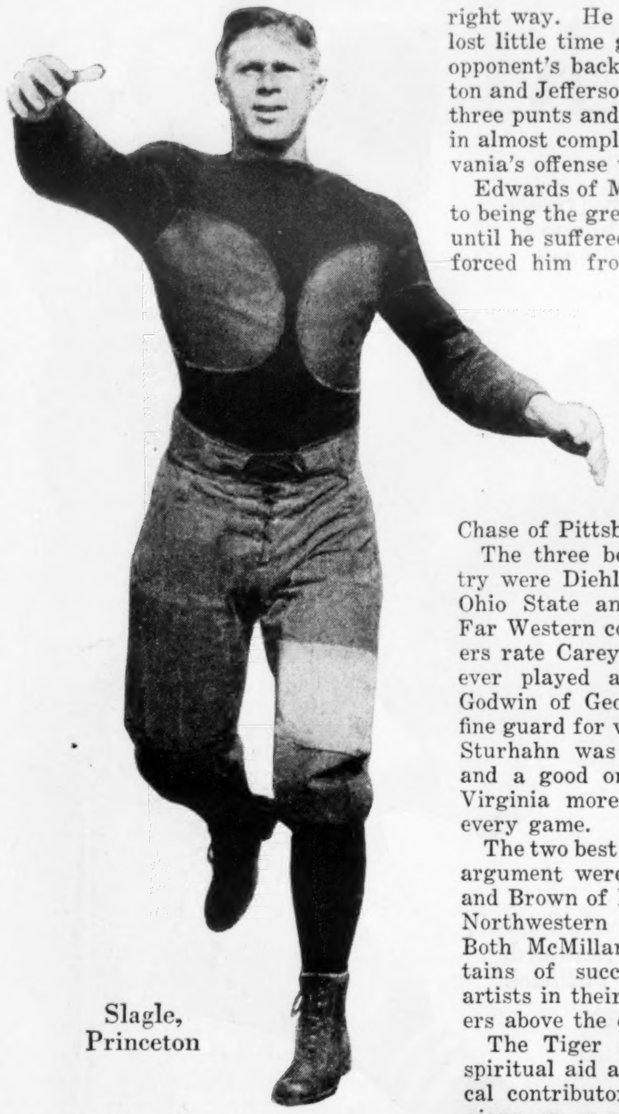
Diehl, Dartmouth (below), *Guard*

Chase (right), Pittsburgh, *Tackle*

Weir, Nebraska, *Tackle*

McMillan, Princeton, *Center*

Hess, Ohio State, *Guard*



Slagle,
Princeton

As it is, a starting, or "pressure," backfield with Grange, Oberlander, Wilson and Nevers, followed by a second-half attack that had Friedman, Tryon, Slagle and Hubert, the Alabama star, forms a combination of the rarest quality.

There was a greater disagreement over star ends than anywhere else on the team. There were many good ends but there were no Hardwicks, Shevlins or Snows in sight. The four best ends in the East were Thayer of Pennsylvania, Tully of Dartmouth, Oliker of West Virginia and Leary of Fordham. The three best ends in the Middle West by common agreement were Oosterbaan of Michigan, Romey of Iowa and Kassel of Illinois. Bacchus of Missouri and Shipke of Stanford were up with the best. Thayer of Pennsylvania, considering weight, speed, strength, defensive ability and skill in handling forward passes, must be rated high. And while almost a dozen different coaches and veteran football writers who had followed their fortunes placed Oosterbaan, Kassel and Romey on almost even terms, the Michigan end was a trifle more spectacular in handling passes of every known type, using either one or two hands for the purpose while at full speed. In fact, there were several dependable observers who voted him the best end they had seen in the West for many years. Kassel and Romey were good enough to be used whenever needed. Tully of Dartmouth was a great end in every way.

### Powerful Linemen

THE best tackle in the game, in many respects, was Captain Chase of Pittsburgh's strong team. Standing six feet four, weighing 215 pounds, he had speed, brain and brawn. Quick to sense and make the most of every opportunity offered, he had unusual strength in his legs and his arms, with a pair of big, powerful hands called into use in the right way. He was a low charger who lost little time getting through into an opponent's backfield. In the Washington and Jefferson game alone he blocked three punts and he was the main factor in almost completely wrecking Pennsylvania's offense when Pitt won.

Edwards of Michigan was on his way to being the greatest tackle in the West until he suffered an injured arm which forced him from action for almost a month. Captain Parker of Dartmouth was another outstanding star, a great tackle and a brilliant leader in every way. But for high-grade play through a hard campaign Captain Weir of Nebraska deserves his place with Chase of Pittsburgh.

The three best guards in the country were Diehl of Dartmouth, Hess of Ohio State and Carey of California. Far Western coaches and football writers rate Carey as one of the best who ever played along the Pacific slope. Godwin of Georgia Tech. was another fine guard for whom much praise is due. Sturhahn was the best Yale forward and a good one and Mahan of West Virginia more than held his own in every game.

The two best centers beyond any great argument were McMillan of Princeton and Brown of Michigan, with Lowry of Northwestern treading on their heels. Both McMillan and Brown were captains of successful teams, not only artists in their positions, but also leaders above the ordinary run.

The Tiger star was a mental and spiritual aid as well as a strong physical contributor. There are few collegians, on or off the field, who combine poise and alertness to such an extent. Brown is much the same type, fully as good as Vick or Blott, former All-America centers from Michigan's fold.

Lowry of Northwestern was another star center and so were Gray of Penn State and Hutchinson of Nebraska, not to extend the list.

### The Season's Play

THE season itself was one of the queerest in football history. Dartmouth ruled the East; Michigan had the strongest team in the Western Conference, with its sole defeat by Northwestern registered in a quagmire; Washington took over Far West control with a powerful team that beat both Stanford and California; Tulane and Alabama led the Southern parade with two great teams, and Missouri again won the Missouri Valley championship.

Dartmouth had one of the greatest teams in football history. It is worthy of note that Dartmouth and Michigan, two of the outstanding teams, had the finest forward-pass attack that football has yet shown. Coaches Hawley and Yost had two passers of amazing skill in Oberlander and Friedman and around these two men who could take a football and nail Ty Cobb at second base on a steal they built up the most devastating air attack the game has ever seen.

Just a few examples of their crushing offensive through the air will suffice. Dartmouth, against Harvard, Cornell and Chicago, rolled up 126 points largely through Oberlander's pegging to Tully, Lane and Sage, with a masked deception which Hawley had devised. Here was an average of 42 points per game in three major contests, something undreamed of in other years.

Only those who saw the marvelous skill and beauty of this Dartmouth bombing onslaught, the perfect passing of Oberlander for 35, 40 and 45 yards and the Speaker-like effect of Lane, Tully and Sage taking the ball from the air can fully appreciate the killing power of the Green thrust.

In almost the same way Michigan ran up 89 points against the Navy and Minnesota, two strong teams, where the combination of Friedman, Oosterbaan and others left a fairly strong defense torn apart and utterly wrecked.

Michigan had the greatest defensive team of the year and Dartmouth, with its running and passing strength, the greatest team upon attack. Yost had one of the best of all Michigan teams, where it required a tidal wave and a quagmire to halt the Wolverine march.

Northwestern would have received more credit for this accomplishment if Tulane, Chicago and Notre Dame had not proved Northwestern's ranking well below the Michigan standard in all other games.

### Some Remarkable Teams

DARTMOUTH had the finest record of the year with Michigan listed as one of the greatest teams. The same can be said of Washington, where Bagshaw finished with a remarkable stand against Stanford and California.

Washington had two young men of unusual merit in Wilson and Tesreau and a great tackle in Erickson. Wilson must take his place among the elect. Washington had a great array ready for the November test and this array proved its place along the peak.

Tulane in the South had one of the most remarkable records of the year. There is no great amount of biting frost for football training around New Orleans in late September and early October, yet this Tulane team came north to crush Northwestern by the most decisive score of Northwestern's year. The same team tied Missouri, conquerors of Nebraska, and then went bounding on its way. Tulane had in Flournoy and Lautenschlager at half and quarter two of the best backs in the game. Both were stars. Flournoy can run, pass and kick with any man playing football. Tulane's showing is one of the features of the year. Alabama proved to be another team of great strength with two great backs in Hubert and Mack Brown. Alabama has been consistently strong now for several seasons, especially through the last two years. Georgia Tech. had a running start with an early season victory over Penn State, but just after this the brilliant Wycoff was injured. Washington and Lee was another strong Southern team in spite of defeats in the North.

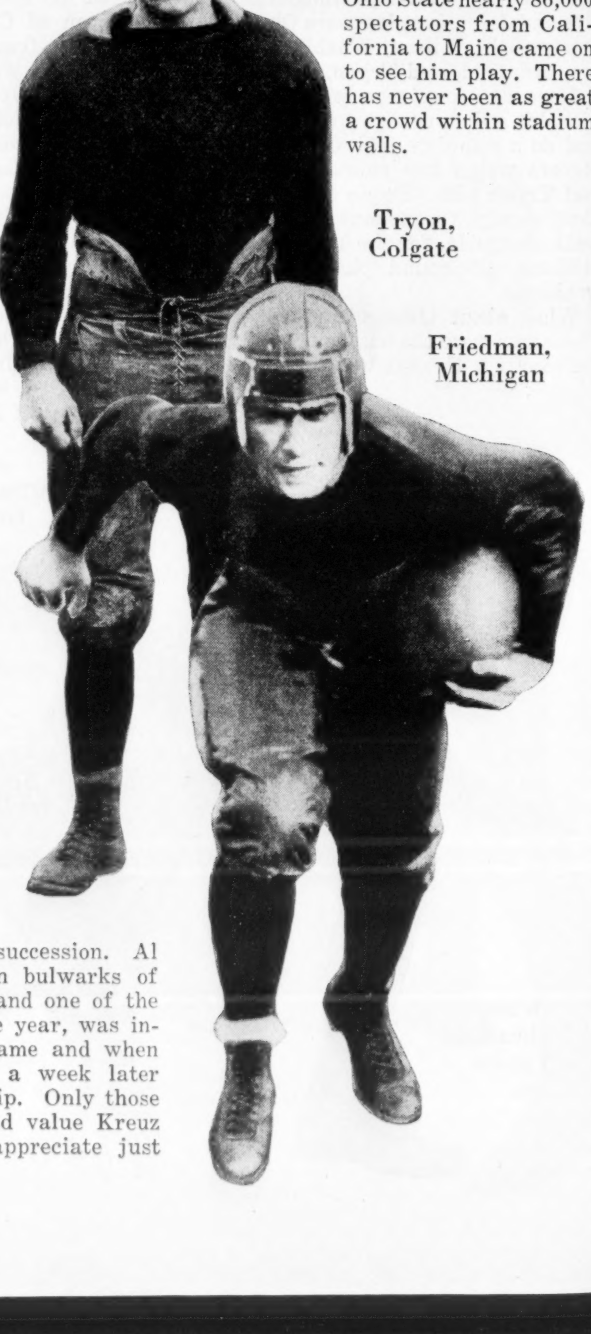
The Eastern scramble was beyond all logic. Pennsylvania started off with a whirlwind rush by beating Brown, Yale and Chicago in succession. Al Kreuz, one of the main bulwarks of the Pennsylvania team and one of the greatest fullbacks of the year, was injured in the Chicago game and when Red Grange ran wild a week later Pennsylvania lost its grip. Only those who know the all-around value Kreuz carries to battle can appreciate just what his loss meant.

Yale was handicapped without a versatile back and early injuries which crippled Allen, Cutler and Kline. It was Princeton among the old triumvirate, there being no Big Three, nor Big One, nor Big Ten any longer in football, which surprised the talent by facing a ragged start and then finishing with a killing drive that crushed both Harvard and Yale under a surprising total of 61 points.

This gave Princeton one of the greatest Novembers of Nassau history. Princeton in these last two games was one of the strongest football teams between the two oceans.

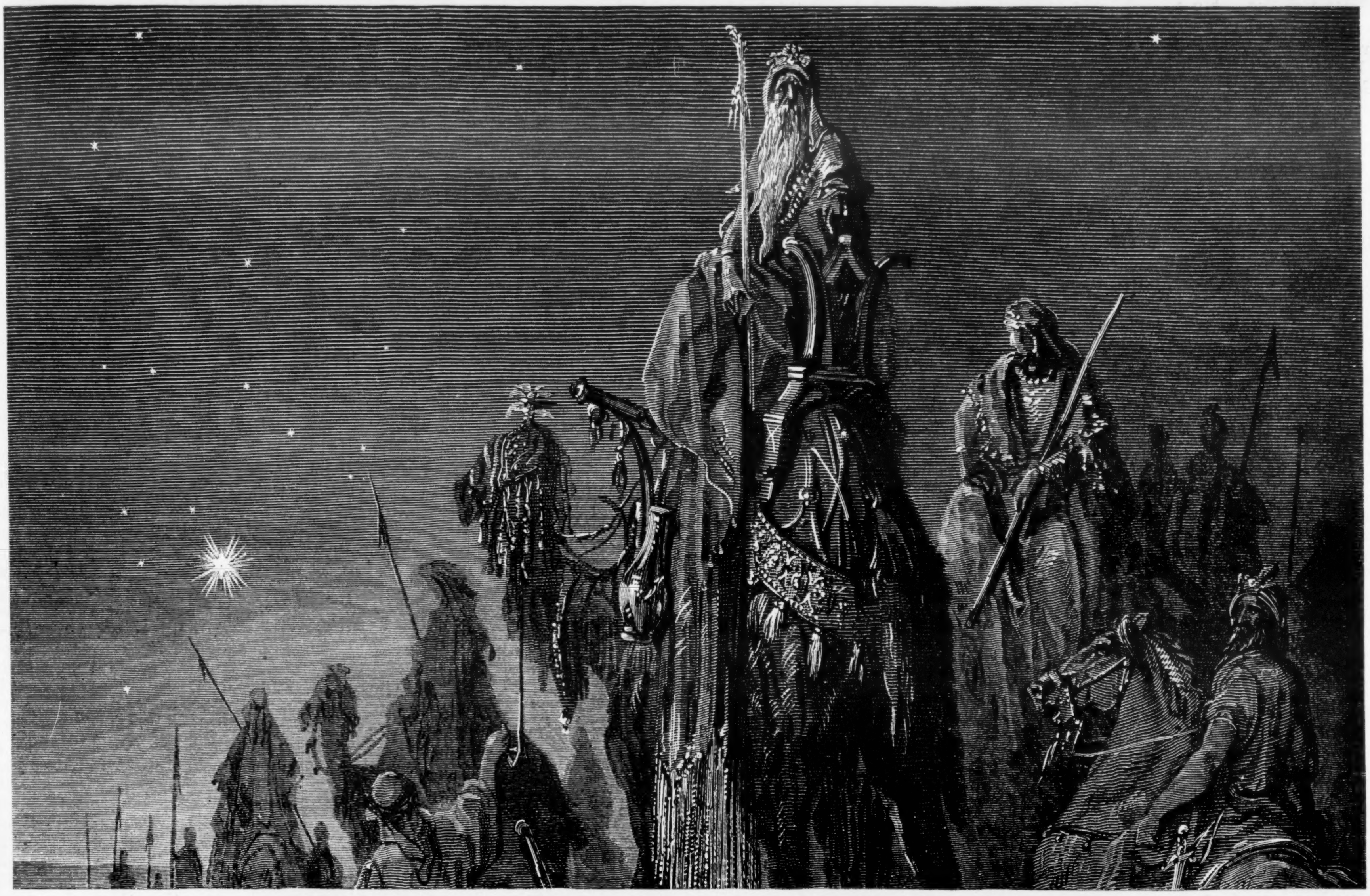
Missouri played fine football through a hard schedule and the same can be said of Bearg's Nebraska team, which downed Illinois and then tied the powerful Washington team. Colgate had one of her finest years with victories over Princeton and Syracuse where Eddie Tryon was a vital factor. Fordham had a fine season which Georgetown checked and Georgetown in turn finished with a great team featured by Plansky and Hagerty, two of the best backs in the land. Harvard, after the most depressing of all starts, after a mauling defeat by Princeton, came back like a rubber ball with a victory over Brown and a tie with Yale. Here was something saved from the wreck which Harvard will never forget.

But, after all, the phenomenon of the season was Red Grange of Illinois. Grange, facing muddy, miry fields in six of his seven starts, had only one or two great games and yet no other player in football history so caught the fancy of the crowd. When he ran amuck at Pennsylvania the acclaim picked up new force, and so when he came to his last game at Columbus against Ohio State nearly 86,000 spectators from California to Maine came on to see him play. There has never been as great a crowd within stadium walls.



Tryon,
Colgate

Friedman,
Michigan



*The star went before the wise men till it stood over where the young child was*

# The Book nobody knows

## *By* BRUCE BARTON

*Illustrated from the drawings of*
GUSTAVE DORÉ

## *The greatest Teacher of the world*

### III

THINGS might have gone smoothly and merrily even for the most wicked of the Old Testament kings had it not been that in every sinful reign there was a righteous man of God who could neither be bribed nor intimidated. While the populace ignored or overlooked regal iniquities and clung to the comforting untruth, "the king can do no wrong," the righteous one stood forth crying, "Thus saith the Lord," and though the king writhed and fumed and sought to destroy, the prophet was the victor.

The first of this exalted company was Nathan, who was court preacher in the reign of David. When that mighty monarch had stolen the wife of the brave soldier Uriah and aggravated the crime by sending Uriah into the front line of the battle, Nathan appeared at the court and announced that he had come to tell the king a story. There were two men in a certain city, he said, the one rich, having many flocks and herds, and the other so poor that he possessed only one little ewe lamb. And the rich man, desiring a banquet, had passed over all of his own flocks and appropriated the poor man's one darling.

"And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. . . . And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

Picture to yourself the spectacle. The king on his golden throne surrounded by his lords and soldiers; the penniless preacher, clothed in rough skins, with no power but Truth, no protection but the flaming sword of moral courage. *"Thou art the man."*

"And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. . . . And David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth."

After Nathan came Elijah the Tishbite, a hairy man, living alone in the woods, drinking the water of mountain streams and fed by the ravens. Ahab the king wanted to extend his royal grounds and tried to buy a vineyard belonging to a self-respecting citizen named Naboth, who refused to sell. Ahab caused Naboth to be accused of treason, and he was put to death and his estate, according to the law, was confiscated. Ahab hurried over to look at his new acreage, and there was Elijah waiting for him.

"And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and will take away thy posterity. . . . And it came to pass, when Ahab heard those words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly."

All the starch went out of the kings when the prophets spoke up. Elijah never died, but was snatched up to heaven by God in a chariot of fire, and Elisha, who had been his assistant, put on Elijah's mantle and continued his work. Elisha was a power in the land for many years, and so great was his vitality that even death could not destroy it.

"And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, that, behold, they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulcher of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet."

### The Bravest Figure of Old

THE earlier prophets did not write their sermons, but about 800 B. C. some of them began doing so. The first to write was Amos. He was not trained in a theological school and did not belong to the priestly party or wear the union label, so that when he began to preach, an officious priest tried to stop him. Amos would not be stopped: he had plenty of courage. A little later we shall refer to him again, and to Hosea, who belongs to the same period. The prophets seem to have come in pairs—Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Micah, Ezekiel and Jeremiah.

Micah was a small-town man who had the same prejudice against Jerusalem that many country people feel toward New York. It was hopelessly wicked, he said, and merited destruction for its sins:

"Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest."

Isaiah, on the contrary, was a city man, loving town life, at home in the bustle of the market place and the activities of the court. Jerusalem was a grand town to live in, he said, in spite of its sins, and God would take care of it.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord. . . . I will defend this city to save it for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

These two quotations encourage us with the knowledge—much needed in these controversial days—that two men can be equally good and acceptable to God and yet hold absolutely contradictory views. Micah and Isaiah agreed in their stern insistence upon righteousness as the only path to salvation, but they disagreed violently in respect to Jerusalem. Both were right and both wrong. God did defend the city for a long time after the northern kingdom surrendered to its enemies in 722. But ultimately, in 586, the destruction which Micah had prophesied came true. The beautiful Temple of Solomon was laid in ruins, and the proudest families of Jerusalem were carried away captive to Babylon.

More than a hundred years elapse, therefore, between Isaiah and Micah and the next pair of great preachers, Ezekiel and Jeremiah. These two lived in the dark days of the exile, and their sermons are full of gloom. Ezekiel, living in Babylon, sought by his exhortations to keep up the spirit of his fellow countrymen and fix their hopes upon a restoration of the Holy City and the reëstablishment of their national life. Jeremiah, in Jerusalem, held high the ideal of personal and civic righteousness and spoke plain truths to the vassal king, who was allowed by the conquerors to maintain a pitiful remnant of authority and kingly show.

Jeremiah is one of the noblest characters of history and perhaps the bravest figure in the whole Old Testament. It is too bad that his book is so badly mixed up that the average reader can hardly follow it. He preached in the Temple and in the palace and on the street corners and even on the city dump; and neither promises nor threats could swerve him. Jehoiakim, the weak and futile king, let the Temple go to ruin, but fixed up his own palace with a rich lining of cedar and invited Jeremiah to inspect it.

"Very nice, indeed," sneered Jeremiah. "As a king you're a fine judge of cedar. Your father did justice to the poor and needy, and it was well with him." But (quoting more exactly):

"Thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence, to do it. Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning Jehoiakim. . . . He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

For such plain speaking and for his warnings that the Assyrians were sure to visit punishment upon the city, Jeremiah was cast into prison. Then occurred one of the most interesting business transactions of the Old Testament. The Assyrians, as Jeremiah had prophesied, did come, and they made their camp in Anathoth, where he had his own little farm. Jeremiah had long wanted to buy an adjoining piece of land, which was owned by his uncle Hanameel. That wily old Jew, seeing ten thousand Assyrians camped on the land, said to himself: "Jeremiah is down there in prison and probably hasn't heard that the Assyrians are out here. This is a good time for me to unload on him." So he hurried to the prison, offered the land, and Jeremiah bought it. But Jeremiah was not fooled. He knew he was buying ten thousand Assyrians, and he took care to have the purchase properly recorded in the presence of witnesses, and the documents safely put away.

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Take these evidences, this evidence of the purchase, both which is sealed, and this evidence which is open; and put them in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days. For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land."

Note the last clause. The punishment which he had foretold as a result of national sin had come, but he knew that a period of national calamity brings repentance followed by better days, and that the time to trust in the Lord and buy good real estate is when everybody else has lost faith and is eager to sell.

## Dramas of Exile

EVERYONE who has read the Old Testament at all knows about Daniel, who spent a night with the lions rather than give up his religion; and about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, his three sturdy associates.

They were cast into a fiery furnace, but walked comfortably upon the hot coals and came forth without even the smell of smoke. Similarly we are well acquainted with Esther, the beautiful Jewess, who became queen and had the satisfaction of seeing Haman, the wicked prime minister, hanged upon the high gallows which he had built for Mordecai the Jew.

These are two heroic figures, Daniel and Esther, and it is sad indeed to be told that the scientists, in digging around among the ruins of those far-away times, have been unable to find any trace of a prime minister named Daniel or a queen called Esther.

We are forced reluctantly to conclude that the two books bearing these honored names are splendid pieces of Jewish propaganda, written by patriotic gentlemen who sought to uphold the spirits of their fellow exiles, and, in the case of Daniel, nerve them for one of the most heroic struggles in history and one that in spite of overwhelming odds succeeded.

"And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and. . . . The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honor. . . . And many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them."

These verses are not a historic document, but a pious hope. The Jews, in reading them, buckled their belts a little tighter and took courage. We can read the book of Esther (which contains this passage) and the book of Daniel with pleasure and appreciation, not as history, but just as we read any other dramatic stories which deserve to be called truly great.

## Our Debt to the Hebrews

IN TAKING leave of the Old Testament we must stop to pay tribute to two great truths which give eternal significance to these ancient books.

We have in this record of the division and downfall of Israel the first instance in human history where the god did not go with the land. In earlier days each tribe and nation had its own particular deity or set of deities, and when a man transferred from one country to another he, of course, changed gods. Naomi, urging her two beautiful daughters-in-law to go back to their own country after their husbands had died of starvation, said to Ruth:

"Behold, thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister in law."

It was assumed that when a woman married she took the gods of her husband; if he died and she must go back to her own people, she abandoned her husband's gods and took theirs again. But when the ten tribes of Israel split away from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, Jehovah did not go with either one or the other, *but remained with both.* His worship was often neglected, but in their hearts the people knew that He was still their God and always at the time of tribulation they threw down their idols and returned to Him.

The idea of One God—unseen and not to be worshiped in visible form—had been born in the world and had taken firm hold upon human minds. This is the outstanding achievement of the Hebrews, the thing which gives the Old Testament eternal truth and inspiration.

In its total effect the Old Testament is a record of God's progressive revelation of Himself to men. This is the second element in its greatness. Steadily from Genesis to Micah the conception of His nature and quality grows clearer, bigger, finer.

The God of Noah was a heartless ruler, not ashamed to let his anger override his judgment and blot out the erring human race. The God of Abraham could be influenced by sacrifices to give victory to one side and visit wholesale destruction on the other. What a classic instance of Oriental bargaining is the negotiation between God and Abraham over the fate of Sodom:

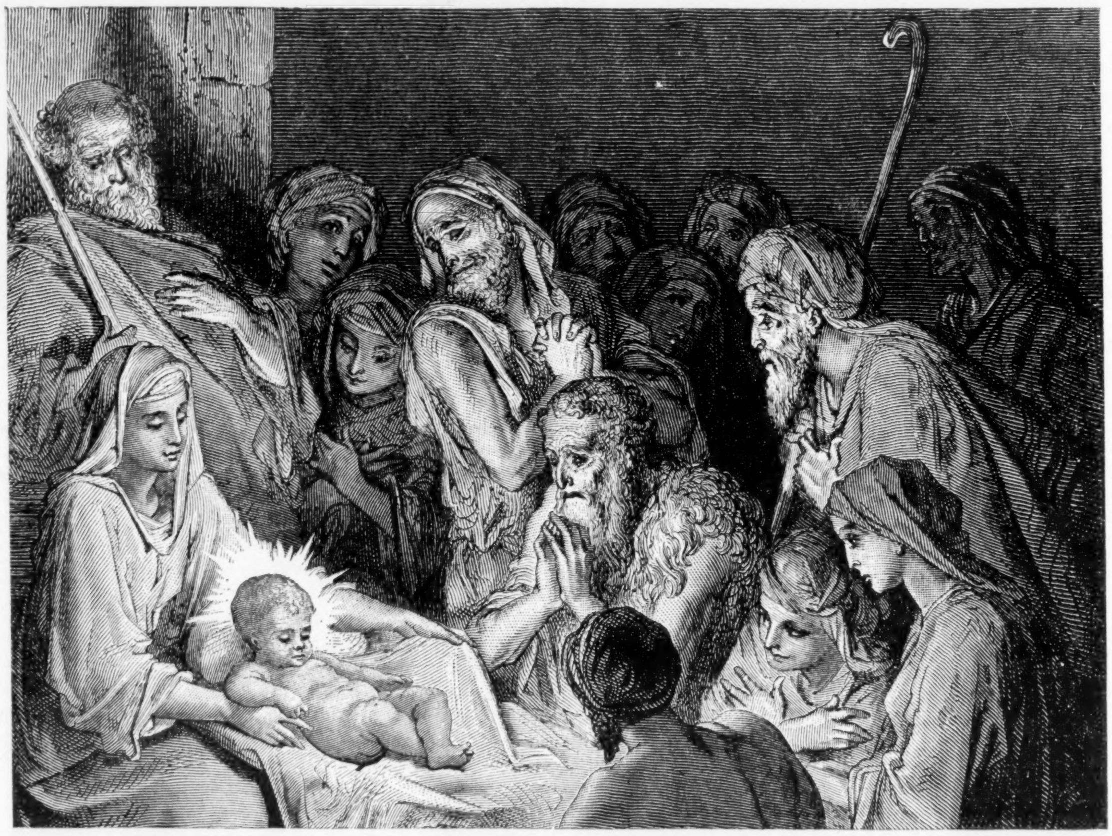
"Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city," says Abraham, "wilt thou spare the place? Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

The answer is yes. "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous, I will spare."

"Peradventure there shall lack five—"

"If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it."

*(Continued on page 36)*

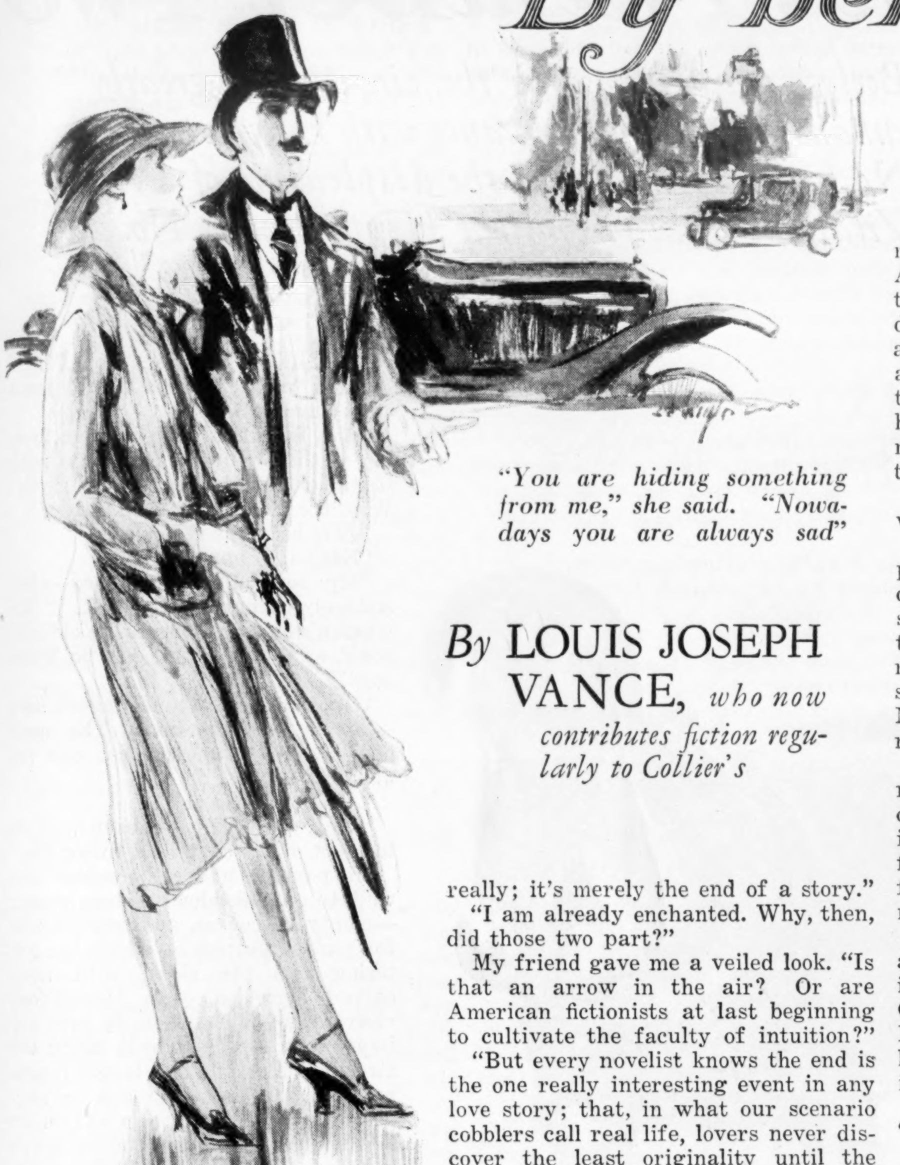


*The shepherds came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe*

## *Can you answer these questions WITHOUT your Bible?*

1. What beautiful woman said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried"? *Ruth* 1:16.
2. What prophet did not die but was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire? *II Kings* 2:9-12.
3. What prophet spent three days and nights in the belly of a big fish? *Jonah* 1:17.
4. What famous monarch was dramatically warned in the midst of a banquet by "the handwriting on the wall"? *Daniel* 5:5.
5. What is the shortest verse in the Bible? *John* 11:35.
6. Who were the three Marys who figured most prominently in the life of Jesus? *Luke* 1:27; *John* 12:3; *John* 20:21.
7. What is the origin of the phrase, "a doubting Thomas"? *John* 20:24-27.
8. How do we know that the same man who wrote the Gospel According to St. Luke also wrote the Acts of the Apostles? *Luke* 1:1-4; *Acts* 1:1-4.
9. What two disciples were called the "sons of thunder"? *Mark* 3:17.
10. Of all the miracles of Jesus which one is recorded by all the Evangelists?. *Matthew* 15:32-39; *Mark* 8:1-9; *Luke* 9:12-17; *John* 6:1-14.

# By benefit of clergy



*"You are hiding something from me," she said. "Nowadays you are always sad"*

### *By* LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, *who now contributes fiction regularly to Collier's*

"ALL IS grist," I rashly pronounced, "that comes to a novelist's mill."

"Just for that," she in sweet malice promised, "I shall tell you a little tale which you won't be able to put into print."

"Now you do flatter me." But I knew a creepy afterthought. "Or does that only mean you think me too far gone in middle age—"

"I can say *any*thing to you," the cleverest woman I know darkly retorted, "or any man else. Civilized conversation, no less than your precious fictioneering, is a fine art. Besides, the reason why you'll never be able to print my wee anecdote is because it happens to have happened. Both principals were good friends of mine: I had what you hundred-per-centers would probably, and deplorably, term a ringside seat. And in this benighted country nothing that is true to life is fit to print. All the world knows that."

"You only say that because you've lived so long in France you have—in simple point of protective social coloration, I imagine—adopted the pet Continental pose toward things American. As a matter of fact, there's nothing our writers can't get printed, and don't—those who know how to use a fine pen. The nude in art is only nakedness when a coarse hand portrays it."

"Perhaps," she admitted with some of that indulgence which they reserve, whose background is exotic, for us who prove the poor taste to defend our quaint tribal ways. "Nevertheless you won't be able to print my unpretty story. For that matter, it isn't a story, really; it's merely the end of a story."

"I am already enchanted. Why, then, did those two part?"

My friend gave me a veiled look. "Is that an arrow in the air? Or are American fictionists at last beginning to cultivate the faculty of intuition?"

"But every novelist knows the end is the one really interesting event in any love story; that, in what our scenario cobblers call real life, lovers never discover the least originality until the time arrives for them to part forever."

But the lady who had lived so long in France was minding only memories that fumed to musing eyes in the smoke of her cigarette. "It happened in Paris," she announced, "last year. My friends, Eve Guitry and the Comte de Quesnay—the names are, of course, articles de Paris—came to parting ways for the usual reason: because one of them had become bored. In this instance the man. And, to be quite candid—and fond as I am of Eve—"

"But when did any woman ever blame the man for breaking off extramatrimonial relations with another?"

"BE CAREFUL, my friend, else I shall learn to distrust you. . . . Eve is a widow of several years' standing, a woman of fashion, elegant, affectionate and very lovely. But Quesnay is one who must have more than that of his sweethearts. I fancy it was his wife who spoiled him for pretty women of the social average. Theirs was a love match; and the countess is a woman with a mind. That is how she came to tire so soon of Quesnay—and left him to go his ways, a most exacting man. Now, Eve is a creature of no conversation whatever once she has run through the common stock of terms of endearment, delight or displeasure."

"So your friend the count gave his dumb dear the chuck. What then?"

"Monsieur le Comte de Quesnay is a gentleman of much too fine feeling to be guilty of anything so crude, but rather the very soul of sensibility: I mean to say subtile and cruel."

"Your Madame Guitry, then, must be very young. One has observed it needs a woman of at least thirty to appreciate ingenuity in a man."

But my friend charmingly persevered in her patience with me. "When Quesnay grew satisfied their love must find its end he didn't precisely redouble his attentions but he did make them a shade more oppressive. At the same time he was studious never to show himself to Eve except in a mood distrait with sadness. That gentle melancholy which so becomes a lover served, as always, only to deepen her infatuation for a time; and then, as the man in his diabolical cleverness had foreseen it must, it began to pall. She fell a prey to curiosity—"

"I believe you did mention her name was Eve."

"And, like her illustrious progenitrix, permitted curiosity to show her the door to Eden. One day, when they were strolling in the Bois, she gave way to tears. 'You are hiding something from me,' she answered Quesnay's expressions of solicitude—'some grave grief. Nowadays you are always sad—and you never offer to tell me why!'

"'But can you not guess?' Quesnay remonstrated. 'Surely you know how deeply religious I am by nature, how it cannot but wring my heart to reflect that we are not of the one true faith, that you, whom I adore, may not share with me the life to come.'"

"One comprehends," I objected, "that all Protestants are, in the understanding of a native of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, forbidden the gates of heaven. But what made this nobleman so sure he wouldn't meet his ladylove elsewhere in the hereafter?"

"YOU may be sure Quesnay had an answer ready for that quibble, or else knew Eve wouldn't have wit enough to raise it. At all events, she didn't; she was too profoundly moved by this proof of her dear's spiritual nobility. 'But, my darling!' she impulsively cried—'if that is all the cause of your distress, I shall not hesitate to become a convert to your faith.'

"'Now you make me sure you love me!' Quesnay protested in rapture. 'Let us lose not a minute; let us motor out immediately to consult with my sister, who is abbess of'—a convent not too far from Paris. 'She will arrange everything.'

"After the proper time of probation, under the care of Quesnay's sister, Eve was duly received into the bosom of the church. And as soon as that was accomplished she made all haste back to Paris, quite mad to find the reward that waited in the arms of her beloved. She found everything else, rooms filled with flowers, exquisite presents—but no Quesnay. The brute let her nurse her disappointment for a round twenty-four hours before he turned up; and then, when she flew to his embrace, it was only to receive the most chaste of salutes—upon the forehead. And immediately this clever devil turned away, fell in a heap on a sofa, buried his face in his hands, and cried like a child. 'Oh, my poor darling!' he sobbed. 'What are we to do? My heart is broken!'

"'But why?' Eve in her agony demanded. 'Have I not done all you asked to make your happiness complete?'

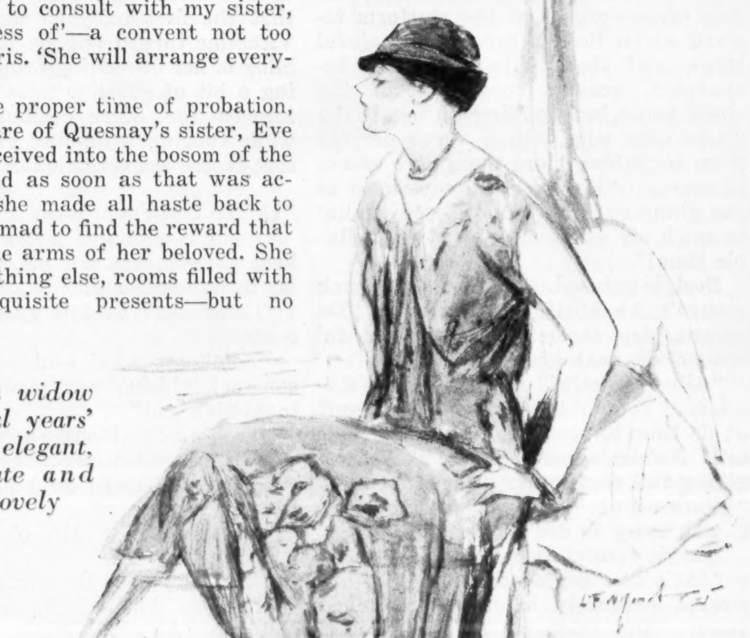
"'But everything!' the criminal moaned. 'And never have I known such spiritual exaltation as this proof of your sublime devotion gives me. But oh, my darling! I never dreamed it would be so hard to give you up.'

"'Give me up?' Eve echoed in terror. 'In pity's name, what are you saying?'

"'But do you not comprehend?' . . . My friend, if only we could have seen monsieur le comte lift up that false face of his, all painted with anguish and wonder! . . . 'Don't you *know* that, now we are of the one faith, to be more than as brother and sister to each other would be a mortal sin? Can you ask me, who love you so desperately, to let my selfishness condemn you to eternal damnation? No! Ten thousand times no! Never ask that of me!' And Quesnay rushed like a madman out of the house and Eve's life."

"But there are kind-hearted men too," I demurred. "One with a really kind heart would have done the business with an ax."

Her compassion covered me. "After all, you are merely an American. Don't you understand, Monsieur le Comte de Quesnay had gone to no end of trouble to provide Guitry with the one excuse her vanity could accept?"

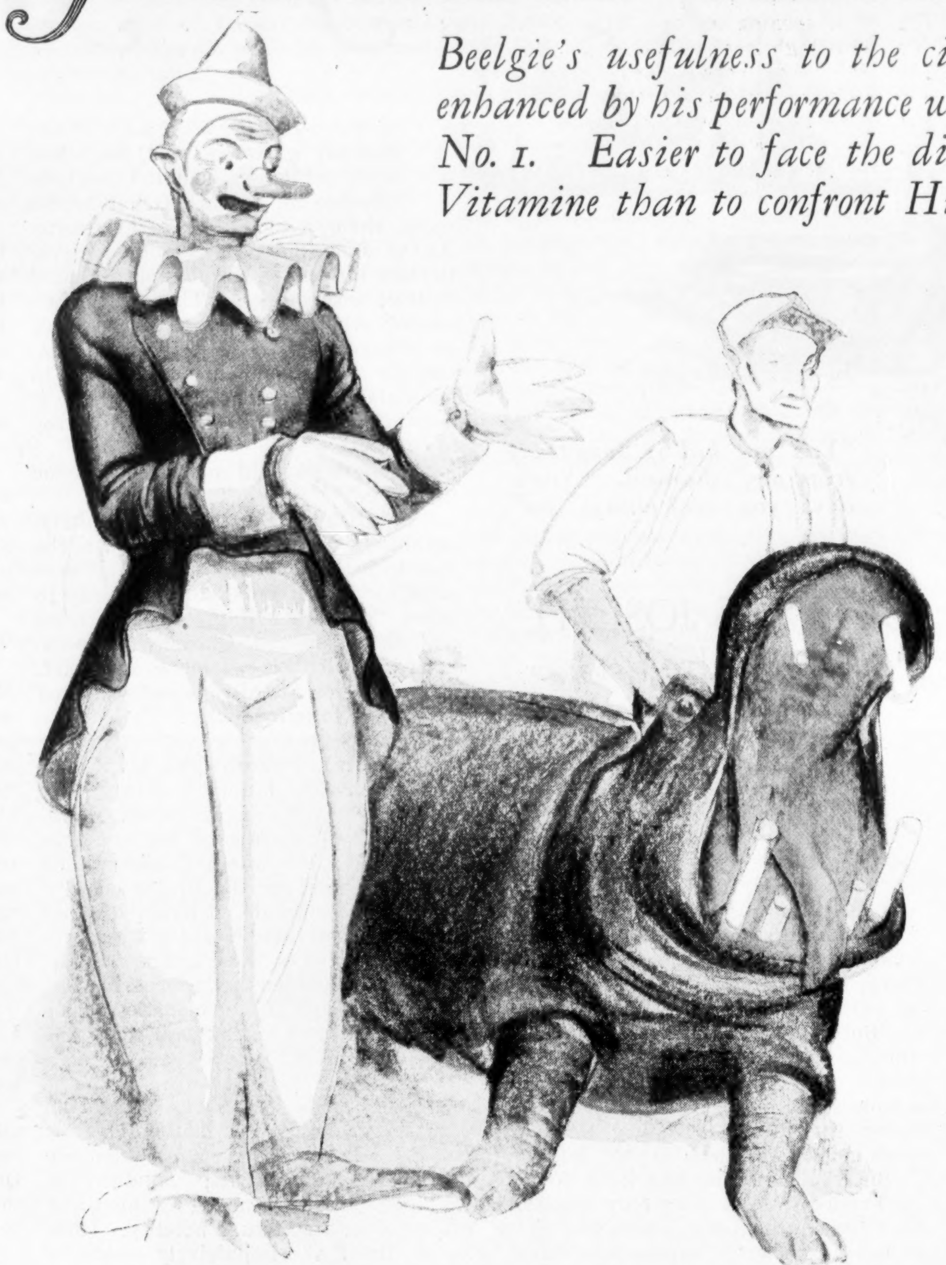


*Eve is a widow of several years' standing, elegant, affectionate and very lovely*

# Hippyotamus Number Two

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

*Beelgie's usefulness to the circus was greatly enhanced by his performance with Hippyotamus No. 1. Easier to face the displeasure of Vita Vitamine than to confront Hippyotamus No. 2*



*Baby waddled placidly along, making a good mile and a half an hour. But Beelgie's knees were hitting high*

IT WAS not for Beelgie May, late of the riprap gang at Lexumton, Mo., to know that a certain cloud of brooding hue lay over the Grand Consolidated Circus of which he formed an infinitesimal part. Beelgie had nothing to do with the management. It could not be expected that he should know of certain conferences in the executive car, and extra pay checks going out for detectives brought on from New York. Besides, there were matters of far weightier import upon his single-track mind.

In the first place, his foots hurt. When one has bunions, tastefully bulging from slits in patent-leather shoes, and when there has been a steady contact for more than two hours with a hot, dusty circus lot, followed by hotter though less dusty asphalt pavements, a bunion is more than likely to assert itself.

"My, ain't he big!"

He continued to stare. There was an ominous something about the pictorial display before him, a twenty-four sheet "stand" depicting a tragedy of the Nile, where, rising from the gleaming waters, a wide-mouthed hippopotamus was busily engaged in swallowing, end first, a canoe full of frantic natives. A display done as only a circus could do it, with the hippopotamus equipped with a throat like the Hoosac Tunnel, and every native in the bunch already minus at least a leg from the first onslaught!

"My!" came fervently. "Don't ca'h about splintehs o' nuffin'! Jis eat hit right up. My, ain't he big!"

It was yet early, even for the side show. The first ballyhoo had not yet begun on the platform outside; all was peace—except at the platform toward which Beelgie turned his painful steps, and there Vita Vitamine, bespangled, heavily rouged about the cheek bones, was pulling on her bushy Tasmanian wig with a verve derived from something more than mere excess of energy. "Humph!" she exclaimed as she glimpsed him. "Yo' is con-sendin' to spa'h me a few minutes o' yo' vallable time!"

Beelgie grinned. "Ah done hu'y back soonen's Ah kin!" he explained. "De clowns, dey senden me downtown fo' some o' dis yeah greasy paint."

"Allus somepin!" snapped Vita Vitamine. "Yo' ain' been in heah long 'nuff at de time to stuff de hai' on a rabbit tail! An' dey's somepin mo'," she added, giving full vent to her injured feelings. "Wha's all dis Ah heah abou' yo' goin' t' wuk extry in de 'nadgerie?"

Beelgie scratched his head.

" 'At's wha' dey done tole me," he answered nervously in his high-pitched voice. "Dey tolen me Ah done got t' play wif de ol' hippyotamus."

"Play wif de hippyotamus?" Vita Vitamine cocked her bushy head. "How yo' gwine play wiffen him?"

"Ah wished Ah knowed!" said Beelgie miserably, the picture of that tunnel-mouthed boat eater again rising before him. "But 'at's what dey tolen me."

From outside there came the clanging of a steel triangle, in announcement that the first ballyhoo was on. Vita Vitamine turned angrily to the assembling of her fire-eating properties, pouring a bit of gasoline upon the various torches for quick combustion, meanwhile turning a flaming glance at her sore-footed conversationalist.

"WHAT Ah'm wantin' t' know," she said meaningly, "is how'n yo's gwine keep yo' contrack wif me, wukkin' laik 'at in de 'nadgerie?"

"Contrack?" Beelgie gasped. "Wha' contrack?"

"Yo' know wha' contrack. 'At 'ere contrack whichen you' made wif me fo' to admiah me!"

"Ya-a-a-h!" Beelgie's wide mouth opened in sudden glee. "Say so! Ain' Ah done admiah yo' fo' nuffin'? All de time?"

"Humph! Wha' kin' o' 'miahin' 'tis it?"

"Bes' kin'," said Beelgie, a bit fussed. "Whe'veh's Ah's at Ah admiahs yo'. Yo' knows Ah—"

"Um-humph." Then Vita Vitamine reached into her trunk and brought forth a handful of photographs, tastefully touched up to show her in the very act of swallowing a flaming torch. "How many photograms is Ah sold in de las' week? Six. Six measly li'l photograms 'cause yo's so busy wiffen dis an' dat an' tother 'at yo' cain' git heah to admiah me when Ah's needin' it. But nev' min'," she arched her head then with the full power of a woman's weapon; "iffen yo' is so busy yo' ain't got time fo' to admiah me, Ah jis' wanten t' know, 'at's all. Jis so'n's I kin have de warnin'. Dey's plenty o' men 'at's cravin' fo' de chanct."

It hurt Beelgie—worse than the pain from his right bunion, where he had scraped it in his excitement against the end of the platform.

"Yo' knows Ah admiahs yo'!" he wailed.

"Humph!" said Vita Vitamine and continued to gaze furiously, a good ten feet over his head. Beelgie turned only to halt midway, to stare, to goggle his eyes, and then, mouth open, to point to himself in inquiry! At the opening of the tent a menagerie attendant bobbed his head in confirmation. The attendant glared.

"Where've you been?" he asked.

"Who—me?" queried Beelgie, then grinned. "Oh, Ah done been ev'wheh! De clowns—"

"Yeh, everywhere but where we've been looking. The boss has been after you for a half hour. If you're going to do that act with the hippopotamus you'd better—"

But Beelgie suddenly drew back. "Ah don' wan' t' git in no rowboat!" he pleaded.

"Rowboat? What rowboat?"

"Wif all de po' black boys," said Beelgie, "an' den de old hippyotamus come along an'—"

"Aw, forget it. You've been looking at the pictures. Don't you realize the chance the boss is giving you? Why, the hip's gentle as a kitten."

" 'Tis he?" asked Beelgie.

"Eat out of your hand!"

"Say so!" Beelgie grinned—then suddenly thought better of it. " 'En whaten's he doin' down on de old bill-boa'd, swallerin' up all dem po' black boys?"

"Oh, that," said the menagerie man—"that's the other one. The mean one! Never even let that one see daylight."

" 'At's de bad one?"

"Bad? Say, if you'd even walk in ten feet of his cage he'd throw fits."

He pointed, under the raised side wall, to a tremendous tableau wagon—empty, of course, and carried only for parade purposes—where the lettering and the sides, with their carved depiction of a tremendous river monster, could easily give the impression to the crowds along the streets of a second and larger hippopotamus. "That's the one to stay away from. Swallow you as soon as look at you. Now this one—tame as a kitten. Look here, I'll show you. Come, Babe!" he commanded. "Open up, Babe. That's a good Baby."

"Ya-a-a-a-a-h! Shet 'em down!" gasped Beelgie, as, in response to the command, the amiable Babe threw open a four-foot mouth. "Lookit all dem teef! Shet 'em down! My, ain't he big!"

"Not big at all. Just a baby. Playful too. We've trained this hippopotamus to race around the hippodrome track during the performance, and we want you to wear that African warrior costume that you have on in entry and to run in front of it and act scared."

"Fo' Gawd!" gasped Beelgie.

IT OBSESSED Beelgie—those jaws, opening and closing like a tremendous trap, the teeth sticking up like tree stumps every time that Baby decided to clamp upon another morsel of food.

"Ain't he big!" he gasped. But the menagerie boss beside him did not answer. One of those flat-footed gentlemen from outside had come beside the cage and was giving orders out of the side of his mouth.

"They're at it again," he announced. "The whole gang of them, evidently. Have the boys in here watch pretty close when the jam comes in. They've either gotten hold of a route card or they've checked up on our billing in advance. Anyway, they seem to know right where we're going to be from one day to the next, and stay right with us—probably trailing the show in an automobile. Anyway," he added in a worried manner, "they're on the job. The old man's crazy. Ten pockets picked downtown during the parade this morning, and two more on the grounds—to say nothing of a native getting skinned for three thousand on the old Electric

Belt racket. And, of course, everybody blaming the show for it."

Then he went on, while the menagerie boss, fretted by bad news, turned grumpily toward the gaping Beelgie.

"All right now," he commanded. "You understand the racket. We pull this off between Act Number Three and Act Number Four—a fill-in, see? As soon as you get through entry, come on out here into the menagerie tent and get ready for the race."

"Ah ain't gwine race no hippyotamus!"

"You ain't what? You're going to do what we tell you or—"

"De Boss Man, he nev' say nuffin' about me racin' no hippyotamus," wailed the Negro. "He say fo' me t'—"

"Boss Man? Well, right now, I'm your boss man, and I say that you're going to be in here at a quarter past two in your entry costume or"—the menagerie superintendent looked up with a sudden inspiration—"or we'll turn that mean one loose on you! Understand?" He pointed out to the mysterious blue and white den wherein Hippopotamus Number Two lurked in empty silence. "That won't be just a race around the hippodrome track."

"'Tain't nuffin' but a li'l ole baby hippyotamus," Beelgie told himself as he moved out under the side wall and cautiously skirted far to the left of the blue and white den with its silent contents. "'Tain't nuffin' but a li'l ole baby."

VAGUELY Beelgie allowed himself to be led around the big top and to the menagerie connection. Under the side wall he went, to shuffle uncertainly, then suddenly to screech, his heavy lips folding back from white teeth, while a voice from the menagerie answered his yell. Baby was coming from his cage, all two tons of him, and Beelgie's legs moved—without accomplishing anything. A menagerie attendant was on each side of him, holding tight, while Beelgie squawked and while Baby came closer—closer—

"Let him go!"

It was the call of the boss, and Beelgie slipped from the arms of his captors, while Baby, doing his best under his handicap of avoirdupois, waddled placidly along beside his trainer, making a good mile and a half an hour. But Beelgie knew nothing of this. His knees were hitting high, his bunions were screaming with the pain of being slapped hard against the ground, his round head was thrown back and his eyes bulging.

"Ya-a-a-a-a-a-h!" he yelled as he sped down the hippodrome track, "done gwine git de po' black boy!"

"Slow down!" shouted an usher, "they don't know what you're running from!"

"Go way f'um me!" gasped Beelgie as he rounded the lower turn, upset a candy butcher with his tray of popcorn, scattered himself well over the track, bumped a bunion against a ring curb, squawked with the pain of it, and was up and away again. In vain they tried to slow him down—the lumbering Baby, trotting like the docile hog it was, had only managed to cover the distance to the first grand stand. Of which Beelgie knew nothing. He did not hear the calls—except as an urge to speed him on. He had lost track of the distance covered. He only knew that Baby was somewhere behind him, and that a two-ton Baby outside of a cage, with nothing to halt the operations of a four-foot mouth, was a lot different from one with plenty of bars about it. On he went, faster, faster, to reach the turn of the hippodrome track leading forth into the menagerie and to safety, to overlook it entirely, speed on along the down stretch again and then—

"Ya-a-a-a-ah!" A wide mouth opened in screeching terror. A gangling form went high into the air, scrambled feverishly, then merely slued for an instant, pawing vainly at a brownish bulk which had suddenly ballooned before him. It was the rear end of Baby, overtaken on the second round, and while the grand stand howled its delight a wild-eyed Beelgie finally came to earth, pushed himself away from the amiable bulk, and with windmill pawings turned on full speed in the opposite direction, at last to be corralled in the middle of the menagerie by the animal men.

"Great stuff!" they shouted. "Do it at every performance!"

"Ya-a-a-a-a-h!" Beelgie was merely chattering now, white teeth clicking. "He done wen' an' back up on me!"

"Backed up nothing. You did it perfect. Same thing to-night—"

"Ain' gwine race nuffin wha' back up on me!" wailed Beelgie. "Ain't gwine do hit!"

"Boys," said the menagerie boss. "Take good care of Beelgie's coat. If he isn't on the job at eight-fifteen, just give it a good wave in front of Ole Number Two. He's hungry anyway—"

"'En don't you let 'at old Baby back up on me!" pleaded Beelgie, taking the less of the evils. "He done wen' an'—"

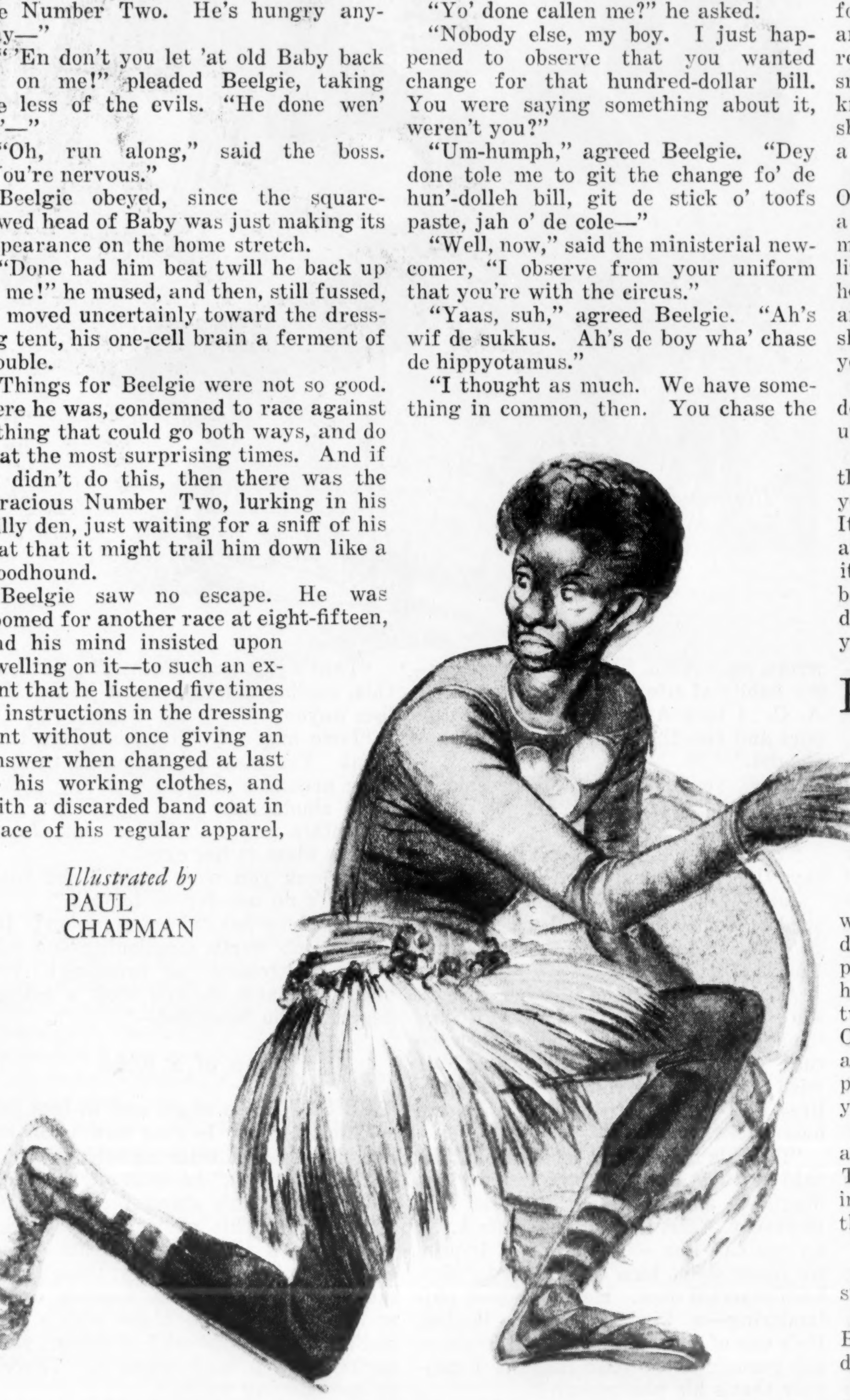
"Oh, run along," said the boss. "You're nervous."

Beelgie obeyed, since the square-jawed head of Baby was just making its appearance on the home stretch.

"Done had him beat twill he back up on me!" he mused, and then, still fussed, he moved uncertainly toward the dressing tent, his one-cell brain a ferment of trouble.

Things for Beelgie were not so good. Here he was, condemned to race against a thing that could go both ways, and do it at the most surprising times. And if he didn't do this, then there was the voracious Number Two, lurking in his stilly den, just waiting for a sniff of his coat that it might trail him down like a bloodhound.

Beelgie saw no escape. He was doomed for another race at eight-fifteen, and his mind insisted upon dwelling on it—to such an extent that he listened five times to instructions in the dressing tent without once giving an answer when changed at last to his working clothes, and with a discarded band coat in place of his regular apparel, held in bond in the menagerie for the sensitive nose of Hippyotamus Number Two, the various performers summoned him for his afternoon errands.



*Illustrated by*
PAUL
CHAPMAN

Again they repeated their demands, one for change at the ticket wagon, another for a jar of cold cream, still another for postage stamps, and on through the list, while Beelgie jumbled them all in his mind, straightened them out again, and went forth, an important piece of currency extending from his clasped hand.

"Git de change fo' de hun'-dolleh bill," he repeated, suddenly making a wide detour as a blue and white wagon loomed before him, then, forgetting entirely about the ticket wagon, veered off across the lot—"git de change fo' de hun'-dolleh bill, git de stick o' toofs paste, jah o' cole cream an' dime's wuthen postem stamps. Dime's wuthen postem stamps, jah o' de cole cream, de stick o' toofs paste an' git de change fo' de hun'-dolleh bill. Git the change fo' de hun'-dolleh—"

"Just a minute there, son!"

BEELGIE leaned back on his feet, and swung his round head about to observe a ministerial person in a frock coat, just emerging from behind a plank wagon.

"Yo' done callen me?" he asked.

"Nobody else, my boy. I just happened to observe that you wanted change for that hundred-dollar bill. You were saying something about it, weren't you?"

"Um-humph," agreed Beelgie. "Dey done tole me to git the change fo' de hun'-dolleh bill, git de stick o' toofs paste, jah o' de cole—"

"Well, now," said the ministerial newcomer, "I observe from your uniform that you're with the circus."

"Yaas, suh," agreed Beelgie. "Ah's wif de sukkus. Ah's de boy wha' chase de hippyotamus."

"I thought as much. We have something in common, then. You chase the hippopotamus and I buck the tiger."

"Yo done wif de sukkus?" asked Beelgie.

"Very much. Now, I observe that you need change for that hundred-dollar bill. You might have some trouble getting it downtown. I'll just help you out. You know how to count, don't you? Very well. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty—" He stripped off the correct change and, carelessly lifting the hundred-dollar bill from Beelgie's hand, replaced it with the other currency. "That's right, isn't it?"

Beelgie counted the money laboriously.

"Um-humph, dat's hit, all right."

"Very good." The ministerial gentleman squared his shoulders. "Now that isn't your money, is it?"

"Nussuh. Dat's de money wha' belong to de—"

"Just as I thought. Probably haven't any money of your own?"

"Ah done git two bits fo' gwine downtown."

"Bagatelle," said the stranger. "Now, how'd you like to have twenty dollars all your own?"

"Yo' mean twenty dolleh whichen's mine?"

"Exactly."

"Say so!" agreed Beelgie, suddenly forgetting tooth paste, postage stamps and other impedimenta. The stranger reached under his coat, brought forth a small board, laid it upon the ground and, kneeling, took from a pocket three half shells of English walnuts, together with a globule of rubber.

"We have here," he announced, "the Old Army Game. Three little shells and a tiny little pea. You observe that as I move these little shells around, the tiny little pea travels hither and yon. Now," he asked, coughing over his shoulder and quite accidentally raising one of the shells, "which one of these three would you say the little pea was under?"

"Ya-a-a-a-h!" laughed Beelgie. "Ah done know whichen hit's undeh! Hit's undeh dis yeah one!"

"Strange," said the ministerial gentleman, "I have a different idea. Now, you may be right and I may be wrong. It's the Old Army Game. A quick eye and a steady nerve. Under that one, is it? My judgment against yours. Now, my boy, here's your chance. Lay down ten dollars. If it's under that shell I'll give you back that ten and twenty more."

BEELGIE chirruped with glee. He reached for the shell, raised it, then gaped.

"Wheh hit done went at?" he asked.

"Right over here under this little shell," said the friendly stranger.

"An' yo' taken mah ten dolleh?"

"Exactly. Simple, isn't it? Now by watching closely and by laying twenty dollars down on the little board, it is possible for you to get forty back and have everything you started with and twenty besides. Now watch closely. Once more he coughed over his shoulder and raised a shell, displaying the little pea beneath. "Now, which one would you say this time?"

Once more Beelgie yielded. Again after that. And for the third time. Then, his lower lip limp, his brow brooding moisture, he poked vaguely toward the stranger with his empty hand.

"Yo' done wen' an' git all de money!"

"It's the Old Army Game," said the stranger. "Now—"

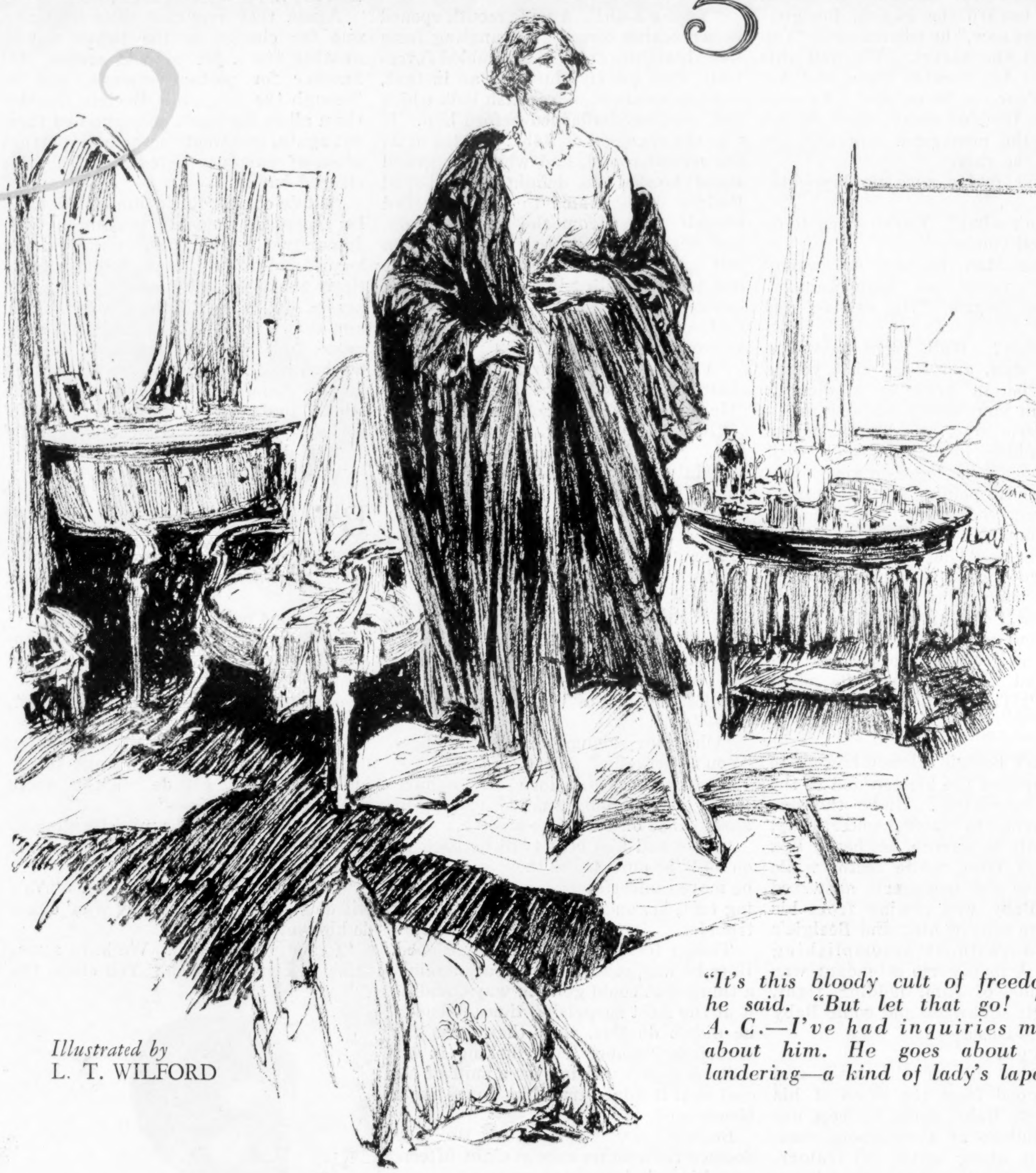
"But 'tainten mah money!" wailed Beelgie. "De man, he say fo' me to git de change fo' de hun'-dolleh bill—"

"Yes, and what happened?" asked the gambler with a sudden change of demeanor. "I find you going across this lot with that money stuck out in your hand where any

(*Continued on page 29*)

# The case of the enlightened

HOW many times have you thought: "That would make a good story"? But the fascinating dramas you see lived before your eyes seldom find their way into print. Unlike most of us, the brilliant world-famous novelist who wrote this true story makes use of the rich grist which life brings to his mill. For obvious reasons he must remain anonymous. This is the second of a series of stories in which he proves, by telling of real men and women he knows, how dramatic and interesting everyday existence can be.



Illustrated by
L. T. WILFORD

*"It's this bloody cult of freedom," he said. "But let that go! This A. C.—I've had inquiries made about him. He goes about philandering—a kind of lady's lapdog"*

NOT long ago there arrived in New York on a train from the West a man who, though cleanly shaved and washed and prosperously dressed, wore upon his face unmistakable signs of disorder and panic. To give him a name we will call him Knowlton Janes.

It was nearly nine o'clock. He sprang into a taxi and gave an address in a section where old brownstone residences of the post-Civil War period have been converted into apartments appealing to self-supporting girls or the men who strive to succeed in one of the arts.

Janes damned the idealism of feminine independence as he knocked upon his daughter's door. He cursed the day that he and Alice, his wife, after a long bedroom discussion lasting until daylight, had allowed Cynthia Janes to have her own way about coming east. He realized now that Cynthia had not even had the excuse of a creative artistic urge.

The daughters of middle-class parents might find an economic advantage and an escape from a dull round of life in a small town by emigrating to New York, but Cynthia had within her reach all the advantages, and it was grotesque that she should be serving as a secretary to an agent for advertising display devices. It was absurd, ridiculous, out of all proportion and humiliating in itself, not to mention the amazing changes and results and perhaps wreckage that Cynthia had adopted so quickly.

The door opened quite suddenly and he stood face to face with his daughter. In spite of early morning dishevelment her father found her rather pretty.

She made a graceful motion as she brushed her dark bobbed hair away from her sleepy blue eyes. She was twenty-one.

"I knew who it was," she said, giving him a perfunctory kiss.

"I expected you at the train," he said sternly.

"So did I," she replied. "But I won't make any excuses. I overslept. I was out late, dancing."

"Your Aunt Louise—" he began.

"I know. You wrote me. Mother wrote me. Aunt Louise reported on—my habits of life and—and the terrible A. C. I took Aunt Louise to two dinners and two theatres, and that's what she did."

"Well, you listen to me!" he said in a commanding voice. "If I have any authority—"

"You haven't," she replied, and he says that her eyes were very cold.

Janes' face was red. "Then it is absurd to discuss matters. I may as well go. You understand what that means? You're a little fool!"

A look of pain came into her face as she said, "Oh, sit down, Dad. I'll take it back. But can't you and Mother see that you can't decide everything? I wish I could make you see that it's my life—that I've got to build it with my own bricks."

"It's this bloody cult of freedom," he said as if he had just struck the right diagnosis and had made a great new discovery. "But let that go! This A. C., as you call him—well, I've had inquiries made about him. He's forty. He's been married once. He goes about philandering—a kind of lady's lapdog. He's one of those philosophical lovers—old enough to be your father. I suppose that's his photograph?"

His daughter made no denial.

"Looks younger," said Janes. "Wants your money."

"That's just guff, Father," said Cynthia, curling her legs under her. "If I love anyone—"

"Love anyone! You can't love that man! You may let him come up and hang around and—"

He shuddered.

Cynthia got up. There was, Janes says, a blaze in her eyes.

"I think you were right," she said. "There's no use for us to talk."

"How long has it been going on? He has no job worth mentioning—no cultural background—no breeding! You ought to know it—you took a college degree. You have had—"

## Two of a Kind

HE SPOKE in anger and in fact felt that he was looking now upon his own daughter in utter contempt.

"Furthermore," he went on, "respectable people can't stand for this loose relationship—this absurdity of a girl of your age and a man of his—these excursions into the country, these Bohemian dinners, cabarets, dancing dives, and sitting up here alone with a second-rater till daybreak! Anyhow, your mother and I can't stand it. There's no use mincing words."

"That is what I said," Cynthia replied coldly.

"It's too early in the day to talk," said her father. "Much too early. I'll come for you at dinner."

"No; I'm sorry. I've an engagement. Besides, we'll never understand each other. Or, at least, you'll never understand me. Oh, what's the use?"

Janes failed to notice the despair and the appeal in her voice. He went at the wrong moment. "You can telephone me at the club if you want me," he said hotly. "You ask for me to give up my authority. Well, I've done it. Wreck yourself if you wish. Ugh! It's a sordid business!"

He went through the day scarcely knowing what he did. In his room he stared at the telephone. It was six. He says he wished it would ring. But he would not have called her even if she had had a thousand telephones.

Janes took a bath. Sitting in the tub, still an athlete, rubbing vigorously hard-knit arms and calves, he felt a sense of terrible loneliness.

It was while he was dressing that the telephone rang. He leaped for it, and as he did he made up his mind into a flint-like determination to yield nothing. If the enemy was weak, so much stronger was his own position.

"Hello, old Knolly," said a masculine voice. "This is Jacko. I just saw your name on the book. What a stroke of luck! I'll be right up."

Janes did not regard it as a stroke of

# Janes

luck. “Jacko” B. had been one of six roommates who had shared a college apartment in the senior year. That was more than a quarter of a century ago. He had seen B. perhaps four or five times since then. But B. had drifted around everywhere and had not done very well. The last time he had seen B., the old roommate, who had coarsened considerably, was in some kind of art calendar business. Someone had said: “It's too bad about Jacko. He didn't marry very well. His wife's in a sanitarium now. And Jacko has some strange friends and he does a little something with liquor now and then.”

### Jacko Prescribes

JANES felt vaguely a sense of discomfort about B. One could not call it snobbishness—but B. had slipped. He was not quite up to standard.

And yet Janes was glad to hear the knock.

“Got a dinner engagement? Hello,” said B.

“I don't believe I'll go out—and hello yourself,” said the manufacturer, releasing his hand.

“You look sick,” said the other. “You ought to be budding like a crimson rambler. You're one of our successful men!”

Janes was not sure that Jacko was not making fun of him. He looked up to see, and then he realized that the other man appeared a good deal older and more world-worn than he. The face was heavier, the neck heavier, the body a little too heavy. There were lines of sadness and bafflement about the other's mouth. The only twinkle in him was in his eyes.

“I'll tell you what to do,” said Jacko. “I'm a psychiatrist. You're inhibited. You look done in. It's not that you're done in—you're only locked in. I know what you need and I know where to get it. Put on your coat and follow me.”

“Where?”

“I can't pronounce it, but they know me. They have good stuff.”

After all, Janes says, this was the only release from his loneliness that he could see: it would let down his nerves. It might relieve the sense of sodden tragedy and the apparent waste of years and wreckage of something beautiful. He put on his coat. He hoped no one would see him.

He looked nervously about the little Italian restaurant. He liked the wet, cold tang of the drink. It tanged his throat and tanged along his veins. He liked the girls with men at other tables. They were bright spots of color and youth. But he looked up now and then to see if anyone who might know him had arrived. He could not tell whether he was reluctant to be seen in this place or whether it was being with Jacko B., over whom he felt superiority.

“You look worried, old huckleberry,” said B. “What's the irritant?”

### For “One Prime, Ripe Jackass!”

JANES thought it over. There would be such relief—such relief in telling it to anyone! And Jacko, the old flubdub, had always had one good quality—he never told anything.

“I'm in a fix, Jacko,” said Janes thickly. “The worst fix I ever knew. I'm licked. And it's pretty near going to—”

“Break your heart?” There was some real tenderness in this question.

“Yes.’

“Well, how can I help?”

“You can't,” Janes said, and he confessed that he was shaken. “It's my daughter.”

“Go on, Knolly, tell me,” said B.

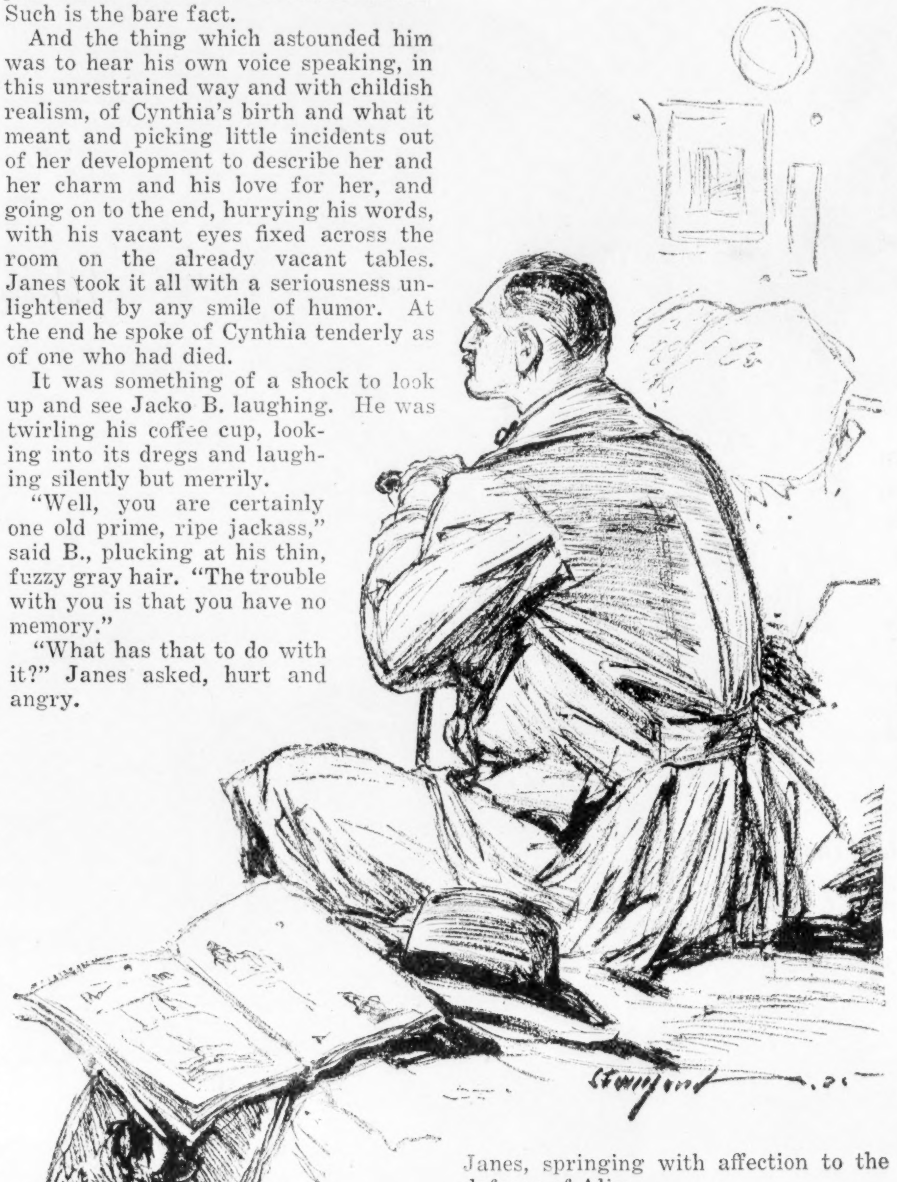
Janes told him. It probably had been a good many years since the real Janes so completely issued forth from himself. Those there may be who will believe that loosening of personality under the release of a stimulant must always be ugly and futile. They may be right or wrong. Possibly the stimulant had nothing to do with it, although Janes says it had. On the whole, however, if it released Janes it released a pretty fine though inadequate and badly prepared and somewhat untutored Janes. Such is the bare fact.

And the thing which astounded him was to hear his own voice speaking, in this unrestrained way and with childish realism, of Cynthia's birth and what it meant and picking little incidents out of her development to describe her and her charm and his love for her, and going on to the end, hurrying his words, with his vacant eyes fixed across the room on the already vacant tables. Janes took it all with a seriousness unlightened by any smile of humor. At the end he spoke of Cynthia tenderly as of one who had died.

It was something of a shock to look up and see Jacko B. laughing. He was twirling his coffee cup, looking into its dregs and laughing silently but merrily.

“Well, you are certainly one old prime, ripe jackass,” said B., plucking at his thin, fuzzy gray hair. “The trouble with you is that you have no memory.”

“What has that to do with it?” Janes asked, hurt and angry.



“Keep cool, you old attic,” said B. “One trouble with you is that you have treated Cynthia as you wouldn't treat any friend in the world. She needed an ally, and you came all the way to New York to declare war on her. But we'll come to that. First let me ask you where you were—let's see—wait! I know how I can remember. Wait!”

He looked inquiringly into Janes' eyes as if he could find his facts there.

“I've got it. Where were you on June 18, 1900? Answer!”

“June 18, 1900?” said the puzzled Janes.

“Yes, between nine o'clock in the evening and three in the morning?”

Janes shook his head dumbly.

“Come on!” commanded Jacko. “You came back from New York the next day. And the day after that was class day—one of our reunions. Where were you?”

Janes tried to think. Little by little the red of embarrassment mounted up his sinewy neck above his collar and spread out on his cheeks, and brought into his eyes a look extraordinarily sheepish for an industrial leader of fifty.

“I'd forgotten—that you—had met Alice,” he stammered.

“Huh!” snorted old J. B. “I haven't. I was the one you picked to tell your troubles to. Your father was giving you hades. Remember? He had found out. She had come on to New York to study singing. Even you said she couldn't sing. She probably was in New York for about the same reason your daughter is—to get away from things that stopped her from building her life with her own bricks. Anyhow, she was older than you. And—”

“Just a year or two,” interrupted Janes, springing with affection to the defense of Alice.

“Well,” laughed B., “your father called her a designing woman. It took a year to soften him. I suppose you've forgotten that I knew.”

Janes' eyes were smiling rather mistily. Finally he laughed outright. “June 18, 1900,” he repeated. “That was the night we sat out on the end of a pier in the old East River till daybreak.”

“It wasn't so blooming proper, was it, old Knolly?”

### The Shoe on the Other Foot

“THERE wasn't anything wrong about it!” Janes said resentfully.

“Certainly not,” said J. B. “But your father would have had a fit.” He smiled. “Even I cannot say you had a conventional courtship.”

“It wasn't,” admitted Janes. “It resulted in great things, though. There's Alice—”

“I know. I know.”

“It turned out all right.”

Janes examined his fingers. Finally he said: “Well, what should I do?”

“Do?” said old Jacko B. “Get up and go down and get your daughter. Tell her you're the best friend she's got. Tell her you'll see her through. Tell her you've been there—that you know how it is. Tell her you've a confession to make. Tell her how you and her mother behaved. Why you dog-gone old jackass!”

“She won't be at home. She had an engagement,” said Janes, squirming.

“I'll bet she didn't,” replied B. “She was high-hatting her father.”

“Doing what?”

“Skip!” commanded the other man.

### A Little Human Kindness

IT WAS nearly midnight. Cynthia got up from the couch in her little living-room and put another cigarette in one of the Ming blue bowls. She put her arms around her father's neck with the sweeping fervor of childhood.

“Oh, I think that's the nicest, dearest thing I ever knew about you and Mother,” she said.

“It was dangerous,” said Janes. “But we came through it untouched. It resulted in the finest things in my life!”

“Of course,” she said. “And that was victory—real victory. You weren't victorious because you couldn't lose; you were victorious because you could have lost but instead you won! I wish I could tell you about me—about me and A. C.”

“Let it go until you want to.”

“I do want to. But he says no one would ever understand except him and me. Oh, I want to tell you so much! Everything, you dear old friend! I've been so alone. I want to, I want to!”

She seized his hand. A great load went rolling off Janes' heart. His daughter wanted to tell him—everything!

“I've never made up my mind I love him. I know a lot of what you said is true. If you say you don't want me to go on with him—”

At that moment an inspiration came to Janes. It took courage to say, “I don't urge anything. Some day you may need my help. And you'll get it. You don't need it in this case, Cynthia, old girl. After all, it isn't the prohibitions which protect you. There's only one thing that can see you through—that's your own appraisal of life and human beings: of the difference between short trips and the long, glorious journey. This time the answer is too easy for you to need me.”

She jumped off his knee and went to the window. Then she turned and asked, “When are you going back?”

“I bought my tickets. I leave tomorrow morning at nine-thirty.” He hesitated. “Want to go back with me?”

“I'd like to,” she said. “But since I started to earn my living for a year I suppose I'll see it through.”

“Anything you want?”

“No.”

“Come home in June?”

“Of course! You dear old thing! What'll you say to Mother? You'll telegraph?”

“I don't know. Good night.”

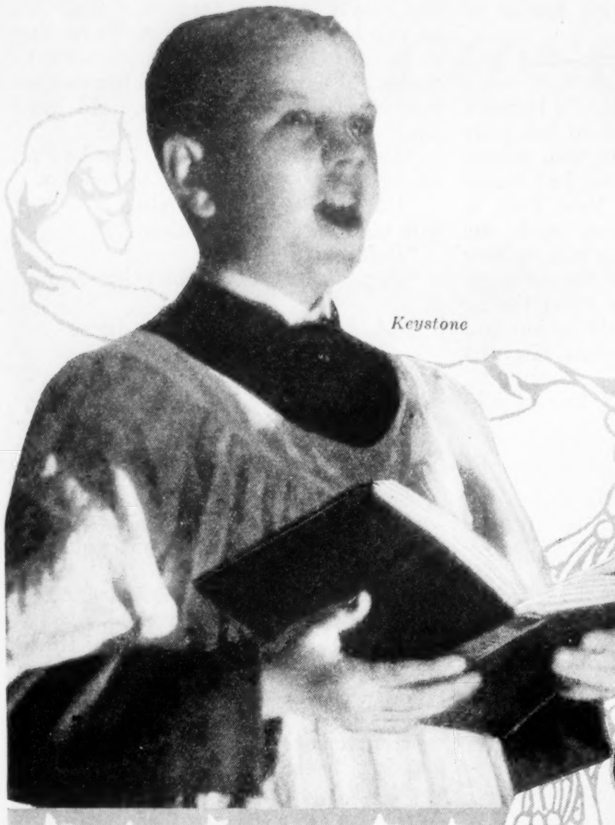
“Good night.” She put her arms around his neck and her soft cheek on his.

He could not quite make up his mind what to say in a telegram. There was much he could have written. He tried three or four times at the club and tore the blanks in small pieces. He spoke of mistakes and corrections and time of arrival and love and even of J. B.

But at last he wrote a simple message. “Cynthia is all right.”

*Another true life story by the same author will appear in an early issue*

# "God bless us



Keystone

"BOB served the hot stuff from the jug, with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"'A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!'

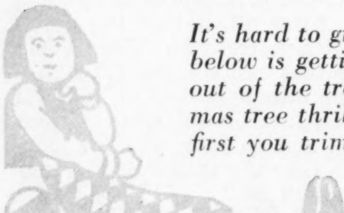
"Which all the family reëchoed.

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all."

*Dickens' Christmas Carol.*

Brown Bros.

*If you see here only a tricked-up broomstick stuck in a pail, we feel very, very sorry for you. If their tenements lack costly trimmings who shall say they aren't getting as much kick out of it as the more fortunate?*



*It's hard to guess which of the two below is getting the biggest punch out of the tree. Did ever Christmas tree thrill you as much as the first you trimmed for your child?*

Keystone

*Well, wouldn't you be beaming gayly on the world too if your Yuletide task were the vending of mistletoe—magic bough that emboldens the timid swain?*

Keystone

# every one"

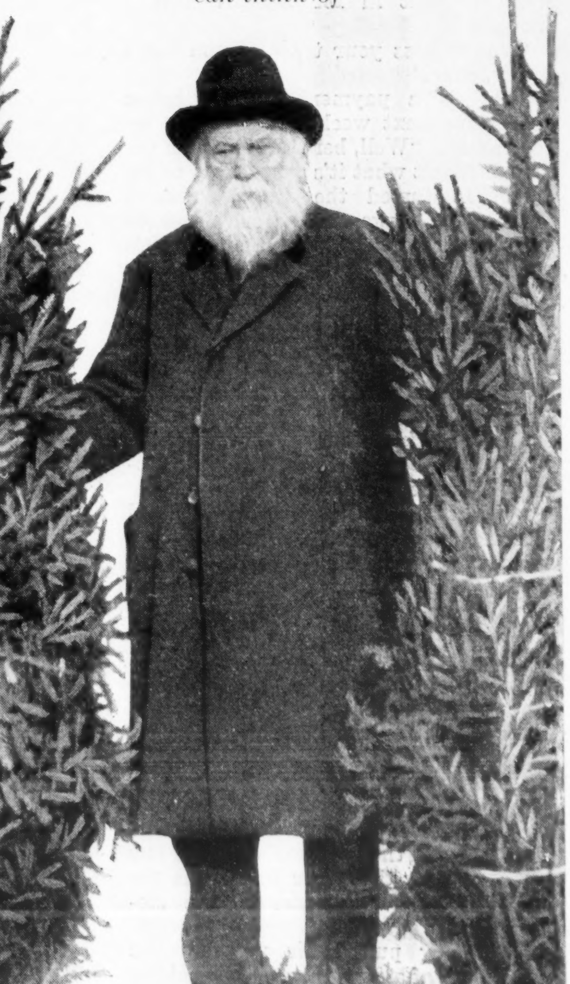
© Fotograms

*Here's a real gold-plated Christmas! John D. Rockefeller himself is playing Santa Claus. It's lucky for youth the world over that wealth is as powerless as poverty to crush the spirit of the season*

Kadel & Herbert

*You would have to be very old and very cynical and a thoroughly nasty person indeed to believe that the bewhiskered gentleman being embraced is only a synthetic Santa Claus, after all*

*Next to being Old Kriss Kringle himself, we'd rather be one of his assistants, like the tree seller below, than anything else we can think of*



© Keystone

*Amid the glamour of Christmas morning one doesn't forget to thank Santa Claus, and he was thoughtful enough to slip a toy telephone into this child's stocking, to make it easy. Who are you to say that it isn't connected directly with the north pole?*

Keystone

# The wrong type

*"You ought to go into business for yourself." But there are some men who should never go into business on their own. Here's the story of one who learned his lesson—happily*

By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

"LIFE," observed Henry Piper unoriginally but with extreme fervor, "is just one darn thing after another." He continued to stare glumly at the pile of envelopes beside his plate. "Getting in deeper and deeper all the time. I don't know what's going to be the end of it. I don't—that's a fact."

His wife put a soothing hand on his arm. "Have another cup of coffee, Henry. Everything will come out all right. I know it will. We've had more doctors' bills than usual. But the baby's much better. And I—"

"You?" Henry sighed heavily. "You need a vacation and somebody to help you with the work. You need—money, that's all. Just money. Gosh!" He stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Seems as if I'd crack a safe—anything. Doggone it—" he shrugged his thin shoulders. "Guess I was a fool, all right, when I went in for myself. But I thought—"

"You'll miss your train if you don't hurry, dear."

"There's a payment on the house comes due next week," said Henry irrelevantly. "Well, being in business for yourself isn't what it's cracked up to be. When I started the Piper Press I thought I'd make some money and do something worth while too. But it's worse than Rafferty's. Letterheads. Envelope stuffers. *Stuff!* I haven't done a job yet I'd put my imprint on." His voice was sad. He was very proud of that imprint—a little picture of the pipes of Pan, which Molly had drawn for him.

"Your train, Henry," repeated his wife. "Maybe something'll turn up today. You never can tell."

"Well, maybe so." Henry sighed and rose from the table. "Darkest before dawn, they say. That Overaker catalogue job might fall. They promised to let us figure. Well, good-by, dear; keep a-smiling!"

This Mrs. Piper contrived to do until the door had slammed behind her husband. Then the smile abruptly vanished. She reached for the little pile of bills, and methodically began to open them.

Arrived at his place of business, Henry found the elevator out of commission. There was no novelty in this, since one of the reasons for the low rental paid by the Piper Press was the acknowledged weaknesses of the elevator.

As Henry puffed his way up the four flights of stairs, through the caking dirt of half a century, he realized that he should be grateful for the inadequacies of the elevator. It was a big "talking point," according to Bean, the salesman he had hired when his own deficiencies had become too apparent.

Bean was a man at whom Henry never ceased to marvel. All he knew about printing you could "put in your eye," as he himself cheerfully admitted, but he was a good salesman. He wore a double-breasted blue suit, carried a silver cigarette case, and was a go-getter. Henry was aware that he should not be puzzled at Bean's success. Bean made no secret of it. Twenty times a day he expounded the matter. "The way to succeed," he declared, "is to cut your costs. Hit 'em where they live," he said. "In the pocketbook. That's what people fall for."

THERE were an enormous number of things he himself did not understand about people, Henry reflected, as he put his hand on the long-unpainted door of the Piper Press. And understanding people—"psychology," Bean called it—was the secret of success.

Inside, he buried these thoughts, and put on a "front." You had to have a front—everyone agreed to that—though just what a "front" was, Henry was not sure.

"Any calls?" he inquired briskly of his stenographer.

"Not yet, Mr. Piper," was her tactful answer. "But Mr. Bean's waiting for you. He's in your office."

Henry's heart sank. Bean had been hinting, of late, that his drawing account was not quite what it should be. And he couldn't get along without Bean. He had no "front" at all as he went into the partitioned corner which was called his office. "You wanted to see me?" he faltered.

Bean looked up from his newspaper. "What's the matter, Henry? You look pale? Anything wrong at home?"

"Oh, no—nothing," answered Henry hastily. "Nothing special."

"Good—glad to hear it," Bean rubbed his hands. "Well, maybe this'll cheer you up. Good news. Overaker's given us a chance to figure!"

"Against Hanly & Ebbetts?"

Bean smiled wisely. "Business is business, Henry. Competition is the life of trade. You know the H. & E. plant. Twice as much space as they can use. Gravel walks, flower boxes—all the falderals in the world. Capital tied up in nonsense—frozen. And look at ours." He made an expansive gesture. "How d'you suppose they can compete with us?"

Henry was still dubious. "But they've always done Overaker's work."

"Times are harder," said Bean oracularly. "Competition's keener. And Overaker's got a new purchasing agent—a real one, they tell me. Dinsmore was a nice old duck—but as a business man—" He left the comparison unfinished. "Price cut no figure with Dinsmore. The new man's different. Sharpens his pencil and gets down to brass tacks."

"Nice man—Mr. Dinsmore," said Henry pensively. "Appreciated good work. He was pretty old, though. Too bad."

"Too bad, nothing!" growled Bean. "It's our chance. There's a raft of business we can get out of Overaker. This catalogue alone—"

HENRY did not hear him. Before his eyes flashed a picture of his wife as he had left her at the breakfast table. He was not a keen observer, but her smile had not deceived him. Molly had grit—by jiminy, she had! And maybe she wouldn't smile—a real smile—when he came home and told her he'd copped off the Overaker catalogue—swiped it right out from under Hanly & Ebbetts' nose! All of a sudden he was enormously glad of the elevator that didn't run and the dingy stairs and Bean's insistence upon keeping costs down. There wasn't a print shop in town could beat their prices. No one. He became very brisk. "I'll go right over."

Bean chuckled. "Say—when they see our figure, they'll want to have Hanly & Ebbetts pinched for burglary. Highbinders! An' we'll make money on it too, Henry. A pot of money!"

Henry was fingering the dummy Bean had pushed toward him. "I don't like this stock very much. It isn't just what I had in mind."

Bean nodded. "I changed it. I got a line on a couple of cars we can pick up for half a cent less. Practically the same thing. You couldn't tell 'em apart."

Henry continued to finger the dummy. "Do you think it will stand up?" he asked diffidently. "It seems—well, just a little bit—"

Bean stirred with impatience. "None of your fancy notions, now, Henry. This isn't goin' to hang on somebody's wall, you know. It's just a catalogue. Darn it all, Henry—sometimes I wonder if you'll *ever* get any business sense! You got to be practical, Henry."

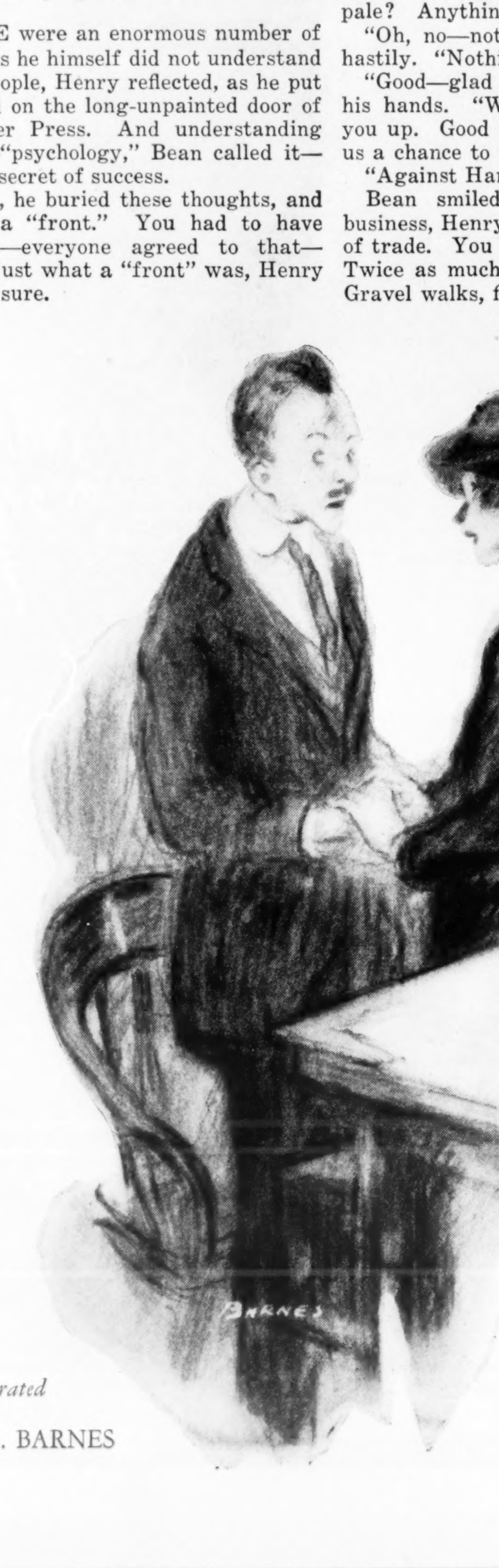
"Yes, of course," assented Henry feebly. "But it does seem as if—"

"As if *what?*"

"Well—" Henry floundered. It was not that he did not know what he wanted to say. He knew exactly. But he knew equally well that what he wanted to say was what he ought not even to think. Sooner or later, though, he always said what he thought. "What I mean is, well—it's sort of cheap. The dummy, I mean. Oh, it isn't that it's not a good dummy. It's a peach, really. Only—well, everything Overaker does is always so—so, well, bang-up, you might say, it doesn't—er—somehow—"

"Look here, Henry." Bean's broad, soft hand came down on the desk. "You're one of the best layout men I ever saw. And you know more about type than the man that invented it. I'd be the last to say you didn't. But as a business man—" The annoyance in his eyes yielded to a tolerant compassion. "The trouble with you, Henry, is—you're an artist."

Henry shuddered. On Bean's lips the word became an epithet. He tried to protest, but Bean silenced him with a



*Molly understood without his saying another word. "Oh," she cried, "how wonderful!"*

Illustrated by W. L. BARNES

gesture. "That's what you are, Henry," he said firmly—"you're an artist. And I'm not saying it ain't all right to be an artist—in the right place. 'Specially if you don't care whether your family eats or not."

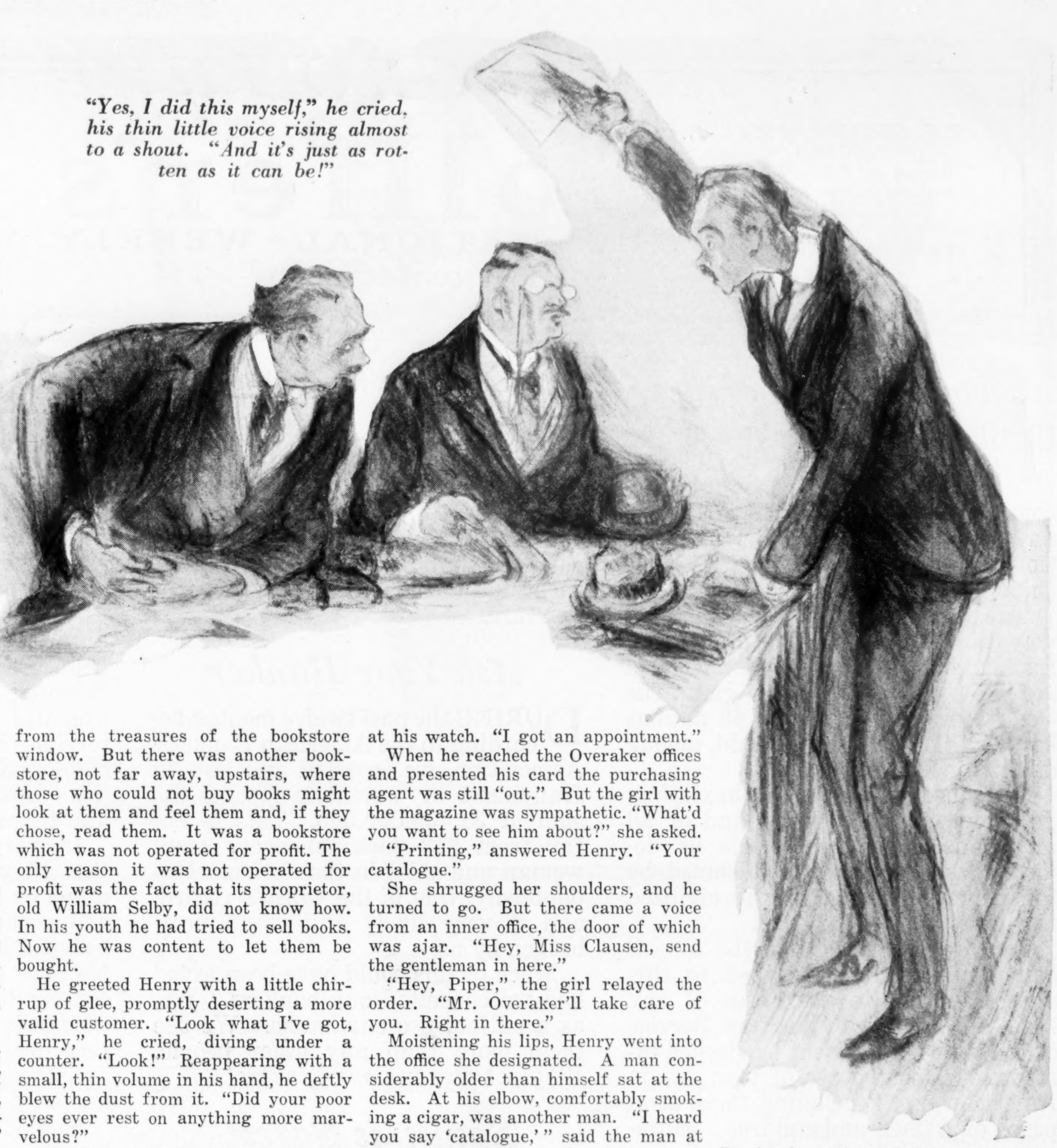
Noticing how Henry winced at this thrust, he continued on the same theme: "I'm not saying, either, that I'm not an artist at heart, myself. Good gravy, don't you s'pose I'd like to turn out art printing too? But I got responsibilities, Henry—same as you. Regardless of what we like, we got to turn out stuff we can sell. We got to have turnover. Business is getting harder every day. In the long run it goes to the fellow who can turn out his stuff for the least money. Understand?"

"Yes," said Henry with docility. "Only—"

"There's another thing. A man in my position has got to see every side of a question. Take a job like this here—you think it's something in itself. Do you know the way I see it?"

"No," said Henry politely.

Bean showed no surprise. He contrived to make it clear that he would have been surprised only if Henry had known the way he saw it. "It's not a thing in itself," he declared heavily. "It's a means to an end. Get that, Henry. The cheaper you can make a means, the bigger the end will be."



*"Yes, I did this myself," he cried, his thin little voice rising almost to a shout. "And it's just as rotten as it can be!"*

Henry Piper never thought of himself as having a strong will. But he was conscious of a curious streak of obstinacy. "I'll go right away. But, just the same, I *don't* think that's the kind of a job Overaker ought to have."

His mind in a hopeless confusion, Henry stumbled out of the office. Bean's voice followed him, "Bring home the bacon, Henry." It was Bean's voice unquestionably, but in it Henry fancied that he could hear his wife's also. His whole duty was plain. But as he crept down the long dark flights to the street his shoulders were bent like a man crushed under a heavy weight.

AS HE trudged toward the offices of Overaker & Co., which were in one of the newer buildings over on the lake, his feet moved to the refrain of "business, business, business is business." He passed a store window, full of garish lithographs, with a sign: "Your choice—10c. Make your Home Beautiful." His lip curled. Near it was another window, displaying men's clothing. A man and a woman stood in front of it. They were studying the suits. Presently, Henry knew, they would go inside, and buy—buy because of the price tag, buy what they thought was "cheap," because they were poor. And because what they bought was "cheap" they would be trebly poor in the end.

The elevator in the Overaker office building ran, and swiftly, and Henry was just a little out of breath when he presented his card to the young person behind the mahogany rail which set off Overaker & Co. from the rest of the world. "Mr. Spayson is out just now," she said. "Back in an hour."

At the entrance to the building there was a bookstore, and he tarried for a moment, nose against the glass. In that pile of bills at the breakfast table there had been bills from the butcher and the grocer and the doctor and the dry-goods merchant; there had been none from a bookstore. There never had been, probably there never would be. He wondered what it must be like to get bills from a bookstore. He fancied that it would not be unpleasant to pay such a bill. Meat was eaten; clothes wore out; what the doctor did was well forgotten. But a book. . . .

With a sigh he tore himself away from the treasures of the bookstore window. But there was another bookstore, not far away, upstairs, where those who could not buy books might look at them and feel them and, if they chose, read them. It was a bookstore which was not operated for profit. The only reason it was not operated for profit was the fact that its proprietor, old William Selby, did not know how. In his youth he had tried to sell books. Now he was content to let them be bought.

He greeted Henry with a little chirrup of glee, promptly deserting a more valid customer. "Look what I've got, Henry," he cried, diving under a counter. "Look!" Reappearing with a small, thin volume in his hand, he deftly blew the dust from it. "Did your poor eyes ever rest on anything more marvelous?"

"Great guns!" Henry's mouth was wide. "I didn't know there was one in this country!"

Old Selby's forehead wrinkled over his spectacles. "Rare—yes. But beautiful too. Going on five hundred years, Henry—and you printers haven't improved a step."

"Improved?" echoed Henry, his voice a little bitter. "No—not much." His hand shook slightly as he took the volume Selby held out to him. "Gosh—what paper!" Tenderly he fingered the fly leaf. "And the ink, Selby, we've forgotten how to mix ink like that. Black—after all those years, Gosh!"

"Look at the colophon, Henry," said the old bookseller, peering over his shoulder. "Lovely as the Parthenon, eh!"

HENRY scratched his head. "*Impressum Venetiis in Aedibus Aldi Romani mense Februario Anno 1495*. What's that mean, Selby?"

"What's all the excitement?" The customer, a current novel in his hand, had drawn near. "Who are you talking about anyway?"

"A man named Aldus," answered Henry shortly.

The customer looked blank. Then to Selby he held out the novel in his hand. "Wrap this up, will you?"

With a little start the old bookseller came back from fifteenth-century Venice. "Why, yes—certainly."

Henry Piper had also come back from Venice. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch. "I got an appointment."

When he reached the Overaker offices and presented his card the purchasing agent was still "out." But the girl with the magazine was sympathetic. "What'd you want to see him about?" she asked.

"Printing," answered Henry. "Your catalogue."

She shrugged her shoulders, and he turned to go. But there came a voice from an inner office, the door of which was ajar. "Hey, Miss Clausen, send the gentleman in here."

"Hey, Piper," the girl relayed the order. "Mr. Overaker'll take care of you. Right in there."

Moistening his lips, Henry went into the office she designated. A man considerably older than himself sat at the desk. At his elbow, comfortably smoking a cigar, was another man. "I heard you say 'catalogue,'" said the man at the desk. "Are you figuring on our catalogue?"

"Why, yes—I've got an estimate right with me," said Henry. "Mr. Spayson asked for it. That is, he—"

Overaker held out his hand. "Oh, he did? Well, let's see it."

Henry had some difficulty with the catch of his brief case, but the dummy and the sheet of figures finally came out.

"Let's see the dummy," said the man who was smoking.

Overaker, his eyes on the estimate, whistled softly. "What sort of a job would you give us—at this price?"

"Oh—absolutely first-class in every particular," answered Henry quickly. In his own ears the words sounded rather mechanical. He hoped that was his imagination. It *would* be first-class—according to Bean's standards—and that meant most people's.

Mr. Overaker pursed his lips and took the dummy from the man at his side. "You've—er—simplified things a good deal, haven't you?"

"A catalogue," said Henry crisply, as if he were repeating something he had learned by heart, "is a means to an end. The simpler the better. Efficiency—"

Overaker nodded, seeming to agree. "Think there's any chance of our beating this price?"

Henry's heart sank. This was the "sharpening the pencil" of which Bean had spoken. They were close buyers. Cheapness—that was what got people. But he shook his head vigorously. "No, sir. We've got the most efficient shop in the city. Low rent. We pass our savings on to the customer."

"It's a clever layout," said Overaker, slowly thumbing the pages of the dummy. "Make it yourself?"

Henry hung his head. He knew he ought to be proud. But he was not.

"Oh—you're a shop man, eh?" said the man with the cigar.

HENRY nodded again. "I was at Rafferty's—till I went in for myself." He felt himself flushing. He saw no contempt in the eyes of the two men watching him, but he felt that there ought to be. What was the matter with him? They were admiring his handiwork—that wretched piece of shoddy—and he ought to be glowing with pride? It was no mean thing to have a man like Overaker admire one's handiwork.

Overaker's voice interrupted his thoughts. "I don't mind telling you your figure's 'way under what we've been paying."

"'Way under," echoed the other man, with a little smile.

Henry forgot his humiliation, and his heart leaped. There would be satisfaction in paying up those bills and taking care of Molly.

"You think this job would do the work for us?" continued Overaker.

With a distinct effort, Henry pulled himself erect in his chair. "A catalogue," he (*Continued on page 34*)

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## Abandon Submarines

THE tragic sinking of a British submarine, carrying its full crew of more than sixty men to death, coming so soon after the American naval loss has aroused a new international demand for the abolition of ships of this type.

The use of the submarine is in many ways similar to the use of poison gas. Last summer the nations of the world agreed not to use poison gas. The Geneva protocol signed by 43 nations besides the United States said, among other things:

"The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases, and of all analogous liquids, materials or devices, has been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world."

In spite of the fact that the American Government subscribed to this agreement not to use gases of any kind, the Chemical Warfare Service of the War Department has issued instructions for the use of tear gas on American mobs including those composed of women and children. Moreover, when Collier's made public the activity of the Chemical Warfare Service, a silly protest was heard from reserve officers and others who sought to support General Fries, the advocate of poison gas, rather than President Coolidge, their Commander in Chief.

They argue that once a weapon is invented it will be used in war regardless of all considerations of civilization.

The German high command took that view in the World War and ordered the sinking of the Lusitania. It did not, however, lead to German victory.

The argument made by the defenders of the submarine is similar to that made for poison gas. Victory in war justifies any weapon, according to this reasoning. The fallacy lies in the fact that the use of any weapon does not result in victory. The conscience of mankind is itself a force which cannot be ignored.

No nation, however hard pressed, would expect to triumph by poisoning wells of drinking water or using bacteria. While war is an expression of human bestiality, it is still true that during long centuries the human race has refused to abandon its rules of fair fighting even in mortal combat.

President Coolidge should carry forward the solid progress recorded at the Washington Arms Conference by initiating a new international agreement for the abolition of submarine warfare.

## Ask Your Banker

DURING the past twelve months, according to the American Bankers' Association, we invested and lost, in fraudulent or worthless stocks, the sum of $1,400,000,000. This is not far from $13 each for every man, woman and child in the nation. Undoubtedly, this is the world's record, and it very likely will stand until broken by us.

Much of this could have been saved had we consulted our bankers. We, as a nation, use our banks. We use them more than any other people. *Why not also use our bankers!*

## Sanity is Safest

NEAR Chattanooga, Tenn., a college committee is searching the library to "eliminate particularly everything in reference to evolution." Looks as if these searchers had lost sight of their duty as teachers.

A famous women's college aims to prepare its students for life and solemnly resolves that any student who smokes off the campus (as well as on) is to be disciplined. Just when are these young women to take responsibility for their own conduct? Doing that *is* life.

The reforming board of a great church finds that any mention of Al Smith as a Presidential candidate is "offensively impudent." Most of our Presidents, from Cleveland to Coolidge, have been governors of states. Smith has been three times elected governor of New York by a vote including vast numbers of Republicans as well as Democrats. Nobody has to vote for him in 1928, and he may not be a candidate, but those who would bar him are out of step with American institutions.

## The Power of Right

AN OLD Scotch shipbuilder who visited the former Kaiser at the Dutch village of Doorn found his friend playing with the pretense of authority, with childish fondness for glittering uniforms and make-believe.

What a closing chapter to a grandiose career! A dozen years ago how different was the picture! Then Wilhelm talked of the "mailed fist" and "shining armor" and the words had dreadful reality. He dreamed the terrible dreams of an irresponsible child and the tragedy was that millions of men and women paid in blood and tears for his delusions.

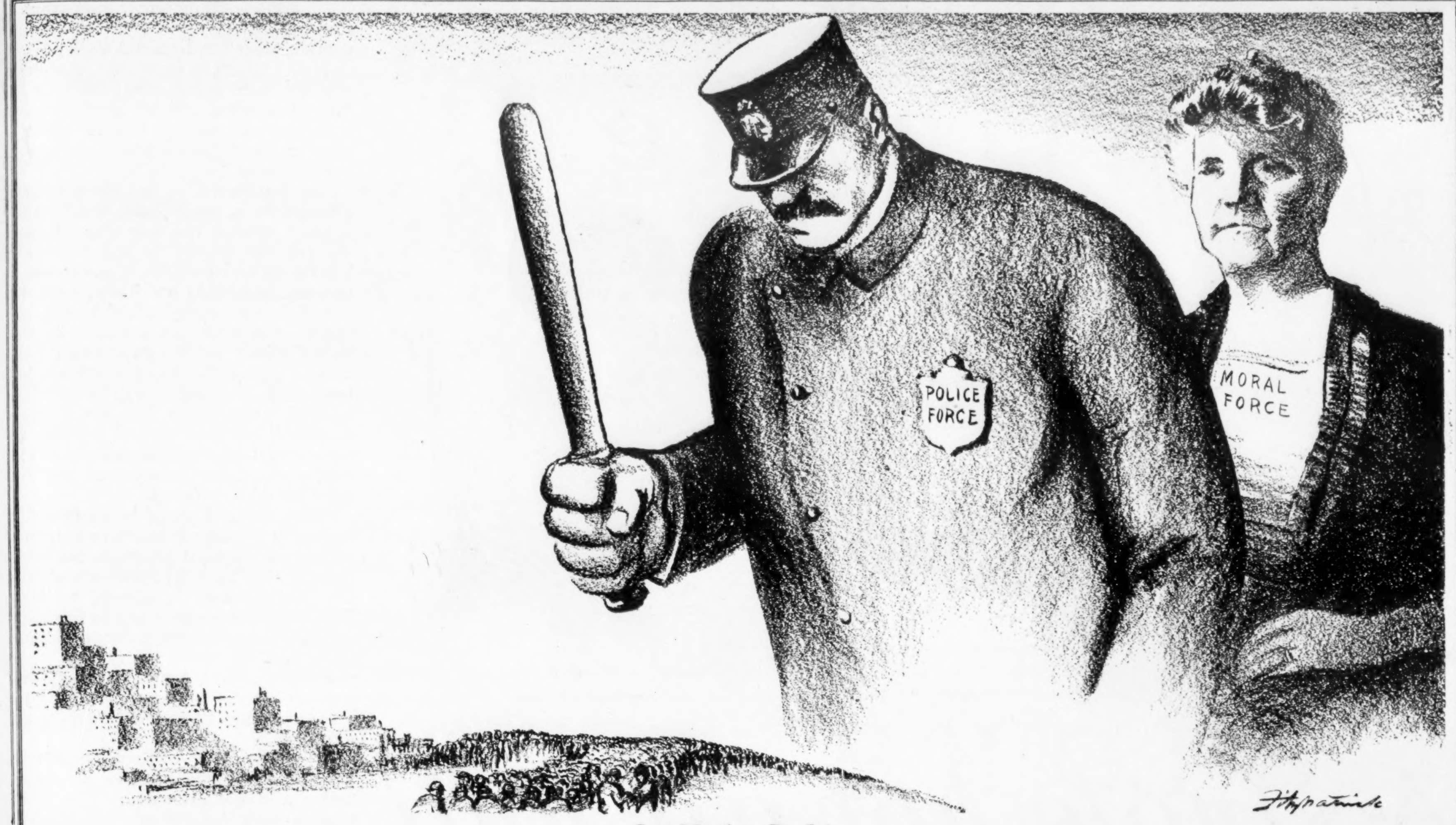
In every generation some men think that they are strong enough to triumph by force alone and at times God has seemed to be on the side of the heaviest battalions. But not forever. No man ever built a permanent success by disregarding what the human race calls right. The qualities in the race to which Jesus appealed always are stronger in the long run than any mailed fist.

So the former Kaiser toys with regal trappings in his place of exile and better ideas than his rule the world. Not everywhere of course. In many countries important men still believe that the German emperor knew better than the Galilean. Mussolini has now his extravagant fling.

Seldom in any age has any ruler sought such power as that claimed lately by the Italian dictator when he proclaimed that "Whoever with words and acts offends the premier is punishable with imprisonment." Not even the Cæsars aspired to more.

To the Mussolinis, large and small, the one-time Kaiser can provide material for meditation. Liberty may seem to be a thing to be trampled upon as the Italian dictator boasts; justice may seem to be a bourgeois fetish as the Bolshevist asserts; good will may appear to be merely a Utopian consideration.

It is not so. The invincible power of right is not an illusion. The humble child of Nazareth knew the truth and proclaimed it and during two thousand years no man has been strong enough to overturn His teaching.

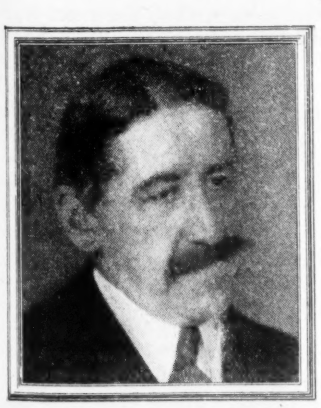


Let Mother Do It!

# *That Average Man*

*By* ELLERY SEDGWICK

*Editor, Atlantic Monthly*



THE average man, so we are told, is honest. Diogenes, for all the light of his penny lantern, could not find him, and the editors, who have been looking for him ever since, haven't found him either. He may be honest, that average man; he may be strong for family life; he may never look the other way when the plate goes by at church, nor pass Sally in her blue straw on the corner without a dime to match her smile. He may belong to the Kiwanis, and always land on the green in five—they say he does. I don't know. I never saw him.

No; I never saw him, and the man who saw him I never saw either. The truth is either an advertising agent invented him, or else the department stores did. Have you ever tried on the average man's coat at Fittem & Chargitt's, as I have? The name on the tag gives it away. It is sure to be a "medium stout" or a "short" or a "medium tall," or anything which shows it's not just plain average.

If I were the king in a fairy story, and did not want to lose my daughter, when I advertised for a husband in the regular way, I should simply give notice that the first average man who turned up should marry her—and then I'd keep her to make my green old age very comfortable.

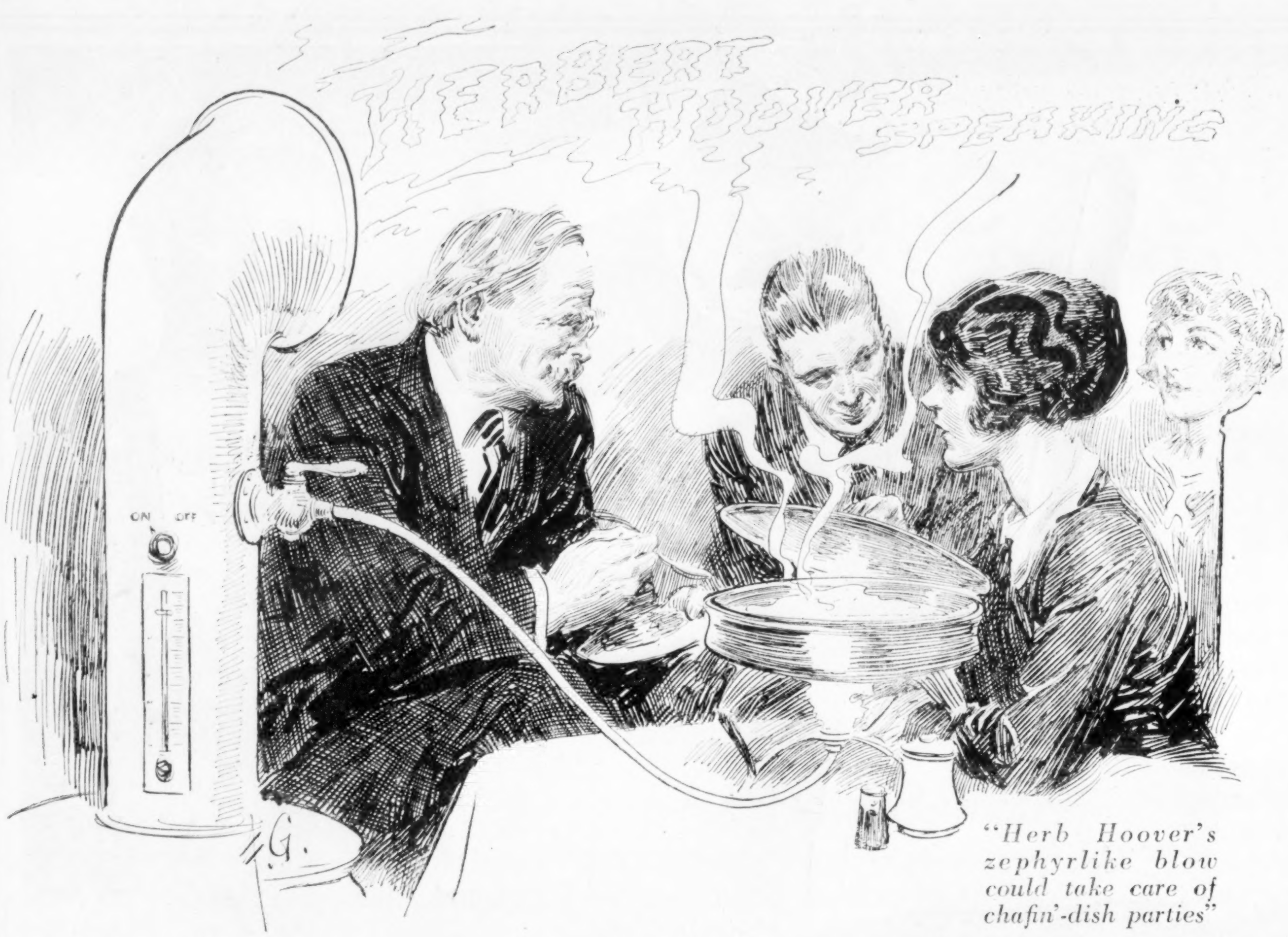
There was a time when I thought otherwise. In the days when we were all slender, and our hair grew very black, it was my job to try to revamp the old Atlantic Monthly. For a time it did not occur to me that our subscribers were average people. How could they be, reading those austere unillustrated pages? Well, I began printing pieces which happened to interest me and the normal, natural people who were my friends. What happened was surprising. The circulation grew every month a little more, until it was about ten times what it had been. They were all ordinary people reading it. But had not they something which led each in his individual way to want a magazine that made no conscious appeal to the ordinary average man?

Did you ever notice in reading the story of a fire or of a sinking ship, or of an engine tumbled over an embankment, how the "average" man behaves? Was there ever such a story which did not have a hero? And what is a hero but the average man when the call comes to him, and he forgets he can't do things, and does them?

There is a story in to-night's paper of an average cop. He had sworn, it seems, not to use his own revolver, lest some bystander be injured. That was a natural, average thing to do, and when the crook he had just arrested broke away the cop went after him with his bare hands. Once the crook shot, twice, three times; then the fourth bullet landed in the policeman's abdomen, but he went right on, clinched with the thief, turned his own weapon on him, killed him in his tracks, and was carried off to a hospital to die. Not an unusual story but one which gives you a little more confidence that the chap next you will do his bit when the time comes! And perhaps you will too.

William James wrote a wonderful essay on the energies of men. He tells how the runner will keep his stride while his heart is bursting within him and his backbone knocks against his ribs. He comes to the utter end, and then suddenly, marvelously, comes the new wind. The muscles tauten, his breath ripples easily, and he is off to win the race.

That is the miracle which comes to all of us, which makes every man know in his secret heart that he is just a little better than the next, and that he can win. "I," he whispers to himself, "am a Jones. My father was a Jones before me. Of course I can win. This ruck of Blacks and Browns and Smiths that I am competing with—why, after all, they are only average men."



"Herb Hoover's zephyrlike blow could take care of chafin'-dish parties"

# A single hot air unit

## "With proper piping," says Uncle Henry, "Jim Reed's speeches could be used to heat every home in the country"

"WHAT do you think of all this here talk about a unified air control?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"A great an' necessary reform!" Uncle Henry exclaimed enthusiastically. "I don't mind tellin' you that when we let Colonel Harvey come back to this country, instead of keepin' him in England, I had the gloomy fear that intelligence was about to take its place among the lost arts. But this suggestion of puttin' all the air forces of the United States under one head revives my droopin' faith in the good sense of the American people.

"Why, 'Lonzo, I don't know of any more sinful waste than lettin' natural siroccos like Jim Reed, Hiram Johnson, Secretary Wilbur, Charlie Dawes, Mayor Hylan an' Tom Heflin blow under separate commands. It's opposed to every principle of sane conservation. No question that they ought to be grouped—brought together in one tremendous air pocket—an' thus made over into a power for construction rather than a force for destruction.

"As it is now, lack of air control lays waste the land, spreadin' ruin an' terror. With Pa Ferguson operatin' independently, an' allowed to talk whenever he pleases, small wonder that the rivers of Texas have to be dusted off every mornin'. The incessant gush of hot air from Senator Cameron is directly responsible for the arid stretches of Arizona, an' Nebraska would never know the horrors of drought if it wasn't for the burnin' winds that belch from Senator Brookhart.

"Look at the heavy expense the people of Kansas are put to, every home havin' to be equipped with a cyclone cellar? That's because Senator Charlie Curtis is permitted to talk on the beauties of the protective tariff without anybody havin' the authority to hold a stop watch. Glaziers' bills represent an item of fifteen cents in every dollar of New York expenditure. There's no tellin' how many windowpanes Mayor Hylan has broken in his time.

"Yessir, there's no estimatin' the amount of money a unified air control would save the people of the United States. Take a man like Jim Reed, for instance. Durin' cold spells in Washington I've seen speculators get $15 for a seat near one of his speeches, an' the poor of the city picked up commas to warm their hands by. If Jim was conserved properly an' piped right, we wouldn't have to worry about Pennsylvania strikes an' the price of coal.

### Cooking by Unnatural Gas

"PUT under the expert direction of the Pan-American Radiator Corporation, he could heat every home in the country an' have enough left over for the heavy cookin'. Herb Hoover's gentler, more zephyrlike blow could be depended upon to take care of light breakfasts an' social affairs such as church socials an' chafin'-dish parties.

"Fillin' balloons with the required amount of hot air is so expensive that it's retarded aëronautic progress no little. Yet it wouldn't cost a dime if we only had the sense to connect our Zeppelins with the Florida Real Estate Exchange at a moment when it was welcomin' a delegation from Red Oak.

"Don't you *know* that the Scopes trial would have been made use of if we'd had a single air command? Men would have been hurried down with condensers, great storage tanks would have been put in, an' not even a puff from Clarence Darrow or Dudley Field Malone would have been lost. Why, from that one source alone we'd have got enough hot air to operate every fireless cooker in America.

"An' look at the railroads houndin' the Interstate Commerce Commission for higher freight rates on the ground of increased expenses! A unified air control would simply effect a connection between the locomotives an' some man like William Randolph Hearst, put stronger bands about the boilers, an' get out signs readin' 'Watch out for the word rail when crossin' tracks.'

"There's no limit to the possibilities! Jes' look what the Gulf Stream has done for the British Isles! But for its genial warmth the British would be livin' on whale blubber instead of vegetable marrow, although I've never been able to see much choice myself. Due to the presence of that hot current caressin' its rocky shores, the rigors of the English climate have been softened to a point where life is unbearable for only eleven months in the year.

"Why, if there was a single air unit we'd have thousands of men better than all your Gulf Streams. Out in California the Imperial Valley is entirely Hiram Johnson's development. Ten years ago it was a bleak, forbiddin' place that couldn't be traveled across without dog sleds an' an ample supply of pemmican, an' even Peary shrank from tacklin' it.

"Then Hiram began runnin' for President, an' as campaign speeches began to come faster an' faster, you could actually hear the Imperial Valley begin to melt. Glaciers gave way to scaldin' geysers, men perished of the heat before they could get off their sealskin breeches, an' to-day it's the hottest place in the United States outside of a summer resort.

"An intelligent, expert air command, directed by a single head, wouldn't let a great natural resource like Hi operate for the benefit of jes' one state. They'd fit him up with a gyroscope to prevent wobblin', an' then turn his mouth in the direction of Alaska, an' inside of a week you wouldn't be able to tell Nome an' Skagway from Palm Beach. After the Alaskan climate had been made tropical they'd let the Mississippi Valley have him for a while. A month of Hi's steady blowin' an' Iowa's winters would be moderated to a degree where the pressure on Los Angeles would be relieved.

"New England would be another California if Senator Moses was only conserved an' directed properly, for while George hasn't got Hi Johnson's volume, the heat content is almost as high. Think what it would mean to Connecticut an' Massachusetts if they could only grow tropical fruits? How it would round out their 100 per cent tariff record, for as yet bananas are about the only thing they haven't been able to ask a duty on.

"There's nothin' we couldn't do with climate if we only had our air forces under a single command. The whole trouble with Amundsen's last dash to the pole was the kind of aviators he took with him. Colonel Mitchell should have been sent along by all means. After Billy had issued two statements you could have boiled an egg on an iceberg, an' by the time they reached the Arctic Circle the Eskimos would have been in the market for one-piece bathin' suits. However, I reckon Amundsen was afraid of sunstroke.

"Everyone agrees that the next war is goin' to be fought in the air. As a matter of fact, we're already fightin' with it. With all our splendid air forces under one command, there isn't a country in the world that we couldn't blow off the map. Put Charlie Dawes in the front line, an' before ten minutes had passed the enemy's guns would be too hot to work an' the foe would be drownin' in their own sweat.

### More Local Atmosphere

"THERE'S also a pretty big question of public health involved in this here discussion, 'Lonzo. For a long time the country's been worryin' over the anæmic, run-down condition of men an' women in some of the poorer districts of the South, an' we've been blamin' it on hookworm an' pellagra. It isn't that at all.

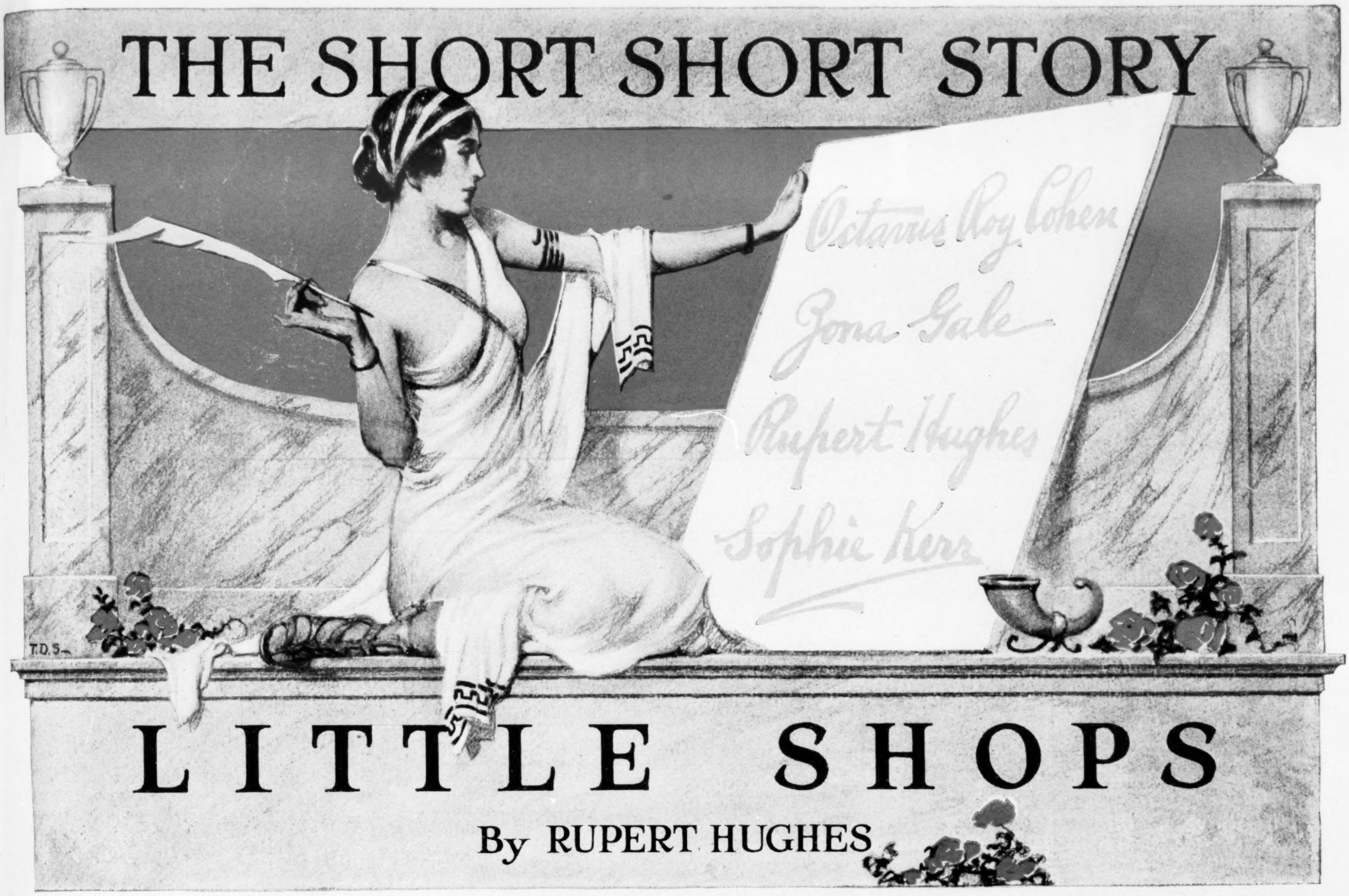
"The trouble is that they don't get enough air. Senator Heflin hogs it all. A single command would ration the air, men like Heflin an' Pat Harrison would be held down to their fair share, an' in a little while you'd see rosy cheeks where now they are pale an' sunken.

"Heigh-ho. No question we've come upon unhappy days, 'Lonzo. Talk used to be a mighty serious thing, an' men didn't open their mouths until they had somethin' to say. Now it's jes' the sound that counts. People turn their mouths on an' then go off about other an' more important business."

"I reckon you're right about most of them fellows," said Mr. Stubbs, "but you can't say that President Coolidge is one of these here hot-air merchants."

"No," admitted Uncle Henry. "He's what you might call the region of internal snow."

# THE SHORT SHORT STORY



# LITTLE SHOPS

## By RUPERT HUGHES

*Did you ever wonder about the gay windows that blossom so bravely and so briefly? All life is in that flowering, sometimes.*
*Next week: Sophie Kerr*

I USED to assume that little shopkeepers must lead little lives; deal in emotions as petty as the goods they sell.

I think so no more since the man whose name was something like Madderstone kept for a while the little shop that could not keep him.

They spring up humbly in unfrequented spots, these shoplets, with no more advertisement than the violets that suddenly place their humble wares on view in shabby lanes, ignored and lonely. Their hope lies rather in escaping the attention of prowling misfortunes than in overcoming them. When they perish, it is sympathy that overlooks them.

My daily paths once led me through a side street in New York, past the sort of temporary structure known as a "taxpayer." It contained one small shop space whose only attraction must have been the modesty of the rent.

When I began to use that street this hole in the wall was occupied by a man who sold—or, rather, did not sell—"Gents' Furnishing Goods." Already a large placard announced "Bankrupt Sale. Greatest Bargains Ever Known in History. No Reasonable Offer Refused."

In spite of this tremendous recommendation, commerce passed him by. For a long while the store was an empty cavern marked "To Let."

Next Giluley & Schwartz opened a "Quick Lunch," and the dingy front took on a new coat of paint. These places always take on a new coat of paint.

Now and then some mournful wayfarer might have been seen perched on a stool eating something under the hungry eyes of Giluley and Schwartz. But soon the Quick Lunch was dead.

Next a haughty lady opened there a "Notion Store." I had no need for such notions as she offered, and I never liked her cold and conceited look. It has since occurred to me that it was the pitiful, brave front of dismay. Perhaps she was horribly afraid that the dust would soon cover her as it was slowly covering her doleful notions.

She vanished overnight, and a Chinaman tried to keep a laundry there, but could not make enough to keep even a Chinaman alive. The copper mask he hung from his door was changed to the waxen countenance of a mad hatter, who was always gazing up and down the street with the look of a Sister Anne watching for rescuers—who never came. He annoyed me with his demanding stare. As if I would have worn one of his shabby hats!

With the pride of a true prophet I was soon smiling at his final placard: "Greatest Sacrifice Sale on Record. Going Out of Business."

The street cleaner who hated that shop for the extra rubbish it kept dumping on him cocked his head and his eye at the sign and said to me: "How is he going out of business, I don't know, seeing he never got into business. That place has a murrain on it. It's the fairies is in it within in there."

The shop began to nag me to a sense of patriotic duty to the street, and I resolved to do my bit for the next poor man who opened those fatal doors. He proved to be a druggist.

There are all sorts of things you can buy to help a druggist along—postage stamps, tobacco, shaving cream, toothbrushes—what not? So I came to know Mr. Madderstone fairly well—also his mother, an elderly and very obese woman who seemed to be his whole family. I imagine she cooked his meals for him in the living quarters upstairs and tended the store while he ate them, for I never saw them together.

I seemed to be almost their only customer, and Mr. Madderstone grew leaner and leaner, but his mother fatter and fatter—on failure. That struck me as rather funny, though I could see by the forlorn look behind her eyes that she was not finding it especially humorous.

For some weeks I missed her, but did not think to ask why. One day the shop was closed and a black-bordered card announced that it was shut for one day because of her funeral. I had the decency to write Mr. Madderstone a little note of condolence—or was it the cowardice of a sneaking unwillingness to look him in the face, wring his hand, and maunder such stupid words as one can say in such a case?

He answered me by letter—by a letter that cut me like a knife. I still carry the wound. I still have the letter.

> "My mind is filled with grief and sorrow, and will not serve me as how to thank you for the sympathy expressed in your letter, for the loss of my mother, one whom you knew so little. The world knew nothing of her, but the terrible tortures I endured during all the weeks of her suffering almost changed my little home into a cell of a maniac. When the end came I cried so loud that I must have moved the unopen door quite some space. Need I tell you the cries and the lamentations when the coffin of a good mother was lowered in the grave? There is no justice—our reward is neither here nor there, when a mother like mine must be confined in a silent, cold grave.
>
> "The heart still aches, and I can dwell upon nothing else. MADDERSTONE."

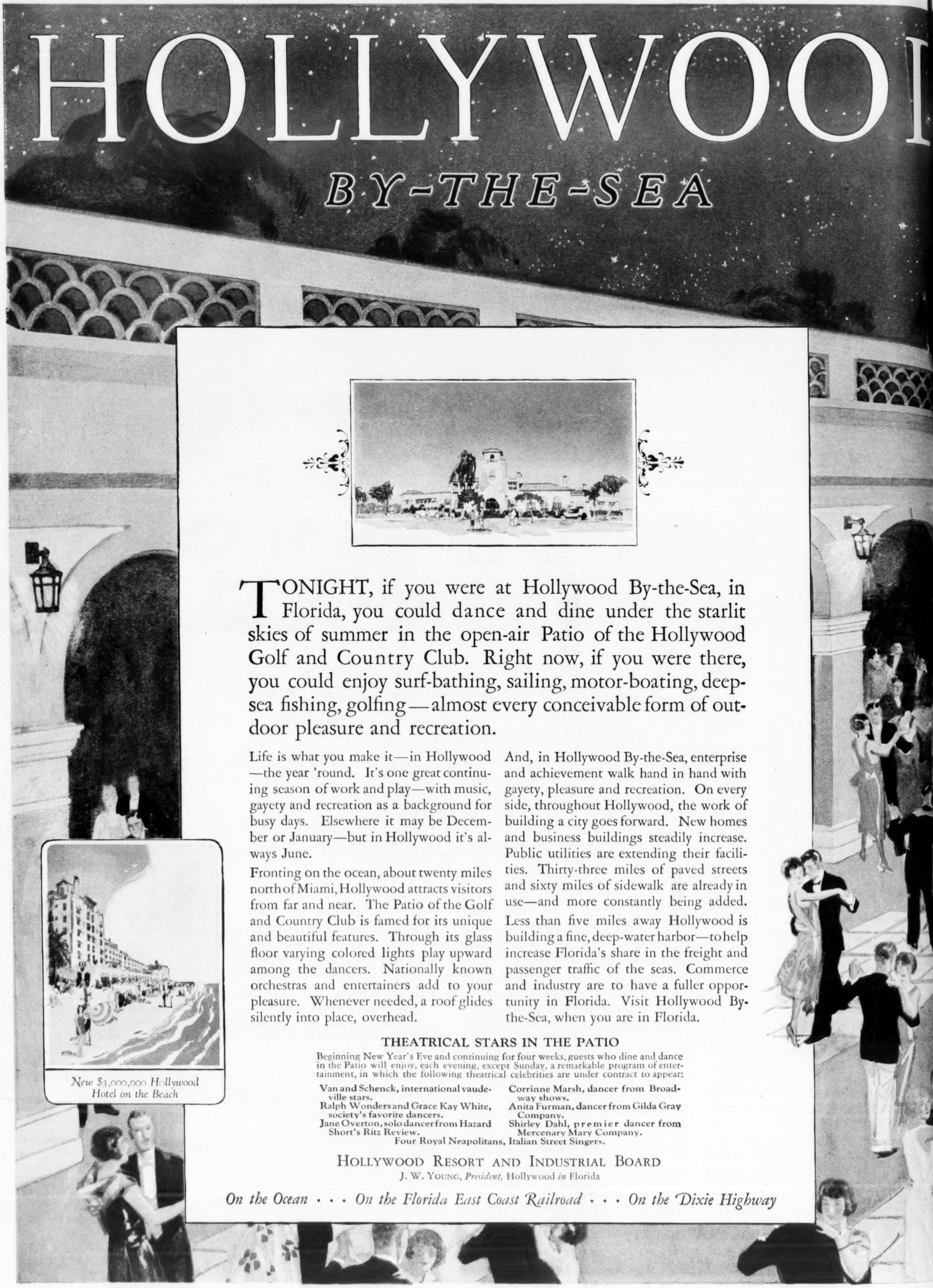
By and by the street cleaner was grumbling over another shabby sidewalk in front of the empty store.

No wonder these little shops are so hard to keep open, since their profits are so much smaller than their losses.

I cannot often pass one now without wondering what may be going on within in there.

# HOLLYWOO

## BY-THE-SEA



TONIGHT, if you were at Hollywood By-the-Sea, in Florida, you could dance and dine under the starlit skies of summer in the open-air Patio of the Hollywood Golf and Country Club. Right now, if you were there, you could enjoy surf-bathing, sailing, motor-boating, deep-sea fishing, golfing—almost every conceivable form of outdoor pleasure and recreation.

Life is what you make it—in Hollywood—the year 'round. It's one great continuing season of work and play—with music, gayety and recreation as a background for busy days. Elsewhere it may be December or January—but in Hollywood it's always June.

Fronting on the ocean, about twenty miles north of Miami, Hollywood attracts visitors from far and near. The Patio of the Golf and Country Club is famed for its unique and beautiful features. Through its glass floor varying colored lights play upward among the dancers. Nationally known orchestras and entertainers add to your pleasure. Whenever needed, a roof glides silently into place, overhead.

And, in Hollywood By-the-Sea, enterprise and achievement walk hand in hand with gayety, pleasure and recreation. On every side, throughout Hollywood, the work of building a city goes forward. New homes and business buildings steadily increase. Public utilities are extending their facilities. Thirty-three miles of paved streets and sixty miles of sidewalk are already in use—and more constantly being added. Less than five miles away Hollywood is building a fine, deep-water harbor—to help increase Florida's share in the freight and passenger traffic of the seas. Commerce and industry are to have a fuller opportunity in Florida. Visit Hollywood By-the-Sea, when you are in Florida.

*New $3,000,000 Hollywood Hotel on the Beach*

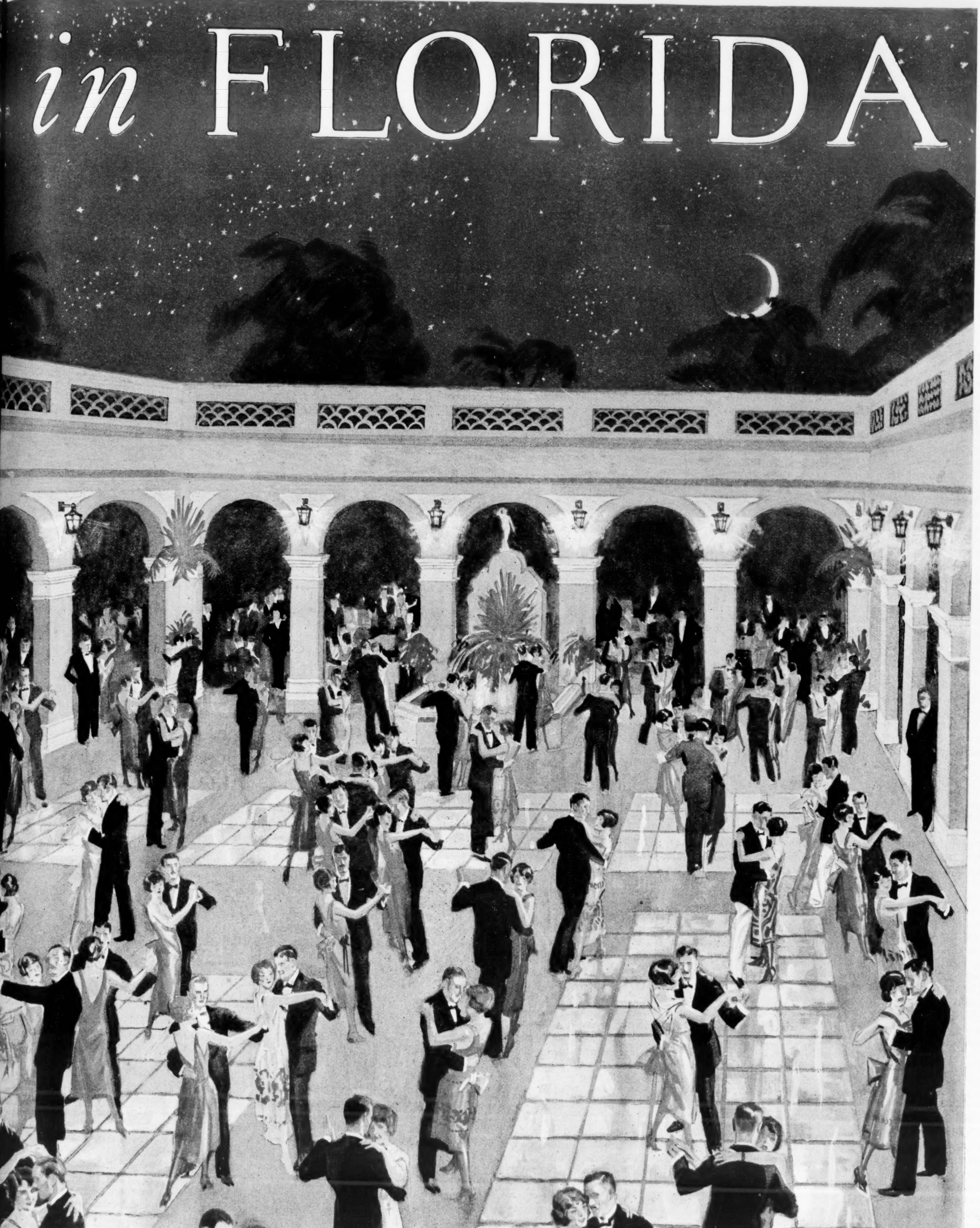
### THEATRICAL STARS IN THE PATIO

Beginning New Year's Eve and continuing for four weeks, guests who dine and dance in the Patio will enjoy, each evening, except Sunday, a remarkable program of entertainment, in which the following theatrical celebrities are under contract to appear:

**Van and Schenck**, international vaudeville stars.
**Ralph Wonders and Grace Kay White**, society's favorite dancers.
**Jane Overton**, solo dancer from Hazard Short's Ritz Review.
**Corrinne Marsh**, dancer from Broadway shows.
**Anita Furman**, dancer from Gilda Gray Company.
**Shirley Dahl**, premier dancer from Mercenary Mary Company.
**Four Royal Neapolitans**, Italian Street Singers.

HOLLYWOOD RESORT AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD
J. W. YOUNG, *President*, Hollywood *in* Florida

*On the Ocean . . . On the Florida East Coast Railroad . . . On the Dixie Highway*


in FLORIDA

# His money makes him work

*By*
JOHN B.
KENNEDY

## *An authorized interview with Vincent Astor, one of the world's richest young men*

ONE day in the spring of 1912 Vincent Astor, a twenty-one-year-old Harvard freshman, through the tragic death of his father on the Titanic, became the head of the Astor household and master of the fortune with which the Astor name is inevitably associated.

Overnight he found himself the focal point of extravagant publicity as America's richest young man, the heir to vast estates, inheriting with his father's wealth that relentless inquisitiveness on the part of press and public which is not the least of the troubles of the traditionally rich.

It isn't difficult to record what Vincent Astor did upon the sudden inheritance of millions. He went to *work.*

He became immediately the chief manager of the Astor estate, assuming direction of one of the largest realty organizations in the country. And veteran operators in the realty field will testify that in the thirteen years that this business has been in Vincent Astor's charge it has prospered. For this young man, cut to order by the headlines for the rôle of the American crown prince of capital, has shown the quality of character which the American public grants readily to all Americans except those who happen to be the heirs of the rich. He is industrious, discreet, and he has the first essential of business acumen—the ability to pick and manage the right men to do the right job for him.

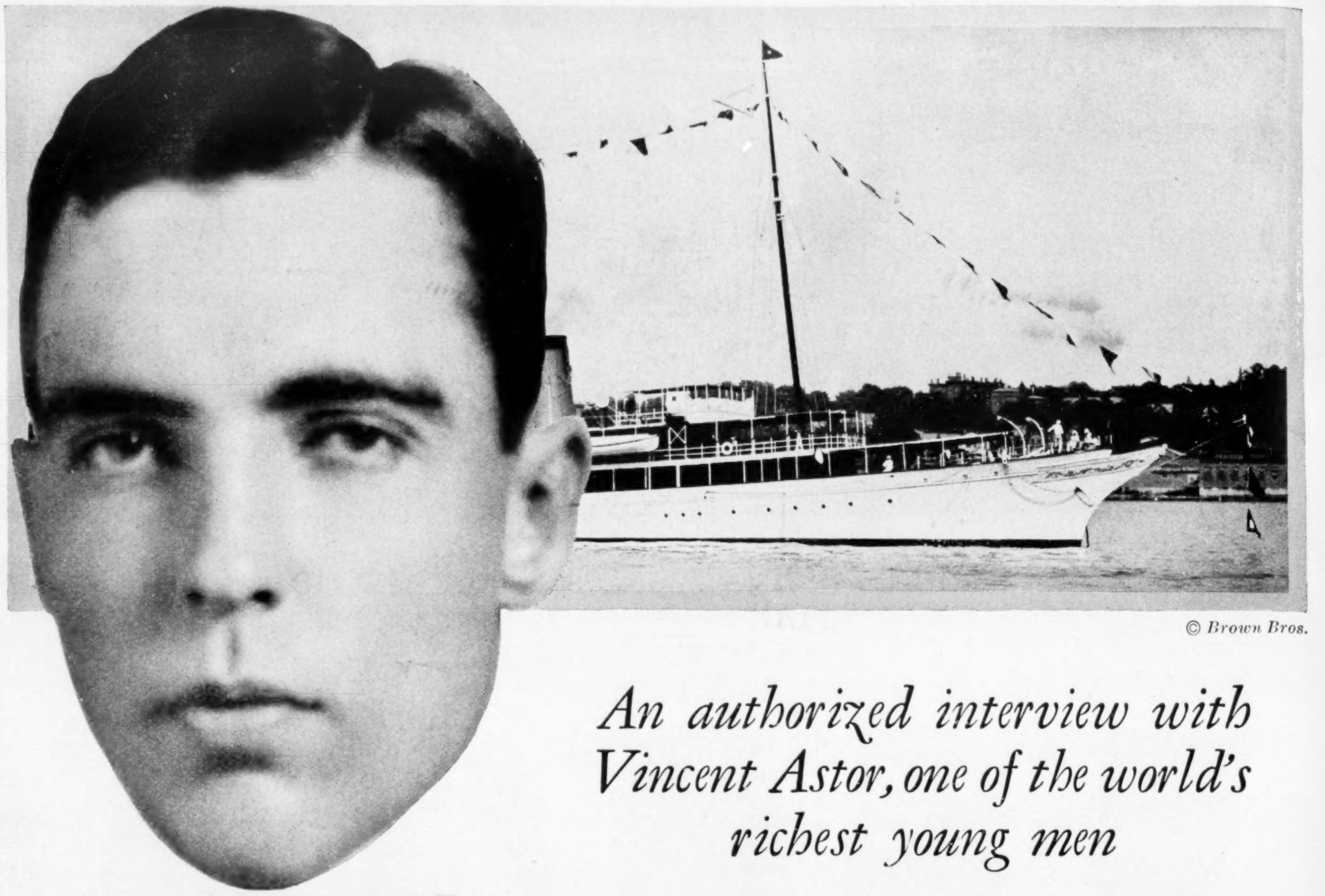
Vincent Astor is now in his thirty-fourth year—a tall, bronzed young man, with a pleasantly deep voice.

"I don't care about money," he told me, "any more than you do. Its only sane function is the maintenance of material satisfaction in life. It means nothing to me beyond that, and once that is secure money can do no more unless the money chaser is avaricious. Then money becomes an end, not a means in life—and life itself is not worth living.

"I was reared with far less extravagance than many young men of the so-called wealthy class, if what I have read of their upbringing is true. When I went to boarding school I was given no more pocket money than my schoolmates—thirty-five or fifty cents a week, to be exact. And later, in college, I was placed upon an allowance of two thousand dollars a year. I did not sport a car—in fact, I had to exercise considerable economy to get a motorcycle and a boat.

"Since leaving college and undertaking the management of my own affairs I've ordered my life, quite naturally, as I can afford to order it. But, although I don't punch a time clock, I had to make the choice of attending to business or neglecting it. I work because I'm interested in work and because I have to work if I want my affairs to prosper.

"The popular notion that the moneyed leisure class romp from orgy to orgy, with nothing to do but spend the money they never earned, is altogether false. There are, of course, useless persons in the leisure class, but idlers are not unknown to any division of society. You'll find them in the slums as well as in the exclusive suburbs. Read the canned social gossip that goes the rounds of the more lurid newspapers, and you can understand why popular imagination pictures the very rich young men and women as elegant half-wits and effeminate imbeciles.


© Brown Bros.

*Birth and early responsibility kept Vincent Astor from being a nautical engineer, but Lieutenant Astor and his yacht Nahma both played a worthy part in the war*

"This is unfair. If you label a man as a scientist, he is instantly accepted by the public mind as a more than ordinarily useful person. If you label a man a lawyer, or give him any other professional tag, the public mind associates him with worth-while achievement. But if you say of a man that he is merely rich, he is immediately docketed as a wealthy wastrel, and whatever he attempts to do to show that he is a sincere well-wisher of his fellowmen is either discounted or misinterpreted on account of his wealth."

Not only in America, but throughout the world, the impression seems to prevail that young Americans of wealth are merely gilded social ornaments trained from childhood for careers that involve no strain upon the intelligence other than devising ways and means with which to dispose of acquired riches.

Vincent Astor encountered this mental attitude abroad. At the entrance of the United States into the war he enlisted in the navy, starting as an ensign and finishing as a lieutenant. He was first watch officer on board the Nahma and later executive officer of the destroyer Aphrodite.

Overseas he had charge of laying submarine cables which involved the command of a large company of men. While stationed in the River Gironde near Bordeaux he supervised a difficult cable-laying job. The French officer of the port, observing the successful outcome of the undertaking, desired to compliment the American in charge. He was introduced to Vincent Astor. Instantly he showed surprise.

"You are the Astor of New York?" he asked.

Lieutenant Astor nodded.

The Frenchman's amazement at the usefulness of this wealthy young man was very obvious, but he was too tactful to say what his looks expressed.

"It is unreasonable to suppose," says Vincent Astor, "that because a man is rich he is also useless.

"Personally I can't conceive of anything more wearisome than to live to accumulate and spend money as money. It's natural for every able-bodied, sane man to have some work to do in life—work that shows results in the form of definite reward."

### The Ridiculous "Four Hundred"

REGARDING that mystic and romantic creation—society—Vincent Astor also has positive views.

"From the way the word is used, one would imagine that there is a charmed circle of the élite known as high society," he declares. "Fabulous stories of monkey dinners and Hollywood interpretations of the luxurious laziness of the so-called Four Hundred have exploited the idea. Of course it's ridiculous. True, rich people sometimes attempt to display their wealth in a vulgar way, but the society people I am privileged to know—I so call them because that is the popular tag—are folks with usual American appetites, usual American tastes and usual American jobs. They may, it is true, have more money than the average American, but they don't eat any more meals, they don't wear any more clothes, and they can't sleep in any more beds. If there is any social gulf at all between different groups of Americans, it isn't to be measured so much by money as by newspaper headlines."

Vincent Astor has often reflected that if his career had not been fixed by the accident of birth he would have been an engineer, and preferably a nautical engineer. Boats of all sorts and descriptions are his peculiar hobby and he's an associate member of the Society of Naval Architects.

He conducts his big business personally, and he has an exemplary reputation for punctuality in business appointments. Further, he blends imagination with acumen, and square dealing with both. In a congested part of the city he is successfully experimenting with colonies of garages at low rents where the car owner can have space and tools to work on his motor, and elsewhere he is erecting large model apartment buildings to cater to families with children, providing playgrounds and other facilities for the youngsters, even to kiddie-car garages. He is skilled in finance and knows how to manage mortgages and provide opportunities for public investment in his operations. In brief, Vincent Astor knows that the best thing for the man with money is to put it to work and to find work for himself in so doing.

About him there is no pretense, no hypocrisy. He is rich, and he likes being rich. Who wouldn't? But he doesn't like being classed as a mere pleasure-loving scion of great wealth. And he isn't. His tastes are the tastes of the average American of education, and his talk is our talk. Baseball and literature—especially the literature of the sea—he discusses with liveliness. His knowledge of politics is keen and discerning, and he talks about it with the conviction that manifests experience and interest and personal force.

"I want to be and I try to be an ordinary citizen," he says. "Not all the money in the world can take away that right to an aim in life, and, believe me, I wouldn't exchange it for all the money in the world."

# The Little Gold God

## *The Story Thus Far:*

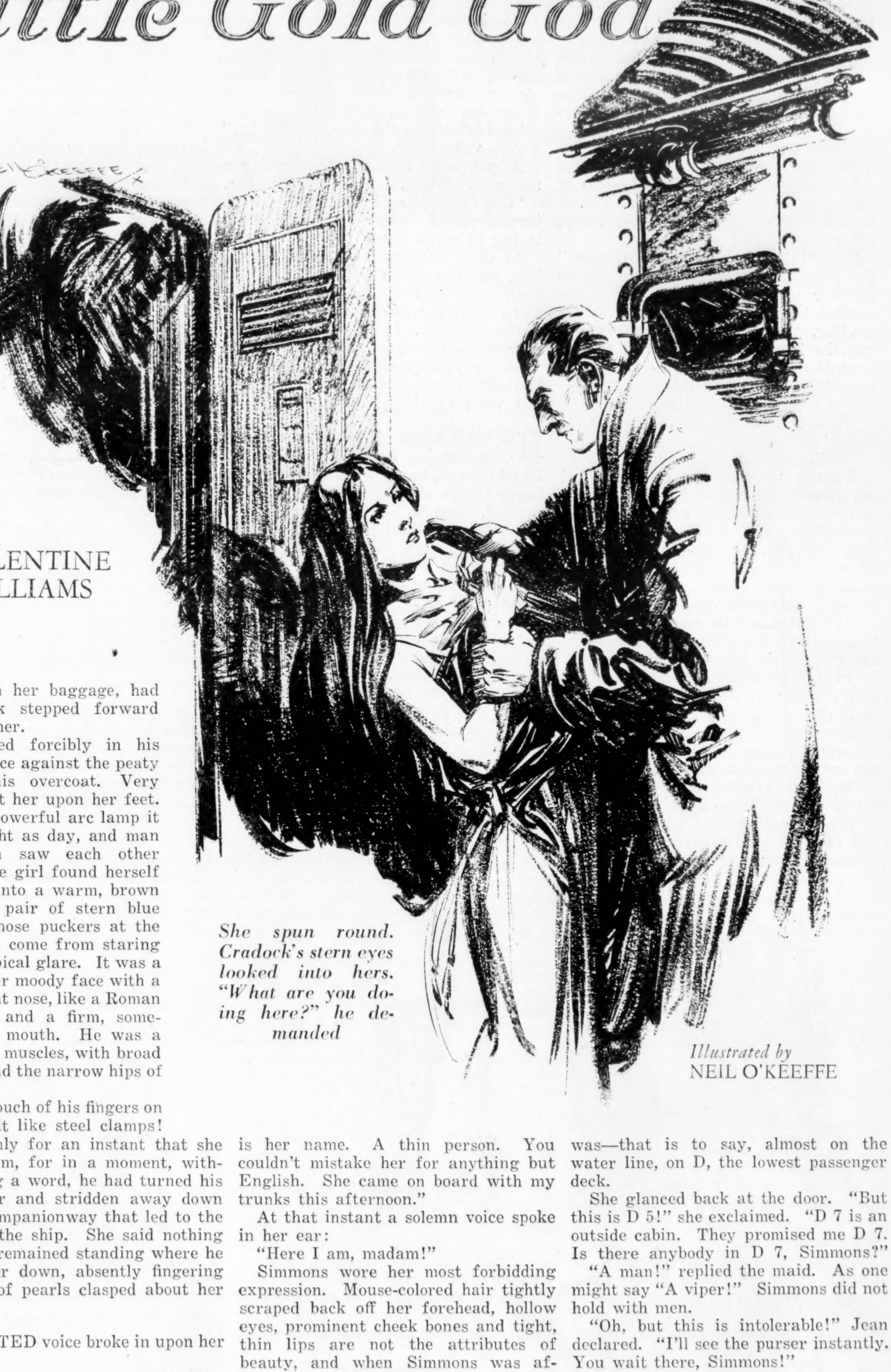
AT THE Villa Scarabée in Cannes one stormy night there is held a secret meeting of six dealers in Egyptian antiquities: Lucca, Aronfels, Ismail, Seaton, Ramosi and Simonou, the owner of the villa. The four first mentioned have come at Simonou's request to discuss a plan of business with Ramosi, of whom none of them has ever heard and who keeps his identity secret. Simonou warns them all of great danger if thev attempt to find out Ramosi's real name.

Ramosi makes a proposition to these men to keep them supplied with Egyptian material direct and thus do away with the middleman, who is ruining the market with the prices he puts on the antiquities. The terms are finally agreed upon though Seaton demands to know Ramosi's identity and is silenced by Aronfels.

Two days later Aronfels and Seaton are dining at Monte Carlo. Seaton has had a detective working to find out Ramosi's name. Ismail has agreed to go to Egypt, presumably to visit his father but really to follow Simonou, sailing on the Aquatic.

Sitting at another table in the Casino are Lady Rachel Hannington and Jean Averil, young widow of Mark Averil of New York, who has recently been killed with his mistress in an automobile accident. Aronfels knows Mrs. Averil through her husband's dealings with him, and bows to her when she comes in. She tells Lady Hannington that she is sailing for Egypt on the Aquatic. While they are talking a loud report is heard. The diners are told that it is an automobile tire blown out. In reality Seaton has been found dead, a pistol by his side in the telephone booth where he was called to speak to the detective whom he had engaged.

By
VALENTINE
WILLIAMS



*She spun round. Cradock's stern eyes looked into hers. "What are you doing here?" he demanded*

*Illustrated by*
NEIL O'KEEFFE

THE S. S. Aquatic was ready for sea. Too huge to enter the little white harbor, whose twin moles, like curving arms, seemed to beckon her to their embrace, she lay off the rock of Monaco, her towering bulk too solid to betray the gentle swell of the Mediterranean heaving phosphorescently in the moonlight that silvered the swaths of smoke pouring incessantly from her funnels.

Into the broad beam of an arc light affixed above the gangway that thrust itself into the void from one of the lower decks a tender came flurrying. "Stand by!" roared a purple-faced officer, muffled up to the neck, who stood at the rail. Feet scampered over the deck. "She's the last tender, thanks be," he muttered through his teeth to the passenger at his side, a tall figure in a heavy traveling coat. "We'll be off as soon as this lot's aboard, Mr. Cradock!"

"Ship's pretty full, I take it?" asked the other.

"We always are on these Mediterranean cruises," the officer rejoined. "There was scarcely a vacant berth when we left N'York. You're in luck to have an outside cabin, getting on at Monte, Mr. Cradock. Keep her nose for'ard, Cap'n!" he bawled with sudden ferocity into the night. "Keep her nose for'ard, can't you? You'll have the ladder down else!"

Dancing and mincing in the rolling swell, the little tender was nosing her way alongside. With a vast amount of hoarse shouting and a prodigious number of bumps, with ropes that came whizzing down unexpectedly out of the night, she was made fast in a seamanlike fashion at the foot of the gangway and the passengers came on board.

It had rained in the early evening, and the gangplank was greasy. The last of the belated passengers was ascending from the tender. It was a girl, a slender figure in a velvet evening coat with ermine collar and narrow, thin sandal-shoes of gold tissue. As she reached the top her foot slipped at the very moment that the gangway made a mighty heave, and she would have been pitched on her face, for the steward had turned aside to help a woman with her baggage, had not Cradock stepped forward and caught her.

She landed forcibly in his arms, her face against the peaty tweed of his overcoat. Very gently he set her upon her feet. Under the powerful arc lamp it was as bright as day, and man and woman saw each other clearly. The girl found herself looking up into a warm, brown face and a pair of stern blue eyes with those puckers at the corners that come from staring into the tropical glare. It was a gaunt, rather moody face with a long, straight nose, like a Roman centurion's, and a firm, somewhat bitter mouth. He was a big man, all muscles, with broad shoulders and the narrow hips of the athlete.

And the touch of his fingers on her arm felt like steel clamps!

It was only for an instant that she regarded him, for in a moment, without uttering a word, he had turned his back on her and stridden away down the open companionway that led to the interior of the ship. She said nothing either, but remained standing where he had put her down, absently fingering the string of pearls clasped about her neck.

AN EXCITED voice broke in upon her reverie:

"That was a narrow squeak, Mrs. Averil. I hope you didn't hurt yourself?"

She turned to find an olive-skinned, sleek face smiling solicitously into hers.

"It's quite all right, thank you, Mr. Simonou," she told him. "It's these ridiculous shoes of mine. I slipped."

"If it hadn't been for that fellow who caught you," Simonou observed, "you'd have had a nasty fall against that stanchion. Hullo," he went on, looking round, "he's taken himself off. I was farther along the deck. I saw what happened, but couldn't get near enough to do anything. Do let me take you along and find your cabin!"

"I wonder if you could get hold of my maid," said Jean Averil. "Simmons is her name. A thin person. You couldn't mistake her for anything but English. She came on board with my trunks this afternoon."

At that instant a solemn voice spoke in her ear:

"Here I am, madam!"

Simmons wore her most forbidding expression. Mouse-colored hair tightly scraped back off her forehead, hollow eyes, prominent cheek bones and tight, thin lips are not the attributes of beauty, and when Simmons was affronted her features could only be compared to the hangman's yellow face of doom.

"Ah, there you are, Simmons!" cried Jean. "Have you found my cabin?"

"This way, madam," the maid replied in sepulchral tones and moved toward the companion. "Cabin you could scarcely call it. It's in the basement of the ship, and there's not even a window, unless you'd call a hole looking into the corridor a window. More like a brush cupboard than a place where *I'd* put a lady to sleep!"

But that Simmons' pessimism was justified on this occasion was Jean's thought as, with a sinking heart, she surveyed the narrow, airless little cabin. "In the basement" it certainly was—that is to say, almost on the water line, on D, the lowest passenger deck.

She glanced back at the door. "But this is D 5!" she exclaimed. "D 7 is an outside cabin. They promised me D 7. Is there anybody in D 7, Simmons?"

"A man!" replied the maid. As one might say "A viper!" Simmons did not hold with men.

"Oh, but this is intolerable!" Jean declared. "I'll see the purser instantly. You wait there, Simmons!"

But the purser, polite and charming, though, with midnight past, he still could not call it a day, gave little satisfaction.

"Paris had no business to promise you D 7, Mrs. Averil," he said, scanning his list with furrowed brow. "And I don't know where to move you. Every berth is taken. We had fourteen come on at Monte Carlo. It's been a proper business to make room for them all, I tell you!"

"But I was *promised* D 7," Jean, who had a strong strain of doggedness in her, repeated. "When did this other person reserve it?"

"He came on at Monte Carlo too, Mrs. Averil. But he was on board before you. So you see—"

"But I *don't* see," she objected. "The cabin was promised to me, and you must give it to me. This man will have to change, that's all!"

"If you could put up with D 5 for a day or two, Mrs. Averil," the purser suggested suavely—he was a married man and had a healthy terror of a desperate and determined woman—"perhaps at Naples—"

BUT Jean, with a long line of stubborn New England ancestors protesting against what seemed to be a conspiracy to deprive her of her rights, swept aside any idea of compromise.

"You'll just have to see this man," she announced very decidedly, gathering her ermine-lined wrap about her against the draft that blew across the landing, "and explain to him that a mistake has been made. And if he's a gentleman I'm sure he'll change immediately. Who is he, anyway?"

The purser consulted his list.

"A Mr. Cradock, Mr. David Cradock!"

"Well, please do as I say."

Wearily the harassed official leaned out over the counter of his office. "Pardon me!" he said, and, raising the flap, crossed the hall to a tall man who stood with his back to them, studying the notices. They exchanged a few words, then the man strode away and the purser returned to Jean.

"It's no good," he said. "He won't change. We'll be at Naples the day after to-morrow, Mrs. Averil, and if—"

"Is *that* Mr. Cradock?" demanded the girl, pointing at the tall form that was now descending the companion. On the purser's affirmative, the picture of vibrating indignation, she hurried after the retreating figure.

But it was evident that her ungallant fellow traveler knew his way about the ship and that she did not. She soon lost sight of him in the maze of lower decks. She asked the way of a steward who was coming out of the cook's galley and dejectedly returned to her cabin.

It stood in a little white cul-de-sac, off which the cabins opened, D 5 being an interior cabin. The door of D 7, the outside one, was closed, but, as she halted, irresolute, outside, she heard someone moving about within. With a sudden air of determination she tapped briskly on the door. "Come in!" a deep voice cried.

A man stood at the bed unpacking a suit case. His back was turned to her.

"Oh, Curtis," said the man without turning round, "who's this female who's trying to sneak my—"

At that moment he glanced behind him, and the words died in his throat. Jean recognized the tall stranger who had caught her when she had stumbled at the gangway. If the recognition was mutual the man gave no sign.

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I thought you were the steward. Did you want anything?"

HE HAD taken off his overcoat and was wearing a shabby old suit of Harris tweed, baggy at the knees. His heavy brown shoes were rusty and ill-cleaned. But he looked and spoke like a gentleman for all that.

"I came to tell you," Jean said distantly, "that there has been a mistake about the cabins. This is mine. Yours is inside, D 5."

"I don't think so," he replied in perfectly even tones. "This is my cabin all right. I advise you to see the purser about it in the morning."

So saying, he laid a hand tentatively on his suit case as a mute hint to her that he wished to go on with his unpacking.

"But you don't seem to understand," Jean said with some heat. "This is *my* cabin. *My cabin!* It was promised to me. You must give it up."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "A suggestion of the kind was made to me by the purser," he answered. "I told him it was not convenient to change. I'm sorry!" And he lifted out a suit of pajamas and laid it on the bed.

A narrow gold shoe tapped out an impatient warning on the carpet.

"Do you seriously propose that I should sleep in a cabin without an outside porthole?" she demanded icily.

Try as she might, she could not keep her voice from shaking a little.

"I didn't design this ship, you know," the man replied quietly and placed a razor case on the washstand.

"It isn't fair," Jean burst out. "I've never slept in a room with the window shut in my life. You take my cabin when I'm not there, and—and—"

The man at the bed heard a little sniff. For the first time since he had swung round at her entrance he looked at her.

He saw her with her straight brown hair rather blown about by the breezes of the ship, her face flushed scarlet, her eyes flaming with indignation and suspiciously bright.

". . . and when I ask you to give it up to me you—you refuse!"

He leaned forward and touched the bell in the wall.

"I didn't realize there was any question of a request," he observed. The steward's face appeared round the door. "Curtis," said the man at the bed, "there's been a mix-up about the cabins. This lady's coming in here and I'm taking D 5. Please get my things moved across at once!"

JEAN AVERIL said nothing. The steward, whose face imperfectly concealed his feelings on the subject of post-midnight chores, silently began to gather things together while the dispossessed tenant of D 7 made Jean a little bow and stalked out of the cabin.

Jean sighed and looked about her. On the washstand the razor case was dancing a little jig. Everything in the cabin was shivering and straining, and the open porthole now circled a patch of inky blackness.

The S. S. Aquatic was at sea.

THE telephone call from the Lake Placid newspaper that, one autumn night, had roused Jean Averill from sleep to tell her that her husband was dead, was destined to bring her whole world crashing in ruins about her ears. Hers was a clean, unsullied mind, and the sordid intrigue which that message was fated to lay bare filled her with stark horror.

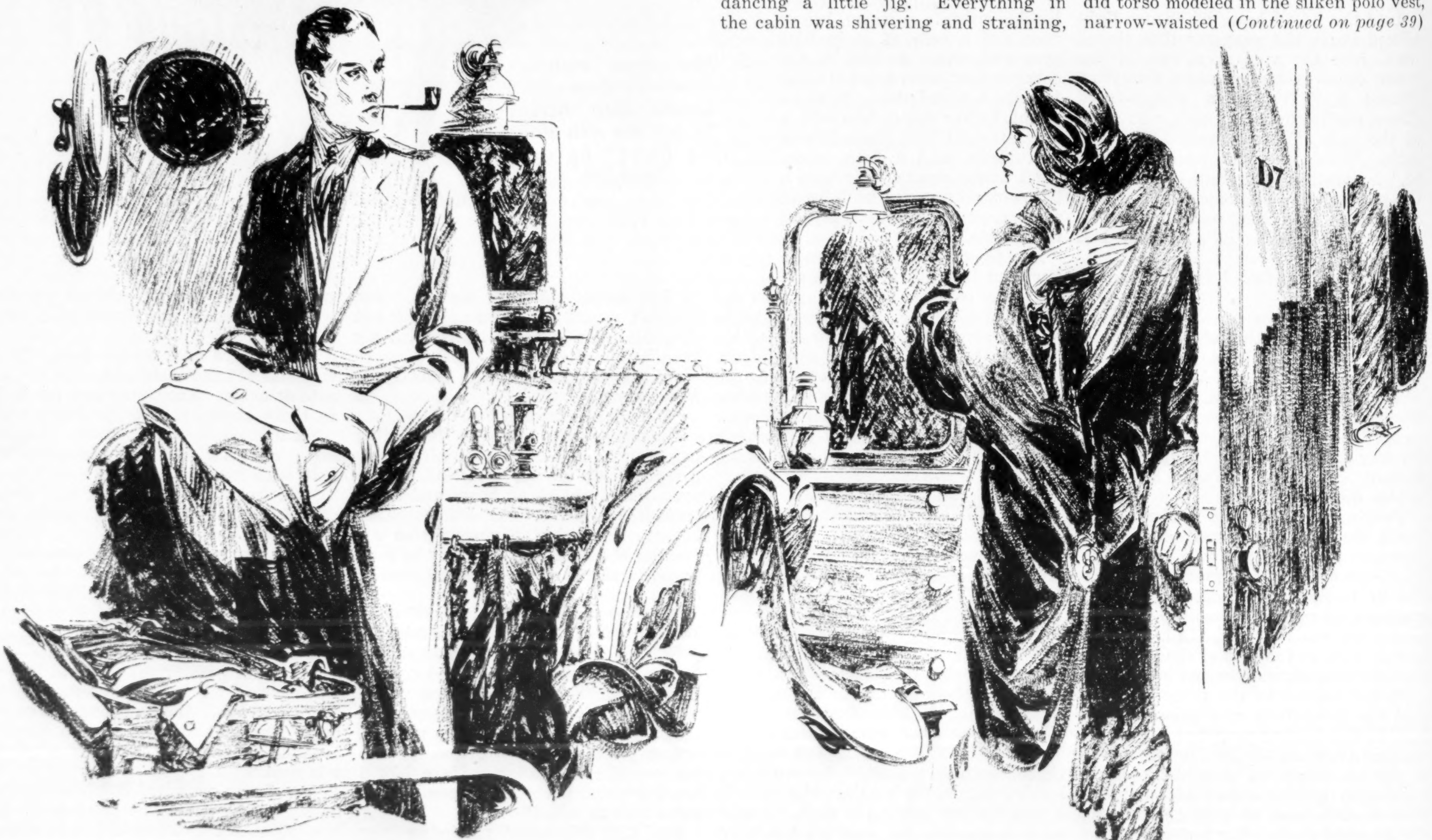
Not that she had been the blindly adoring wife; not that her marriage had ever been a passionate love idyl. It was the clean streak in him that had first drawn her to Mark Averil, dashing polo player, reckless rider to hounds, and crack shot. Love of the open air had been the bond between them, a bond of warm affection, of good comradeship, doomed to be so tragically, so irretrievably severed.

SHE was only twenty when she first met Mark in London during the season. He had come to England for the polo. At the outbreak of the war he had "wangled" a commission with the British cavalry and, full of honors, had transferred to the New York division when America got into the fray. Jean found him a beloved member of that little band of Anglo-Saxon brothers whose national rivalry is sent off the field with the ponies at the end of the game and whose friendship as serenely survives the pin pricks of a soulless Foreign Office as the windy bombast of Western senators.

Mark's dash, his fine horsemanship, carried her off her feet. She was one of the successes of the London season, and the ingredients for the distillation of another American peeress were all ready.

But Averil was of her own race, a blond, clear-skinned Apollo, with splendid torso modeled in the silken polo vest, narrow-waisted

(*Continued on page 39*)



*"Oh, Curtis," he said without turning, "who's this female who's trying to—" At that moment he glanced behind him and the words died in his throat*

# Hippyotamus Number Two

Continued from page 13

crook could come right along and take it away from you. In future, you'll know better than to run around with loose money in your hand. I don't believe you know who I am?" he asked suddenly.

"Nussuh."

"Well, I'm the big boss around this place. Not the little boss that hired you," he said quickly as he caught the look of incredulity in Beelgie's eyes, "but the big boss, the boss who hires the boss that hired you. Understand that?"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Beelgie. "Yo' is de Mainest Man?"

"Exactly, the Mainest Man. Hereafter, I don't want to see you running around with loose money in your hand, talking to yourself. Understand that? Now, I ought to let you lose that money entirely to teach you a lesson, but I won't. If you think you'll never do a trick like that again, very well. Just wait about an hour, then go to the pay wagon, tell 'em you want your money back, and they'll give it to you. That is, on condition that you'll never do this again!"

"Nus-suh!" agreed Beelgie, flooded with the pleasurable knowledge that his money was safe. "Nus-suh! Nev' no time!"

"Very good, then!" said the Mainest Man, gathering up his board and his three little shells. "See that you keep your word."

He faded around the end of the wagon, while Beelgie thought it over.

"Mah goodness!" mused Beelgie. "De Mainest Man. Wasn't he mad?"

WHEREUPON he set forth to obey instructions, wandering aimlessly about the circus lot, taking good care, however, to stay away from the blue and white wagon—suddenly, however, to bring up short.

"Gotten that change yet?" asked an anxious performer. Beelgie grinned.

"Nussuh. Not yit," he answered. "De Mainest Man say to wait befo' Ah goes to de waggin—"

"Well, the wagon's open now. Go on—I'm in a hurry."

Beelgie obeyed, again skirting the lair of Hippyotamus Number Two and making his way toward the executive wagon, about which was gathered a crowd of some twenty or thirty townspeople, all of them argumentative, most of them plainly angry. Beelgie disregarded them entirely, and, band coat dragging with the contact against squeezing forms, pushed his way to the window.

"Ah done come to gitten mah money," he announced. A red-faced man, fretful from argument, scowled at him.

"What money?" he asked.

"De money wha' de Mainest Man done tooken f'um me, wif da Ole Ahmy Game. De hun'-dolleh—"

"What's that?" One of the townspeople moved closer. Who's that took money from you?"

"De Mainest Man," said Beelgie. "De man wha' run de sukkus!"

It seemed to cause some excitement, especially coming from a person with a band coat on. The man in the ticket window shouted, but his voice was lost in a sudden babble from the mob below. Beelgie edged closer.

"He say to gin me de money," he yelled above the noise. "He say—"

"Shut up!" The red-faced man was purple now. A townsman moved closer.

"Here's one of your own men that admits these people are with the circus!" came in a bawling voice. "He—"

"Dat's wha' he was," agreed Beelgie. "He was de Mainest Man. He done tooken de hun'-dolleh bill—"

"S-h-u-t up! Will you shut up!" The red-faced man was half out of the ticket window now. But Beelgie didn't hear. Somebody had asked him a question and he was doing his best to answer.

"Um-humph!" he announced. "He done come along wif free li'l roun' things, an' he say, 'Whichen am hit undeh? Ten git yo' twenty—' "

"Shut up, you—"

"Shut up yourself!" shouted an angry townsman, poking a fist in the direction of the man in the ticket window. Beelgie moved closer.

"De man say—"

"Will you shut up?" came heatedly from above, and with it a swishing blow, which missed Beelgie's fulsome nose and caught fair on the face of a townsman beside him, whereupon the townsman leaped high in the air, swung with both arms, knocked the man back into the window, only that he might bounce out again, and with wide mouth shout the fighting cry of the circus:

"Hey-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y R-u-u-u-u-b-e!"

After that, pandemonium, in which a blank-faced Beelgie hit out wildly, simply because everybody around him was hitting. In which bunions screamed for mercy as feet jammed down upon them, in which noses met fists and fists met noses, and through the noise of which there suddenly sounded a clanging bell, accompanied by the arrival of persons in blue coats, and with a reckless disregard for where they swung their clubs. Beelgie wilted, as if by instinct, and slid under the wagon, for a long time merely lying there, goggle-eyed, watching the swish and sway of feet and legs as they milled before him. Then, one by one, they cleared. A long time passed. From above came a sliding sound—the window was being opened again. Beelgie, his mind still centered upon his mission, came painfully forth—for those bunions were passing sore.

"Does Ah git de money?" he asked.

"You get out of here!" came the answer. "Off this circus and stay off it!"

"But de man say—"

"Will you get out of here!"

"But de Mainest Man—"

"Mainest Man, my eye!" came heatedly. "The Mainest Man of this circus is right in this wagon. He says you're fired—get that? Fired!"

Then, to make the argument good, he sent forth a bulky individual who slid down the steps of the wagon, grasped Beelgie by the shoulders and dragged him, protesting, for a block.

At last Beelgie rose and wandered toward the cookhouse, to be suddenly halted.

"You're off this show," come the surly announcement of the door tender. "Needn't try to crash the gate."

He moved hurriedly outward, a shambling figure in the darkness, walking as lightly as possible to aid those mourning bunions, shoulders slumped, head down. Gradually it was percolating. He was fired. Fired off the circus. On he went, with the barometer of his temper dropping lower and lower—suddenly to halt. He was in front of the side show. Here, at least, he would be welcome.

HE SWUNG around to the side. He lifted the side wall and skinned within. He edged through the crowd to the platform of Vita Vitamine, the Tasmanian Fire Eater, and with glowing eyes and grinning lips threw the throttle of his admiring wide open. For a time he worked unnoticed, edging closer, still closer, until at last the eyes of Vita Vitamine, passing forth her photographs, fell full upon him. She smiled—coldly, sardonically.

"So heah yo' is!" she announced. "Heah yo' is. 'Tainten 'nuff as yo' should make yo'se'f riddiculum; yo' has to make de whole sukkus!"

"But de man say—"

"Yeh, de man say, de man say!" mocked Vita Vitamine. "De man say yo' fiahed, dat's wha' de man say. Humph!" She straightened and bobbed her bushy wig. "Yo' wha' finks yo' kin be a sukkus pusson! Yo' nev' was no sukkus man nohow. De man say! I tell you' wha' de man say!" she announced, leaning forward and with wagging finger incinerating him before the whole gawking throng—"de man say: Does yo' git yo'se'f or is yo' pushed?"

"Ah's gettin'," answered Beelgie. The truth had broken upon him at last. He was fired, not only by the red-faced man in the wagon, but by everyone.

(Continued on page 31)

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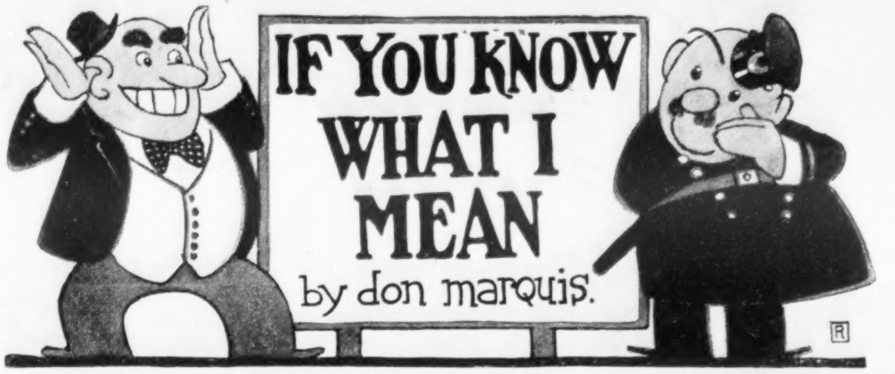
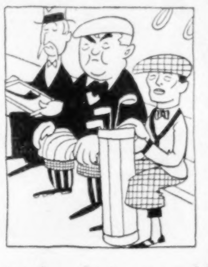


# IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

by don marquis

SUPPOSE you had such great wealth that it was more than wealth—that it was power to command any and all individuals to do your will: What would you do with it? I know what I would do. I would have Walter Hagen follow me over the links carrying a bag full of golf sticks, and following Walter Hagen there would be another man. The function of this other man would be that of a Pipe Caddie. He should also have, besides the pipe, tobacco and matches. Perhaps you have guessed the identity of this second man. Yes, you are right. It would be none other than Alfred Dunhill himself, in person.

But I would not be too hard on either one of them. I would be an Easy Boss. I would manage it so that they could share in my glory. Now and then I would get in the middle car of a nine-car subway train at Chambers Street, during the rush hour, and ride up to Van Cortlandt Park, and there would not be anyone in the whole train but myself—excepting Walter Hagen carrying my golf sticks and Alfred Dunhill with my pipe.



Speaking of hashish— What? No, I don't either, and I never did—those momentary delusions of grandeur just come to me like that, and always have, without the use of any drug—and I am changing the subject now, not continuing it—

Speaking of hashish, which is otherwise known as hemp, and also as cannabis indica, there was an interesting story recently in the New York papers concerning a Drug Ring. It seems that vacant lots, hidden corners of public parks and various other convenient and unobserved patches throughout the greater city have been planted with hashish by certain ingenious and iniquitous persons. They have been in the habit of harvesting their crops on moonlight nights and selling the stuff to addicts at great profit. The leaves of the plant are smoked, and the addict feels that he is larger, more powerful, more intelligent, less limited in every way, than his fellow men. I am interested in this story because it gives me a clue to something that I have long been wondering about, namely: How do moving picture directors get that way?

## The Day in History

December 19, B. C. 2800—Semiramis discovers peroxide of hydrogen.

December 19, 63 A. D.—Nero accused of smoking cigarettes by the Christians, who charge him with having carelessly ignited scores of Christians by throwing away cigarette butts at random. Nero threatens, if more complaints are heard, to burn the Y. M. C. A. buildings at Rome.

December 19, B. C. 4538—Rameses of Egypt calls the royal embalmer to his deathbed and makes him swear by Osiris to spare no pains or expense. "For," said the dying monarch, and they were his last words, "I have been a good king and I have merited of the gods that they shall grant my lifelong ambition and give me a place in the Metropolitan Museum."

December 19, B. C. 40—Julius Cæsar rolls foaming down the Palatine Hill in his first public fit, and epilepsy becomes all the rage among the fashionable people of the empire. Next day the Senate dissolves the Shaving Soap Trust, which has taken advantage of the demand for foam-producing chemicals to raise prices to an exorbitant figure.

December 19, B. C. 3794—The Chinese Wall is begun for the purpose of protecting the Infant Industries of the country. "The foreigner, whom it keeps out, will pay for it," said the Chinese.

December 19, B. C. 5007—Cain discovers the circulation of the blood.

PROPERTY held in common and equitably managed for the benefit of the entire community is nevertheless managed by the most able men in the community. It is, therefore, despite the form of administration, essentially and really the property of the ablest men as much as anything mundane and temporal can be the property of any man. For the only reality in possession is the power to administer. The temper and spirit of its most intelligent men of affairs are therefore of more importance to any state than the political form under which they function. The change overnight from a monarchy or a capitalistic republic to a commune would produce little real effect in any nation; progress is only possible when the temper and spirit of the individuals who have the practical force to control undergo a change. The occasional temporary usefulness of revolution has lain in the fact that a new set of able individuals obtained control rather than in any virtue inherent in any new form or system inaugurated.

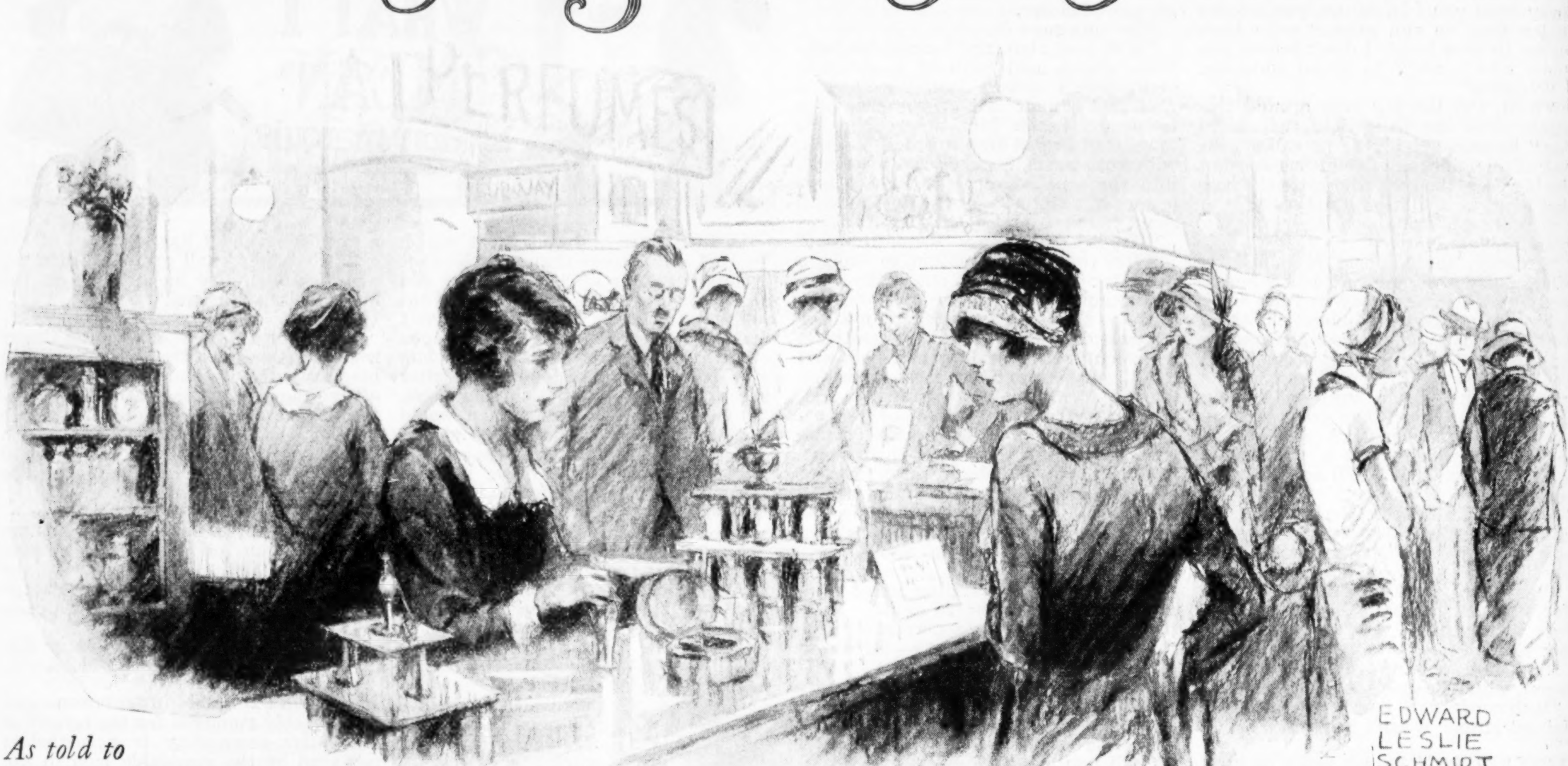
If, with a wave of my pencil, I could magically bestow upon the peoples resident on this planet all the very latest, most liberal notions in the way of political systems, I shouldn't wave the pencil; I should stick it over my ear and light my pipe instead. But if I might thereby acquire influence over the men who actually run the world I would willingly wave it for the next two or three centuries, twelve hours a day, Sundays and holidays included. And then, when they did the sort of thing I told them to, I should see that I had been all wrong about it. For many years I have been emboldened to give advice by the fact that nobody ever pays the slightest attention to it, and after a year or two I am nearly always grateful for that.

ONE function of governments is to provide amusement to the discerning.

The wit enjoys the incongruities which he perceives. The humorist is more apt to suffer from them because he feels humanity generally suffering from them.

Men will engage in a foreign war for the sake of ideas, sentiments, emotions, the desire for adventure, ethical considerations, the greed for loot and conquest. But behind all domestic revolutions there is hunger.

# This wife gets a pay check



*I was so absorbed in the crowds that I became nearly hysterical*

*As told to*
W. O. SAUNDERS

## *This woman found her home by seeming to lose it*

I AM the mother of four children; my husband is a business man with an income sufficient for every reasonable need of the family—and I work out.

As soon as the youngest of my children was old enough to go to school I got myself a job outside my home, and I have held it ever since.

For a time the neighbors said a lot of mean things about my neglecting my home and the children. Many spiteful insinuations that my husband was in financial distress and I had to work to help him out reached his ears and made him furious. It took him a long time to get over his humiliation and reconcile himself to the idea of my working out, but he has my viewpoint now and we are happy.

In going out to work I simply swapped a job I didn't like and never could like for a job that I could and did like. I hate housekeeping. To me it is the meanest, most irksome, most heart-breaking job in the world. I think if there had been such a thing as a housewives' union I should have organized a housewives' strike in my neighborhood. But I had no union to support me; I had to work out my own problem in my own way.

There just wasn't any let-up in that job of housekeeping. The only regular hours were *all* hours. Picking up and cleaning up after four growing children from early morning until bedtime was just a part of it. I had never been trained in cookery, and I loathed the muss and odors of the kitchen. And there never was a maid who could be depended upon to do all the kitchen work. We couldn't afford two servants, and the one servant we managed to hire from time to time did only a fraction of the work that had to be done.

Life was just one endless round of petty, irritating chores and drudgery. When I thought I was through for a day I would find that everything had to be done all over again. When my husband came home at night all cheery and smiling and accepted everything as a matter of course, I was bitter and resentful because he didn't seem to have the faintest idea of what the day had meant for me. And when he came home moody and cross because things had not gone well in his business that day, his gloom drove me almost mad.

### The Greatest Thrill of My Life

I THINK I would have been a nervous and physical wreck in another year if I hadn't quit when I did. There may be women who are born housekeepers and for whom such drudgery has no terrors. I am not one of those women.

And the weekly allowance from my husband! That galled me. He didn't pay the bills for meats and groceries, fuel, lights, water, gas, telephone, laundry, and the various store accounts, and give me a sum I could call my own. No. He just gave me a lump sum on which to run things from week to week and seemed to assume that, after paying the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the iceman and all the rest, I would have plenty left over to spend for myself. I never did have anything left over.

When I started out to find happier employment than that of housekeeping I had no previous business or professional knowledge or training. Getting a position under such circumstances was not easy and everybody wanted references that I could not give.

My first employment was as a saleswoman at the perfumery counter in a department store. It didn't pay much, but just to handle so many wonderful perfumes and powders and complexion aids and to deal face to face with scores and scores of other women in the surging crowds that flowed forever by my counter gave me the greatest thrill of my life. I was so absorbed in the crowds at first, trying to study every one who passed by, that I was actually nearly hysterical the first few days.

And then I forgot the crowds and became interested only in the personalities and idiosyncrasies of the individuals who stopped to look or buy. I found a real interest in making helpful suggestions to women seeking individual perfumeries and beauty aids.

I didn't realize at first that this was the acme of good salesmanship, but the store management noticed it, and I was promoted to head of the toilet-goods department and have since become its head buyer. Oh, if housekeeping could only have been made as interesting as the buying and selling of goods; or if in return for one's efforts to please in the home one could get the same manifestations of pleasure and gratitude one gets from a pleased customer!

I make my own spending money, have money of my own in the bank; and when I want to indulge in some luxury or take a trip I don't have to worry my husband.

Of course the housekeeping is somewhat neglected, but things are not so bad as one would suspect. Going out in business has given me business ideas even about home making. I think my home is organized on a more business-like basis than it was.

But the best thing about it all is that when I get back home from the day's work, home is the same comfort and joy to me that it was to my husband alone when he worked downtown all day and had a happy haven to relax in when the day's work was over. I used to want to get away from home, go anywhere—just to be on the go—as soon as the supper dishes were cleared away. I couldn't understand why my husband was so content to slip into dressing gown and slippers and just sit and sit.

I shall never go back to the job of old-time housekeeping so long as I enjoy my present good health and happy outlook on life. And I have no gloomy spells thinking of how I would manage should death or disability come to my husband.

### A Business for Myself Next

I BELIEVE my husband is secretly proud of my success, and he hints at taking me into his own business, saying he has no doubt I could be worth more to him than to anyone else. But I am going in business for myself, having already spotted the location for a little shop of my own. You see, I am ambitious: even a wife may have ambitions and the same urge to get ahead in the world that husbands have. But husbands are not inclined to see it that way; they make excuse for their blindness to woman's true self by insisting that a woman is an enigma that can never be understood. If men would only measure us with the same yardsticks with which they measure themselves they would understand us much better, and there would be a great deal more fun and comradeship in life for both.

Of course I know there are just millions and millions of women who have no ambition for business or for getting ahead. The same holds true of men. There are men who are content to plod along through life in any rut an employer will make for them, just as many millions of women are perfectly content to nestle down in the nest a husband makes for them; but, fortunately or unfortunately, I wasn't built that way.

# Hippyotamus Number Two

*Continued from page 29*

It was the end. A lonely, shambling figure in the midst of throngs, hands in pockets, ancient band coat sagging on his shoulders, Beelgie turned for the midway and shuffled into the darkness. Then on the curbing he sat himself down miserably—and merely watched.

After a long time the crowds ceased to enter and the menagerie tent fluttered to the ground. Great teams made their way from the circus lot, and the clattering of planks from the big top told of its dismantlement. Finally the whole great lot was dark—the last wagon had gone to the runs. Beelgie stirred. He wiggled his sore feet. Then gradually he rose.

"How dey gwine race de ole hippyotamus 'thouten me?" he asked himself. It was a self-evident fact that they would need him, even if they didn't want him now. And, just on a chance that they might know it by this time, he tried the bunk car wherein he usually whiled away the nights in blissful sleep. But the porter stood in the vestibule.

"Nothin' doin'!" he growled, and Beelgie turned slowly away. There was only one chance left.

BEELGIE took it. Quietly he made his way into the darkness, and there sat himself down to wait. An hour passed, in shouts and cludding of hoofs down at the runs. Then the scraping of steel, the dousing of torches, the coupling up of the train and the highball signal from the engine. Slowly the circus train began to move, and so moved Beelgie.

Out he crept to the darkness of the right of way. Wildly he grabbed in the blackness, caught the side of a flat car, ran along with it for a moment, then hoisted himself aboard. For a time he merely knelt, shivering in uncertainty.

Then he looked up—at a sound from above; something moving in a wagon—in a wagon which he recognized even in the blackness. Beelgie shivered again, and, rising, started hurriedly to move on. Only to halt! To gasp! To shake in the embrace of something which had caught him and jerked him suddenly to one side!

"You know better than this!" came a gruff voice. "The watchman'll be making his rounds in a minute. You in the hip den!"

Beelgie's mouth opened—but that was all. There were no words; speech was gone in a gasping struggle as he was pulled suddenly to one side, pushed upward, and then—

Then he squawked—squawked as only Beelgie could squawk, with the realization that he was in the venomous den of Hippyotamus Number Two, the door closed behind him, and one extended foot bearing down upon something soft and squirming: with that a vague knowledge that something had risen beside him while he thrashed out wildly—something which grasped at him to pull him down—something else which caught him by the leg . . . wild noises—noises which he did not identify.

Something struck him and knocked him back; something else jerked him down; he swung madly, lurched, struck the door, felt it yield behind him and then—

He was out on the flat cars, running wildly, his mouth wide open in frightened screechings as he skinned past wagons without noticing them, brushed aside a vague figure which strove to block his path and then, at the end of the flats, burst through a vestibule door into a great, lighted space where sat three men in heavy conference.

"De ole hippyotamus!" he screeched. "De big hippyotamus! Oh, fo' Gawd, de Numbeh Two Hippyotamus, done bite de po' black boy on de laig. Oh, de—"

"What the—?" The men had risen and were at the door.

"De hippyotamus!" wailed Beelgie, "de big hippyotamus—"

"Is he out?" Figures were moving all around him now. "Get that gun there, Jake. I'll take the rifle. Bill, that flashlight—the big one—"

"De big hippyotamus!" wailed Beelgie. "Afteh de po' black boy!"

They dragged him squawking to the platform. They threw the flashlight ahead. Somebody moved forward with a rifle. Then a voice:

"Hippopotamus nothing! Grifters—piling out of that Number Two tableau! Stop this train—quick. Before they drop off and beat it. Hey, up there—stick 'em up! Stick 'em up, I said!" A warning shot flashed. "There, that's better. And keep 'em up."

An hour later Beelgie May, still shaking, stood in the executive coach, vaguely coming to understand what it was all about. Lined up with the others was a tall, ministerial-looking gentleman, who had just shelled forth a hundred-dollar bill, while an angry-faced show owner jabbed a vindictive finger at the assistant train boss.

"You're the worst of the lot," he snapped, "because you were the brains of it. Nice little trick, wasn't it—to carry this mob of grifters in that empty tableau and sneak 'em out in the mornings after the train had stopped and while the watchman was in calling the crews? If it hadn't been for this black boy here—"

"He's de one wha' shove me in de waggin," said Beelgie, coming out of his trance. "Ah done know his voice now. He done grab me an' he say: 'Git in dis yeah hip den'—"

"Certainly." The show owner leaned back in his chair. "By the way, Mike," he again addressed the train boss, "how much did you make for your cut to-day?"

"About eighty dollars," came in a surly tone.

"Good, that's just about enough. There's no reason why you shouldn't pay your own reward. Just pass it out to this colored boy here. And don't worry about that hundred," he added, addressing Beelgie. "We'll turn it back where it belongs. Now, trot along. We've got quite an interview with these gentlemen here. I'll send the watchman with you to see that you get in your car all right."

DAZEDLY Beelgie obeyed, thumbing his eighty dollars. Dazedly he awoke the next morning really to understand that he still was with the circus. At last he stepped forth from the cars, and gaped. The porter had addressed him cheerily, proudly, as though he were some sort of a personage. Then a teamster buttonholed him and asked him just how it happened. After that the red-faced man of the ticket wagon came along, walked for a time beside him, while Beelgie swelled and swelled and forgot his bunions, talking to him just like he'd never been mad at all. Finally they came to a pig restaurant, and the red-faced man took him inside and told the proprietor to give him everything he wanted, leaving a dollar to pay the bill. Gradually Beelgie realized—and realized and realized.

At last he was full—gloriously full, even to the third cup of coffee and the second piece of pie. He rose. He strode to the circus lot. He moved down the midway, then halted at the side show, just being fitted up for the day. He walked within, and the door tender—for he had heard too—allowed him to pass with a friendly wave of the hand. He moved down the row of platforms, at last to come to a halt before one where sat a high-cheeked lady beside a trunk which denoted her as the only Tasmanian Fire-Eating Lady in existence. He looked up into space.

"Does ennybody aroun' dis yeah ten' ast to know if Beelgie May done wif dis yeah sukkus?" he asked.

For a moment there was silence. Then a scraping on the platform. Beelgie turned his gaze into a sunburst of welcome.

"Mawnin', Mist' Beelgie!" came the voice he craved. A scrambling hand went toward a tattered cap. A bunioned foot swung wide in pleasure.

"Mawnin', Miss Vitamine!" he answered.

And the world was good.

# CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

*Director "Science Service"*

THE more coal England exports, the poorer she gets. Yet if she curtails coal exports she lessens food imports, her commerce declines, her factories close, her workmen are out of employment and her people are in danger of starvation. Who can solve the problem?

The commercial position of Great Britain is based primarily upon her coal trade. She got her start partly through the favor of nature and partly through the energy of her people. They found coal beds close to the surface and near to the sea, and they were the first to develop them. They shipped coal to all parts of the world on coal-driven steamships and brought back in the emptied holds foodstuffs and bulky raw materials. These materials were developed into compact and valuable manufactures and shipped out with more coal.

But the advantage of this commercial cycle is being rapidly lost. Coal mining is a continuous levy on capital. Every ton Great Britain sells to other countries now lessens her ability to maintain her manufacturing and commercial supremacy in the future. Great Britain has 2½ per cent of the world's coal resources, and she is producing 23 per cent of the world's coal output. That is, the British coal supply is being used up nine times as fast as that of the rest of the world. And once coal has gone up in smoke it can never be recovered. The more coal is taken out, the deeper and more difficult to get is the coal that remains. Already Great Britain is being underbid by her own colonies. South Africa and India can produce coal at one third the cost.

In addition to the increasing expense of working and foreign competition come labor questions that seem insoluble. The miners now have to be paid at the expense of the taxpayers for not striking. The danger lies not in their demand for higher wages, for these might be met if they did not insist upon limitation of labor and refuse to allow the use of machinery to relieve their muscles. An American brings up 3.82 tons of coal per shift, while the British miner will bring up only .928 ton. The American gets much higher wages, but the cost of coal production in America is only about two thirds what it is in England.

### Conquered Can'ts

PART of the business of science is disproving old proverbs:

"You can't see through a brick wall."

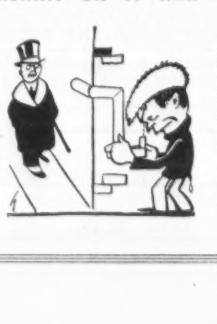
Try an X-ray machine on it and see if you can't.

"You can't see around a corner."

That's what the periscope is made for.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

It has been done by a Boston chemist, Arthur D. Little. He dissolved out the gelatine, squirted it through a spinneret, solidified it into a filament, twisted the filaments into threads, dyed them with coal-tar colors, and knit them into a purse.



"You can't run a mill with the water that has gone by."

Just attach your turbine to a pump and you can hoist a good part of the water into the upper pond and use it over again.

"You can't have smoke without some fire."

Put a bottle of ammonia and a bottle of hydrochloric acid side by side, pull out the stoppers and watch the smoke roll up in clouds.

"You can't have roses without thorns."

Yes, a thornless rose has recently been developed.

"You can't make bricks without straw."

'Course you can. They didn't know everything down in Egypt.

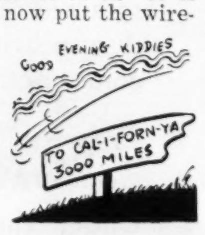
"You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

No. But experiments on rejuvenation have only just begun. You may get your grandmother into her second childhood yet.

### The Air is Radio's Foe

IF RADIO fans realized that, were the air altogether out of the way, radio would go farther and sound clearer, they would cease to talk such nonsense as "the air is overcrowded to-night" and "the talk will be put on the air at eight." They ought to know that the music or message is not conveyed from broadcasting station to receiver by the air. The air is not a medium, but an impediment: it is the cause of "static."

The superiority of the radio lies in the fact that it dispenses with air, except such small stretch of it as intervenes between the mouth and the microphone and between the loud speaker and the ear. To say that it uses air for transmission belittles the invention and minimizes the marvel of it. It is like saying, "We will now put the wireless message on the wire." There is no excuse for talking as though the radio message were conveyed by the same slow, weak and limited air waves as conveyed the howls of our ancestral anthropoid to his mate (or the love whispers of Adam to the ears of Eve; readers will take their choice of readings according to their religious beliefs and the laws of the state).



Sound waves die out at half a mile or so. Radio waves traverse the continent, and beyond. Sound waves, if they were strong enough to travel so far, would take four hours to cross the country. Radio waves make the trip in one sixty-second of a second.

Sound waves have always existed. (No, I am *not* going to stop to discuss that old metaphysical question of whether Niagara fell noiselessly until the first eared animal appeared.) Radio waves are a modern invention. They did not exist in nature previous to the Electric Era, except for such occasional disturbances as crash into our receivers from lightning.

# Will you take the priceless gift of-LIFE?

**B**RONZED, ERECT old men. Women delighting in new cream-and-rose complexions. Round and brown children. Handsome full-figured youngsters. These are evidences of the extraordinary vitality and superb health that come from living under the tropical skies of Coral Gables. And when you see these people you will believe, as we do, *that the only American tropics will add years to your life, and will add new pleasures and delights to each year.*

Coral Gables, Miami's most beautiful suburban city, is planned to give space and air, sun and breeze to every inhabitant. The magnificently wide avenues and plazas open the city to the cool, spicy trade-winds. The tropical planting and the forests temper, but never obstruct, the life-giving sun. The white sand beaches offer miles of sea-bathing that is as safe and pleasant as anywhere in the world. All that you seek in recreation is at your door. The peace and quiet, the freedom from noise and crowds, take away the lines from strained faces. Troubles have a way of disappearing at Coral Gables. Life becomes active, colorful and healthful.

### *Property Values are Rising. Investments are Paying Remarkable Dividends*

Under the wonderful city plan and the careful restrictions, property values tend to increase steadily and surely. Home-builders are even now watching their property rise in value month by month. Every buyer of property in Coral Gables literally cannot help sharing in the profits that attend every step in the development of the city plan, and in the prosperity that is so rapidly transforming Miami and its environs.

### *The Coupon Will Bring You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free*

Rex Beach has written a fascinating tale about the miracle of Coral Gables. It not only tells the complete story of this city, but also contains the facts and figures that prove its success. We will also tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run to Coral Gables at frequent intervals. If you should take one of these trips, and buy property in Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. But first of all—*sign and mail the coupon—now!*

### *Remarkable Opportunity for Investment*

The 1920 census showed a growth in Miami's population of 440 per cent in ten years. Since then it has increased even more rapidly. Bank clearances today are ten times those of a year ago. Every activity feels the stimulus of this tremendous growth, and especially is it manifested in the increase of property values in the city and suburbs. In Coral Gables the value of home and business sites has increased amazingly every year for the past three years.

Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a small initial investment. These plots are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in payments over a period of three years.

### *The Facts About Coral Gables*

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre is almost completed. Two country clubs, a military academy, public schools, a college for young women are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have already been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

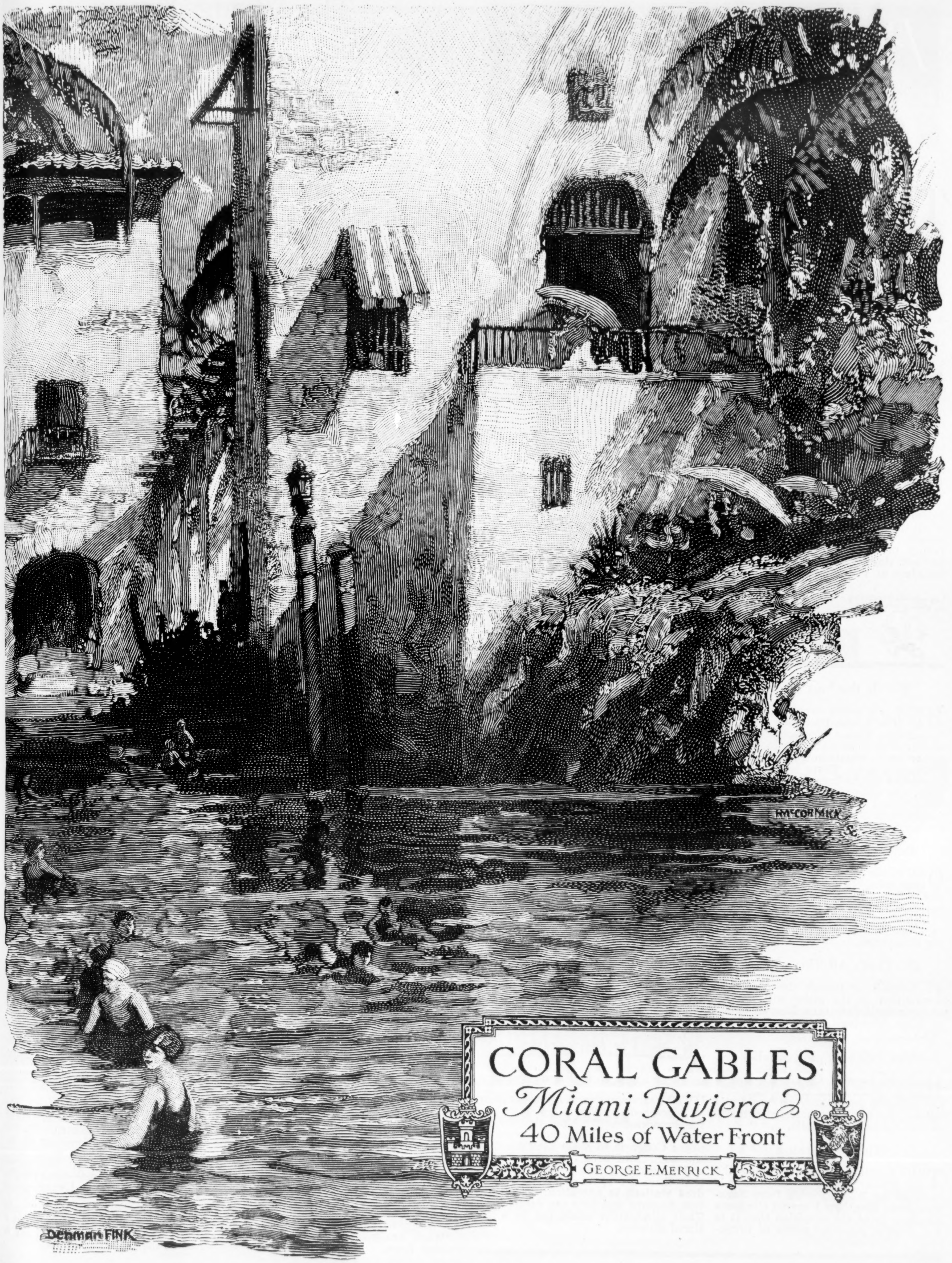
Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain the following buildings and improvements:

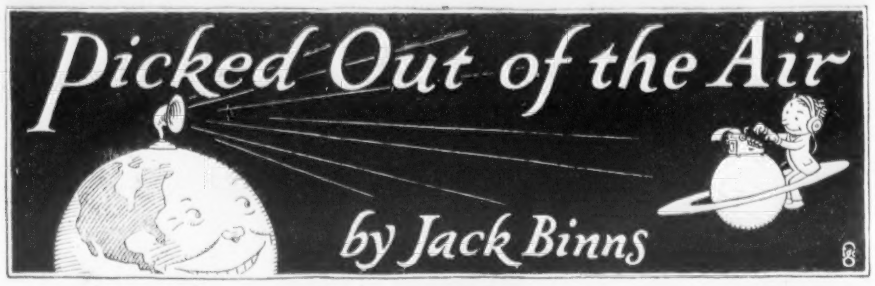
The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, and other remarkable projects.

Coral Gables Corporation CL-42
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

Please send me Rex Beach's story upon the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City____________________ State________


CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK
H.M. McCORMICK
Denman FINK



# Picked Out of the Air

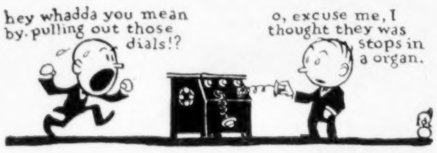
### by Jack Binns

## Our Portrait Gallery

THOSE fans within receiving distance of WJZ and WGY have undoubtedly thrilled at the wondrous tones which issue from their speakers whenever Godfrey Ludlow plays his priceless De Rougemont Stradivarius. Ludlow, one of the great among living violinists, was born in Australia. He studied under Sevcik in Vienna, and at the age of seventeen entered the Meister Schule of the Imperial Academy on Music in the Austrian capital. In the first couple of years following his studies there he played in five command performances before European rulers. During the war he was interned in the Ruhleben prison camp in Germany.

GODFREY LUDLOW
*WJZ Violinist*

His famous violin was made in Cremona, Italy, by the greatest craftsman of all times, in the year 1703. Ludlow bought it from the De Rougemont family, in whose vaults at Brighton it had lain since it was last played before Napoleon at Versailles.


hey whadda you mean by pulling out those dials!?
o, excuse me, I thought they was stops in a organ.

## Was It the Lost Chord?

HERE is a woozy experience related by Mrs. Louise Patterson Miller of Russellville, Tenn.: "On October 19th a melody from some station unknown was picked up in Hattiesburg, Miss., by an ordinary piano. There was no radio apparatus in the home of Mrs. C. Seburn, the owner of the piano. Mrs. Seburn and other members of her family were able to listen to the music for some time."

## Boy! Page Ben Franklin

ONE of the best-known radio publications asks, "Is lightning AC or DC?" in the title of a special article describing experiments.

Unless very careful I am afraid the experimenters may make some shocking discoveries.

## That's All There Is

IT LOOKS as though the congested condition of the ether will not be checked until Secretary Hoover issues to some broadcaster the call letters WXYZ.

## The Official Sphinx Talks

UNLESS General Charles G. Dawes stops broadcasting the average citizen will soon know the Vice President's name. Thus will be shattered a tradition as old as the Republic.

## This is Shocking

THIS simple method of placing the egg industry on a production basis is reported by W. B. Powell from Sarasota, Fla. Somehow I cannot eliminate from my mind the suspicion that it is one of those insidious pieces of propaganda that are enlarging the boom which is now raising our southeastern peninsula. Anyway, here is the story:

"Ed Lambright, editor of the Tampa Tribune, received a letter from a radio fan asking for a good layout for a set, and he handed the enquiry to the poultry editor. The latter began experimenting and when he drove his ground in the poultry yard the vibration disturbed the fish worms which came to the surface, and the chickens had a feast. Since then he moves his ground to various parts of the chicken yard and furnishes sufficient nourishment, with some grain, to increase the egg production 100 per cent."

Now when we've heard from the butter man the cycle will be complete.

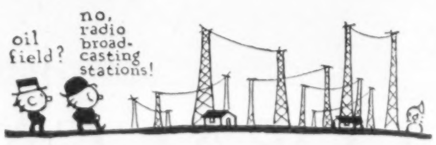
## Mandy Broadcasts

THE much-maligned bedtime story is the motif of a little episode recorded by J. W. Karter of Fairburg, Ill. The author reports he hired a man from Kentucky to do odd jobs. The new chore artist had never heard a radio. "I handed him the phones," continues Mr. Karter, "and presently tears began to fill his eyes. After a while he handed them back to me and said: 'I declar', I never knowed yew could hear way off like that. There was Mandy puttin' them kids to bed just like allus. I guess Mandy warnt so bad after all. Boss, I'll be goin' home to-morrow.' And he went."

## Service is His Keynote

LAURA BANKER of East Shodack, N. Y., tells me that after members of the rapidly growing profession of Thugs, Thieves and Bandits had paid an unwelcome visit to his store, the enterprising radio dealer inserted this advertisement in the local paper:

"We hope the thieves who stole our radios will enjoy them. It is a compliment to us that they selected our sets. They are discriminate burglars who appreciate real value. Our service guarantee for one year goes with each set, and we will be only too glad to repair our visitors' outfits should they go wrong. We suggest that to-night they tune in on WGY and listen to the police officials talk on 'Robbers and Their Methods.'"


oil field?
no, radio broadcasting stations!

## Enough is Plenty

TWO years ago everybody was asking concernedly, "Who is going to pay for broadcasting?" Now the Fourth Annual Radio Conference strongly urges Congress to enact laws limiting the number of broadcasters and thus end the growing chaos. At the present time there are approximately six hundred stations in operation. Of these, four hundred and fifty are superfluous. Their elimination would not be a national disaster.

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# The Wrong Type

Continued from page 19

repeated primly, "is a means to an end. You could make it cost much more, but—but—I mean, talking turkey, the thing to do is to save money. The—" He choked, his mind gone blank of all the phrases he had heard Bean use. Desperately he struggled to—to—*close*, that was the word. He fumbled nervously for his fountain pen.

Mr. Overaker laughed, but it was not an unkindly laugh. There was a note of sympathy in it—and that was Henry Piper's undoing. Had he been derisive, Henry might have gone on with it, found the right phrase—the clincher—got his name on the dotted line. But Overaker's eyes were not hard and covetous. There was something in them—a kind of understanding. A phrase flashed into Henry's mind—*Impressum Venetiis in Aedibus Aldi.* Suddenly it seemed as if the only eyes upon him were those which had looked for something—never entirely to be found—in Venice, nearly five hundred years before. They were eyes which saw into the corners of a man's soul. With a bound Henry was at Overaker's desk, the dummy of the catalogue in his hand.

"YES, I did this myself," he cried, his thin little voice rising almost to a shout. "I did it all right. And it's just as rotten as it can be!" Fiercely he tore it in two and threw the parts as far from him as he could, as if they were contamination. "It's cheap—cheap, I tell you. And you—aren't cheap!"

"It would seem," said Overaker softly, "as if you didn't want this job."

Henry suddenly collapsed, as the enormity of what he had done came over him. "Oh, my," he moaned, "I never wanted anything more in my life!"

"You're an odd sort of salesman," said Overaker gently.

Henry covered his face with his hands. "I'm not a salesman at all." Then he clutched at the last lingering shred of his self-respect. His head straightened. "And I'm glad I'm not. Not if being a salesman means you've got to swindle people."

"Swindle?" echoed Overaker mildly.

"Yes," cried Henry hotly. "Swindle. If I let you put your money into *that*"—he indicated the torn dummy lying on the floor—"I'd be swindling you. You'd get it cheap—nobody could give it to you cheaper. But—"

Overaker seemed about to speak, but Henry silenced him with a gesture oddly imperious. "Look here. What's that picture on your wall? Means to an end, eh?" He laughed derisively. "This rug. Where does that get you? I'm not much of a business man—but I don't think you are either. I've gone and thrown away the best chance I ever had, just because—well, I don't know why I did it, and I don't know what's going to become of me. But you throw away your money too just because—darn it all, I can't even say what I mean, only . . ."

Henry gathered up his papers and was closing his brief case. All his emotion had left him. "Best thing you can do is to let Hanly & Ebbetts print your catalogue," he said colorlessly. "They—they're your sort."

Wretchedly, as he went back to his office, he tried to figure out what he would say to Bean. But the latter's first question, "Well, did you fetch the bacon?" found him still unprepared.

When he shook his head, Bean looked incredulous, "Price too high?"

Henry shook his head again. "It's 'way under what they've been paying."

"Well, then—?"

Henry sank into a chair. How could he make Bean understand? How could he make anybody understand? He couldn't possibly. There were some things one couldn't ever put into words. Old Selby might perhaps understand. And Molly—bless her—after she got over the first shock of it! But Bean . . . he opened his eyes and smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Bean.

Henry was on the point of trying to tell him, when the telephone rang. Bean answered it. "For you," he exclaimed. "It's Overaker. Maybe—"

"For me—Overaker?" Dumfounded, Henry took the instrument. "Hello. Yes. *Who?* . . . Well, for goodness' sake! He did? . . . Why, yes, I'll consider it—sure. Yes, I know that. . . . No, never in the world. Still, I think I'd better talk to my wife first. . . . Is she? Well, you just bet she is. The very finest!"

"What's the dope?" cried Bean excitedly as Henry hung up the receiver. "What's Overaker want?"

Henry, staring out of the unwashed window, did not answer immediately. He appeared to be lost in a kind of trance, his lips parted in a dreamy smile. Bean put his hand on his arm, and shook him. "What's up, Henry?"

"Funniest thing that ever happened," muttered Henry, as if to himself. "Stacked cards! All the time I was trying to sell Overaker, sitting right at his elbow was old man Hanly himself. Had the job in his pocket—all the time."

"Oh!" groaned Bean. "That robber. We could 'a' done it for half."

"At least," agreed Henry. "But we couldn't have done it as well. Hanly turns out beautiful stuff."

Bean grunted. "Beautiful stuff—my grandmother! If you'd been worth a damn, Henry—" His eyes suddenly narrowed. "Say, Henry, whatever gave you the idea you could go it alone? You got to be a salesman to run a business, Henry. An' you'll never make a salesman—never in this world!"

Henry offered no protest. "You're right, Bean. That's what Overaker said too. Seems as if the Almighty meant people like me to work for somebody else."

"You'll never get rich the way you're going—that's a cinch."

Henry looked out of the window again. Then he opened the drawer of his desk and took out the electrotype of the imprint that Molly had drawn for him. "It's never seen ink," he murmured dully, "an' I guess it's never goin' to."

The office door opened and closed softly. "Why, Henry—what's the matter?" It was not Bean's voice, and Henry raised his head. Then he sprang to his feet, hands outstretched. "Why, Molly dear—how odd! I was just going to telephone you."

SHE showed alarm. "Bad news, Henry? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

For a moment he made no answer, and his gaze was downcast. "Well," he said at last. "No—not bad news, exactly. Fact is, I—I've been offered a job."

"A job?" echoed Bean.

Henry nodded. "Hanly seemed to take a shine to me—I'll be in charge of style and design."

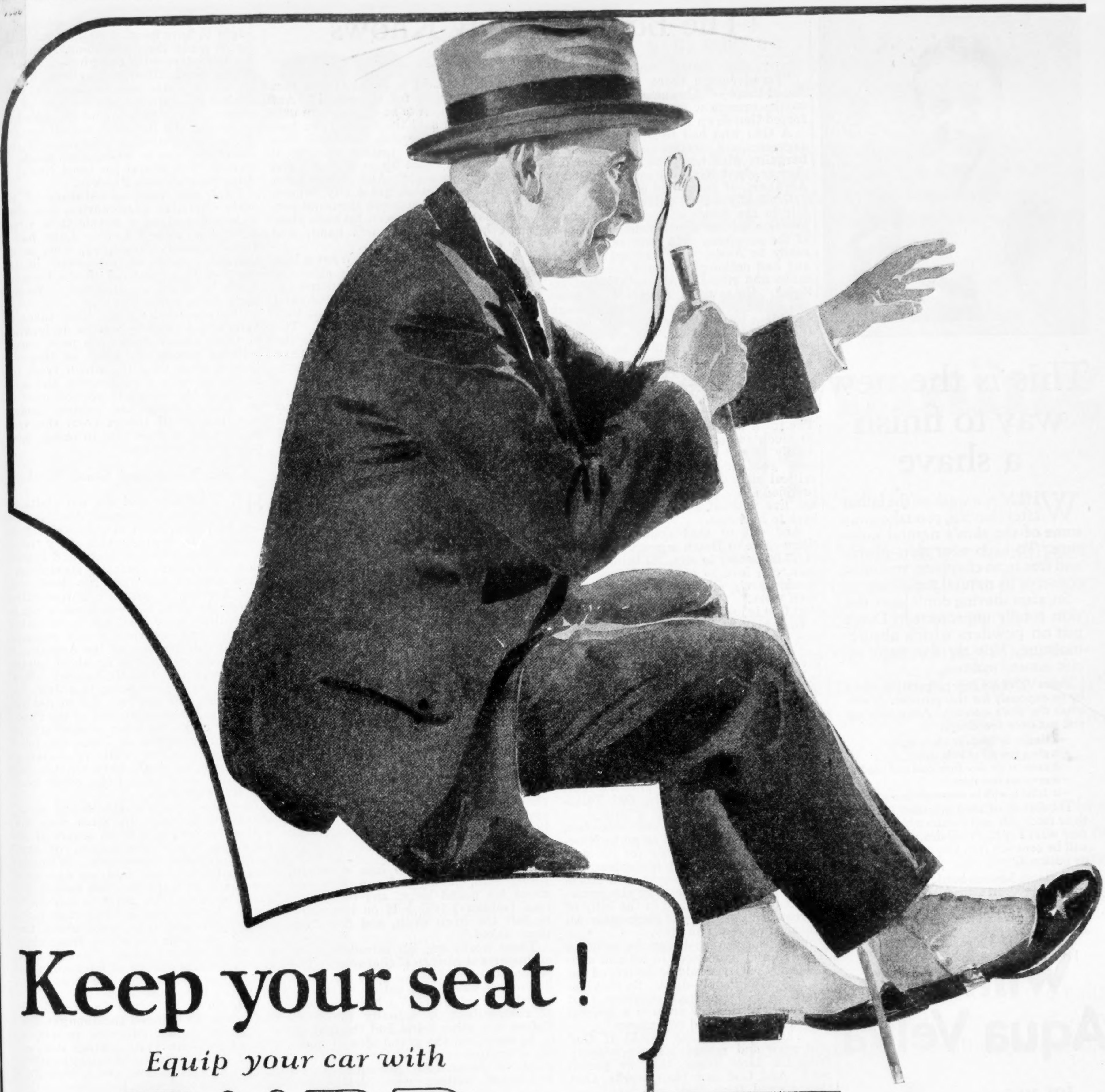
Shyly he looked at his wife. "It—it's a pretty good job, Molly. They pay well." A sudden, passionate gleam came into his eyes. "And oh, my dear, if you could only see their plant!"

Molly understood—understood it all, and without his saying another word, he reflected afterward. "Oh," she cried, "how wonderful! Why, Henry—you'll be printing the Overaker catalogue after all!"

Sadly he fingered the shining copper of his imprint. "This won't be on it, though. It—it won't ever be on anything."

"You're wrong, Henry dear," she said quickly. She took his chin and raised it till his eyes met hers. "It will be on everything you do—even if nobody ever *sees* it. There never were any 'Pipes of Pan,' really. But people heard them just the same—some people. They hear them still, Henry—*some* people."

"That's a very pretty idea," said Henry thoughtfully. "It's just what I was thinking. But I never could say it—never in the world."



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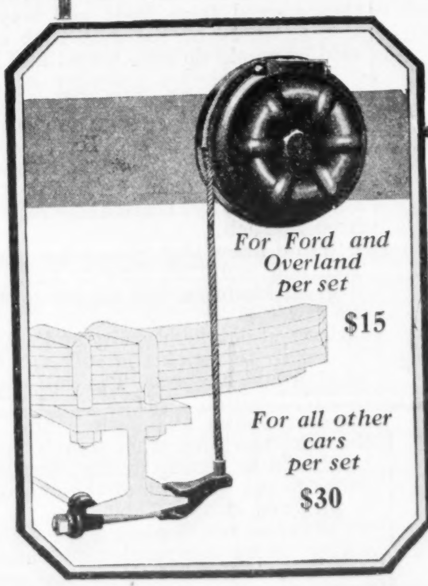

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THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE

# The Book Nobody Knows

*Continued from page 10*

"Peradventure there shall be forty found there—" Abraham continues, and so the argument goes on until he has forced God down from fifty to ten.

A God who had to be persuaded by argument and sacrifices, who drove hard bargains with any who sought to disobey or cheat Him—this was the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob.

Gradually other thinking began to stir in the minds of men and find expression in the courageous utterances of the prophets. We have referred already to Amos, who was not a priest and had nothing but scorn for the formulæ and ritual of the established religion. He saw the Temple courtyards red with blood and men seeking through sacrifices to buy the right to be iniquitous, and he cried out against it. God cared nothing for sacrifice, he said; He is a God of Justice.

In those same days another preacher, Hosea, was adding another item to the expanding fund of truth. Hosea was a married man, and his wife was a flirt. The town was full of gossip about her, so much so that Hosea was compelled finally to put her away. His friends said "good riddance," and even the most critical agreed that he had been amply justified in his action. But Hosea could not live without her. He brought her back to his home.

And out of that domestic tragedy there came to Hosea a great new truth. "If," he seems to say, "I, being only a man, can love so much and forgive so much, surely God must be capable of even more." Amos had told the world that God is just; Hosea added: *and kind.*

In Isaiah and Jeremiah we find the new conception of God's kindness gaining added force. The book of Jonah gives an interesting glimpse of the development of the idea. That book of four chapters is one of the most readable and interesting in the whole Bible. Because of Jonah's little mishap, which resulted in a three days' sojourn in the belly of a big fish, the book has been too often passed over lightly or treated with contempt. It deserves recognition and reverence, for it contains the most compassionate note in the Old Testament.

Jonah was a preacher, you remember, and was ordered by God to go to Nineveh and denounce the city for its sins. Instead of carrying out his orders, Jonah ran away, was caught in a storm at sea, thrown overboard by the panic-stricken sailors, and held in the belly of a great fish until he was thoroughly repentant and ready to obey.

After this severe lesson he went to Nineveh and announced to all and sundry that the city would be destroyed for its sins within forty days. So convincing were his words and manner that the rulers of the city ordered a general period of fasting and repentance.

"Who can tell [they cried] if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that he had said he would do unto them; and he did it not."

This was good luck for the people of Nineveh, but it was hard on Jonah and "he was very angry." He reproached God, saying, in effect, "I knew you wouldn't go through with your threat, and that's why I tried to run away from this job:

"For I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil."

He went outside the city and sat down in a chair to watch and sulk and to see what would happen. The sun was hot and God caused a great gourd to grow up over Jonah and shelter him. But the next morning, when Jonah thought he should be sitting pretty, God sent a worm to cut the stem of the gourd, and it withered away. Then come the final three verses which picture Jehovah in a nobler, more compassionate character than any of the Old Testament writers had ever pictured him before:

"And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death. Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

What a noble utterance! What a long upward climb has been made since the days when the Israelites plundered cities and wiped out men, women and children under the conviction that they were working the will of God! The record of this upward progress *is* the Old Testament. It begins with a savage people, merciless prophets and a terrible God.

And it ends with a people who have learned humility through suffering and righteousness through adversity, and with prophets who utter the will of God in more and more exalted language, ending with Micah, who reached the grandest elevation of all.

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

## *The New Testament*

ONE spring evening just nineteen hundred years ago a band of hard-faced men stole out of Jerusalem, crossed a little brook and made their way into the Garden of Gethsemane. Armed with clubs and spears, they carried torches which cast weird shadows through the trees and, though they doubtless tried to move quietly, the noise of their progress must have jangled cruelly in the peace of that lovely night. On the slope of the Mount of Olives, awaiting them, stood Jesus of Nazareth. A pathetic little company of disciples trembled about him, but, as the heavy steps drew closer and the spear points gleamed in the flickering light, the disciples melted away until He was left alone.

Not quite alone.

"And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men [soldiers] laid hold on him: And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked."

These words are our introduction to an important historical character. The young man who left his linen cloth and fled naked was Mark, author of the so-called "second Gospel," which, in point of composition, is actually the first. Before any other mind had thought of it, he conceived the grand idea of making a written record of the works and words of Jesus. All subsequent New Testament writers were debtors to young Mark, and so are we all.

He was not one of the original twelve disciples; indeed, he may never have seen Jesus except on that fatal night. His mother was a believer, and the Last Supper was held at her house. You can picture the active-minded boy, lying curious in his bed, overhearing the wonderful farewell words of Jesus, the final hymn, and the rustle of preparation for departure. On the impulse of the moment he jumped out of bed and followed into the garden. Whether he was a witness to any of the events of the next few days, we have no means of knowing. We do know, however, that he was associated for a time with Paul and later with Peter. Hearing them talk about Jesus, gathering an incident here and a saying there, he began gradually to compose his book.

For a time his book was the only Life of Jesus. Then a Jew named Matthew, apparently the same man who had been a tax collector and was called to discipleship, looked it over and said to himself: "This book would be much more useful if it had a lot of Old Testament references. And, besides, it ought to have more of what Jesus said." So he made these additions, sprinkling his narrative with the phrase, "that it might be fulfilled as written by the prophets." His book contains the word "fulfilled" more times than any of the others; it is obvious that he was bent on giving the life of Jesus all the Old Testament authority possible and that his object was to write what might be termed "The Gospel [or Good News] as Adapted to Jewish Readers."

Paul, the most adventurous of the early Christian missionaries, was often sick and had as a physician a Greek gentleman named Luke. Luke had a friend named Theophilus, who, as he thought, would be interested in the story of Jesus, but not in the form set forth by Mark or Matthew. Accordingly Luke wrote:

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word; It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus."

### Good Words and Good Works

HE WAS not, and did not claim to have been, an original disciple, but said he had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for hearing the story from reliable men who had first-hand knowledge. These are perfectly straightforward reasons for writing a book and they furnish a pleasing introduction both to the Good News as Luke wrote it and to that later book, partly compiled from his own experiences as a companion of Paul, the Acts of the Apostles.

Luke did not care a fig about quotations from the Old Testament which might be very convincing to a Jew, for Theophilus was no Jew. But he did tell of the Good Samaritan and of the Prodigal Son and some other exalted stories of the appreciation of Jesus for folks beyond the narrow walls of Judaism. Matthew never could have written this book any more than Luke could have written Matthew's.

One other fact is significant about the third Gospel. In some way the writer got hold of a fresh source of information about the women of that early Jerusalem community. Who told him and what was told we can only guess, and perhaps we shall hazard the guess at some later point in our swift survey, but the fact is clear that Luke knew more and tells more about the women who were friends of Jesus than any of the other writers. That element gives an added quality of fineness to his book, which is probably the most beautiful book in the world.

Years later, in Ephesus, where Greek philosophy had tinged the thought and vocabulary of all educated people, a man named John wrote another story of Jesus. It is hardly the life story; rather it is an interpretation, and a very fine one. We should have lost some of the most beautiful sayings of Jesus if it were not for this fourth Gospel, and one has only to read it through to understand why in every age it has been so greatly loved.

These four books have much duplication, and this was such an inconvenience when copying had to be done by hand that very early in the history of the church there began to be made compilations like Tatian's "Diatessaron," which attempted to cut up the four books and knit them together into a connected story. We may be glad that none of these attempts proved successful and that, with all their duplication and occasional contradictions, we have these different records in their original form, with the earmarks of their separate authorship perfectly clear. The four are a hundred times more convincing than one account could possibly be, and the very fact that they do not all always agree is the best possible proof that they tell a real and not a manufactured story.

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(*Continued on page 38*)

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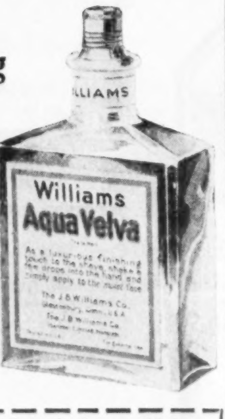

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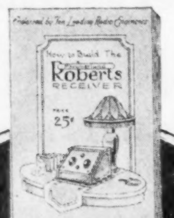
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# The Book Nobody Knows

*Continued from page 36*

siring to enter the Christian ministry were asked, "Do you believe in the Virgin Birth of Jesus?" Upon replying that they did not know how to answer the question, nor regarded the answer as vital to their work as ministers, they were rejected. It is no part of the purpose of these articles to deal with controversial subjects, but in approaching the life of Jesus we may perhaps be permitted to point out that the question of whether He was or was not born of a virgin did not seem very important to two of the writers of the Gospels. Mark makes no mention of it. John ignores it. Paul does not once refer to it, and if Jesus himself was much concerned there is no evidence of that fact. When He was assembling His disciples He called a certain Philip of Bethsaida:

"Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

If this assertion on the part of Philip was a mistake Jesus did not rebuke it nor refuse Philip and Nathanael as disciples because of it. Indeed, one astonishing fact about His life and the doctrines which have been built up about it is this: that most of the points on which the bitter controversies have been waged were apparently regarded by Jesus Himself as of lesser significance.

How many cruel debates have been waged over the question of His miracles! Nothing is clearer than that He did not attach the same importance to these mighty works that His followers did. He was often reluctant to perform them, and was so fearful that He might be advertised abroad as a wonder worker, and thus have the real significance of His teaching blurred, that He frequently urged those whom he had healed to "go and tell no man."

## The Days of the Nativity

THE question of forms and ceremonies, and revisions of prayer books, occupies the time and discussion of many church assemblies. But the one prayer which He gave to His disciples is the simplest imaginable and consists of sixty-six words. As for the place and manner and form of worship, He dismissed the whole subject as of little consequence. One of the most remarkable discourses of His ministry was delivered to an audience of one, the woman of Samaria, who said to Him:

"Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye [being a Jew] say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

To which Jesus answered:

"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

He was much more tolerant toward heretical opinions than were any of His followers, either those of His immediate circle or those who have taken His name in later days. His attitude was set forth clearly on the day when one of His disciples came boasting that he had found a man doing good in His name and, since this man was an outsider and not of their own number, the disciple had forbidden him. He doubtless expected praise, but he met a rebuke.

"And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not: for he that is not against us is for us."

His was the broadcast sort of invitation to fellowship, having no petty barriers of creed, of formula or ceremony. He "went about doing good." "Never man spake like this man." These—His good works and His good words—are the things for which He wished to be remembered; they constitute the story of His life. But what a story!

Jesus was born in troubled times. In previous chapters we have traced the rise of the Jews from their beginning as nomadic shepherds to their glory as a nation under David and Solomon (about 1000 B. C.). We have seen the kingdom split into two parts, and the long sad years of bickerings, intrigues, foreign entanglements and decline, eventuating in the capture of Jerusalem and the exile of its leading families into Babylon. In this running survey we have no time to trace the various reëstablishments of the sacred city—though this necessity for speed eliminates some fine figures, such as Nehemiah—nor its various phases of destruction. The successive conquerors of the ancient world reached a climax in Alexander, who overran more territory than any of them and, weeping because there were "no more worlds to conquer," died of dissipation in his early thirties in 323 B. C.

Immediately the kingdom of Alexander was broken up. That part of it which included Palestine came under the control first of Egypt in the days of the Ptolemies, who built the great library at Alexandria, translated the Old Testament into Greek in the version known as the Septuagint (work of seventy scholars) and opened a home in Egypt for many thousands of Jews. Egyptian domination gave place to that of the sporadic Grecianized Syrian kingdom, in which King Antiochus is the most interesting figure to us, since his tyranny inspired the revolt of the Maccabees.

This Maccabean family, a heroic Jewish priest and his seven brave sons, began a war with no higher hope than that of dying for the faith, and they achieved the impossible result of winning the freedom of their country. Again a race of Jewish kings ruled in Jerusalem. This in the middle of the second century before Christ (about 150 B. C., as a rough, easy date). A sturdy little kingdom it was, but unable to stand very long against invaders from without and political and religious decay within. Inevitably it came under the conquering power of Rome, but the vigor of the Maccabees promised to perpetuate itself in a new line of kings. Herod, a military leader from across Jordan, allied himself with Rome and was made a kind of feudal king. He married a Maccabean princess, Marianne, whose beauty and tragic fate gripped the imaginations of the people and made the name Mary so common in New Testament times and later. Herod murdered her, and she was only one among his many victims.

Rome passed from a nominal republic into an empire. Cæsar Augustus was in Rome, and Herod reigned in Palestine when Jesus was born.

It could not be supposed that the Jews were happy under this condition. The policy of Rome was tolerant; local customs and even local prejudices were not greatly interfered with, and the Jews were permitted to carry on their worship and, to a large extent, the internal affairs of their government as they chose under their own rulers. But Rome was the power that ruled. The Jews had become a nation whose ideals were bound up in a book. If they no longer had their independence, they did still have the Law, the Prophets and the Writings. They studied these and thought they found promises that Jerusalem was again to have political power. They looked back to the days of David and Solomon, idealizing the reigns of these great kings. They were sure that some day another king of David's lineage would sit on the throne in their sacred city, and they even found in Micah a verse which some imagined to mean that their king would be born in Bethlehem:

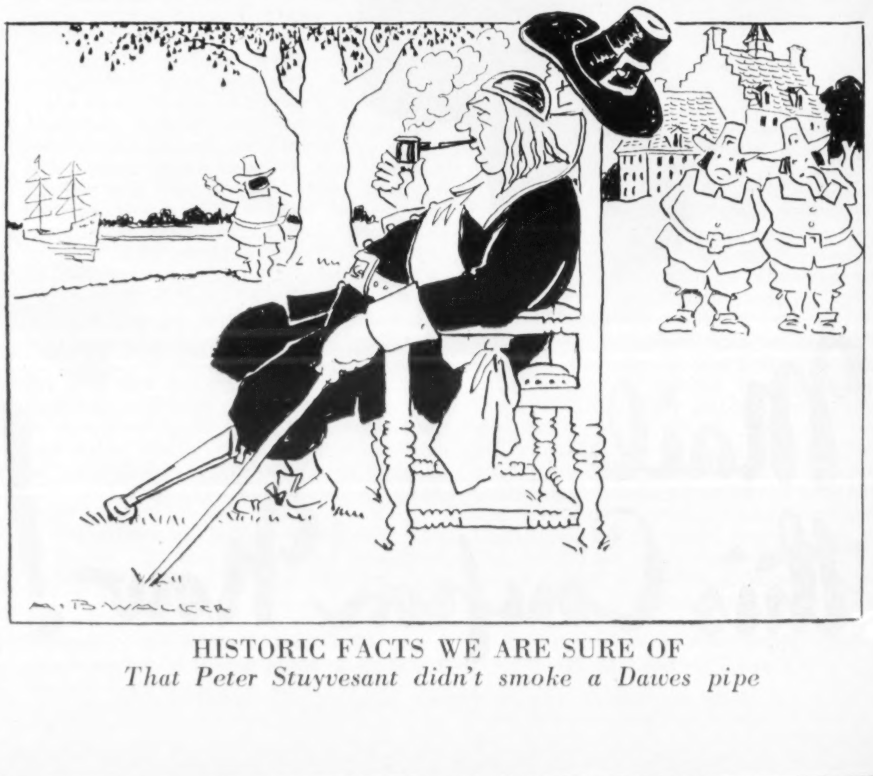
"But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

## To-day the Great Anniversary

IT IS necessary to have this little historical background in order to understand why there were two rulers simultaneously in the days of Jesus, Herod, the king, whom Jesus characterized as "that fox," and Pilate, the Roman governor; and why the Jewish crowds, fired by patriotic enthusiasm, sought to take Jesus, "Son of David," by force and make Him their king; and why, when He refused, they melted away from Him and allowed the shouts of "Hosanna!" of Palm Sunday to be drowned out on Friday by the shout of "Crucify!"

We are on the threshold now of the year 1926. As nearly as scholars can figure it out, Jesus was born about 4 B. C. The Christian chronology was not fixed until the sixth century, and our subsequent study of the Roman records which mention the great enrollment in the reign of Cæsar Augustus indicates that a mistake of about four years was made. Assuming the date 4 B. C., therefore, we approach now the nineteen hundredth anniversary of Jesus' thirtieth birthday, the time when a man became fully of age in that country where parental authority lasted longer than it does here. For all we know to-day, this very hour may mark the anniversary of the great decision which changed Him from a humble carpenter into the greatest Teacher in the world.

*"The Book Nobody Knows" will be continued in an early issue of Collier's*



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Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

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# The Little Gold God

*Continued from page 28*

and long of line, from thigh to spur as he smiled down at her from the saddle.

There had been no children. She had thanked God for that, almost her first thought on realizing what the finding of the dead body of a woman under the débris of Mark's car signified. She could at least slam and bolt the door on the past and begin life over again. But a life without men, she promised herself; at least, without marriage or entanglements.

Jean Averil gazed out across the foam-crested slate-blue winter sea. It was their first day out. In proud disdain of the broken seas the Aquatic was plowing her course serenely for Naples. There had been some movement during the night, but now the great ship was forging ahead with little more than a tremor.

She had not met her neighbor of D deck again. She had breakfasted in the dining saloon, but Cradock had not appeared.

At the back of her mind she had a little pricking of remorse. Perhaps she had been rather arrogant. After all, this grumpy fellow had been rather clever in springing forward exactly at the right moment to save her from a bad fall and, now she came to think of it, she had not even thanked him.

She had let him go without a word. How ill-bred he must have thought her! She had reached the end of the deck in her walk and, halting in the shelter of the glass screen, idly watched a canvas curtain flapping in the wind round the turn of the promenade. Why had she said nothing? Somehow the somber regard of those stern blue eyes of his had abashed her; it was stupid of course, a man she had never seen before, but the memory of that instant in which he had held her in his steely grip left her a little breathless. She shook herself impatiently as though to shed the recollection and, turning the angle of the deck, walked straight into the man she was thinking of.

He was staring into space, a lonely, rather pathetic figure. He stepped hastily back against the deck house to let her pass. But Jean stopped.

"I'm afraid I never thanked you for saving me from a nasty fall when I came on board last night," she said. "I looked for you to do so, but you had disappeared."

He averted his eyes and did not speak. Nothing daunted, Jean persisted, a little humorous note in her voice.

"I hope you didn't find D 5 *too* uncomfortable last night?"

STILL the man did not look at her or speak. Instead, he turned his back on her and walked away.

"Well!" gasped Jean, indignant. She heard a smothered laugh behind her. Simonou had come up, very smart in a soft cap, fleecy overcoat and white-and-tan deck shoes.

"Cradock's manners are past praying for, Mrs. Averil," he remarked genially. "Don't you try and take him in hand. You'll only waste your time!"

"You needn't worry!" she retorted with spirit. "It's lucky I know *some* Englishmen who aren't boors or I might judge the whole race by him. Who *is* this Cradock man?"

"He's a digger!"

"A digger? Do you mean he's a miner?"

Simonou giggled. "Good Lord, no! He's an excavator. He's been at it for years. He works for old Peter Lomax, you know, Professor Lomax, the Egyptologist."

"Really? It sounds rather interesting!"

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"Between ourselves," he said, lowering his voice, "I should steer clear of Cradock. He hasn't got a very good reputation."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it's an old story now. He was kicked out of the British diplomatic service over some scandal when he was on Kitchener's staff at the residency. The fellows in Egypt give him rather a wide berth, and he lives like a hermit out there on the Gebel, the mountains, you know, beyond Luxor."

"What did he do, do you know?"

"I've forgotten the details. There was a woman mixed up in the case. I know it was a dirty business. I'm only telling you this to warn you, you know."

Jean Averil's face hardened. "Good gracious," she retorted, "you needn't warn *me*. I've got much too strong a prejudice in favor of good manners to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Cradock, I assure you."

A bugle brayed merrily in the entrails of the ship.

"Luncheon!" she cried. "And I'm starving. Shall we go down?"

"A gray sea, she is not good," Jean's table companion at lunch warned her, a dapper little brown man who introduced himself as Mr. Ismail. "I was born in Alexandria and I know the sea. We run into bad weather, madame."

A pleasant, well-mannered little person, Mr. Ismail, an art dealer in Paris, he told Jean. She was interested to discover that he knew Mr. Aronfels, had seen him quite recently on the Riviera. Mr. Ismail was going to Cairo to visit his father.

"If I meet you in Cairo, madame," he said, "you come with me to our great museum. I show you things like no collection in the whole world contains, jewels like what the ladies love. The statues, the mummies—these are for the professors. But I will take you to see the golden crown of Queen Tewosret with the fifteen blossoms and the ruby bracelet of the treasure of Tûkh-el-Karamûs. I will make myself your guide. You come with me, hein?"

LUNCHEON over, Jean went to her cabin and rested until tea time. She was seated before her mirror powdering her nose preparatory to mounting to the lounge when Simmons appeared.

"There's a black outside asking for you, madam," she boomed.

"What does he want?"

"Not being acquainted with his heathen lingo, madam, I'm shore I can't say. He has a letter. I went to take it from him, but no, his lordship won't part with it."

"Well, Simmons," said Jean, smiling and casting a precautionary glance in the glass, "I'd better see him, I suppose."

In the alleyway outside the cabin an immense coal-black man, gorgeously arrayed in scarlet, waited submissively. On seeing Jean he made a rapid gesture, laying the palm of his hand in quick succession upon forehead, lips and heart, at the same time bowing low. He held out a letter. It was addressed to "Mrs. Averil." Jean opened the letter and read:

DEAR MRS. AVERIL:

*I have had a wireless from my friend Lady Rachel Hannington telling me that I may present my respects to you. It would give me great pleasure if you would dine with me and a few friends this evening. I shall be waiting for you in the smokeroom at half past eight. I hope you will be able to come.*

The note was signed "Said Hussein" and there was a postscript which said

*Please give Makhmoud your reply.*

"Good Heavens," thought Jean. "Rachel's Egyptian prince!"

She turned to the messenger. "Will you tell the prince," she began. But the Arab only flashed his teeth at her and, spreading out his hands, made a clicking noise with his tongue and balanced his head to and fro. She realized that he wished to tell her he did not understand English. So she tore off the back of the letter and wrote:

*I shall be delighted to come.*
JEAN AVERIL.

(*Continued on page 40*)

Harvey
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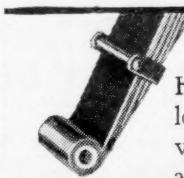

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Harvey RACINE

"Dear me! What can I give John for Christmas?" exclaimed Sally.

"Does he shave himself?" asked Phil.
"Yes, and how he hates it."

"That's fine," said Phil, "for I know something you can give him which will make his shaving a joy."

"Really! I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Give him a Twinplex Stropper," suggested Phil.

"I don't believe he would use it. I've heard John say he wouldn't bother to strop his blades, new blades are so cheap."

"He won't say that after he has had one shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex," insisted Phil.

"Does Twinplex really improve a new blade?" asked Sally.

"I should say it does. I never knew what a good shave was until I shaved with a new blade which had been stropped on Twinplex," said Phil emphatically.

"Will a Twinplex make a blade last longer?" asked Sally.

"You bet it will," Phil ejaculated, "Why I use one blade for weeks at a time."

"How jolly," exclaimed Sally, "I'll give John a Twinplex and it won't cost anything for he won't have to buy so many blades."

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*Twinplex*
*Stroppers*
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

# The Little Gold God

*Continued from page 39*

She gave the slip to the native.

When she entered the smokeroom that evening, not more than a quarter of an hour after the appointed time, her questioning eye picked out no one whose appearance even remotely coincided with her idea of the outward semblance of an Oriental prince. A vigorous-looking man, exceedingly well-groomed, with tawny hair, seemed to be watching the door. But it was not until he came up and spoke to her that she realized that he was her host.

"It was so nice of you to come: it is Mrs. Averil, isn't it?" was his greeting. "Let me give you a cocktail. And you must meet my guests."

His English was absolutely flawless, and his voice had a restful quality that was most attractive. In his well-tailored dinner coat and white waistcoat with its four very small solitaire diamond buttons he looked like a fashionable Londoner. There was a little touch of extreme deference in his address to Jean that suggested the Continent, but there was nothing of the East about him unless it were the magnificent emerald cabochon ring which he wore on the little finger of his right hand. The splendid stone rather unpleasantly drew attention to the fact that the first joint of the finger which it adorned was missing.

THE prince presented her to a string of people, the Henry Richboroughs, a New York banker and his wife, the last named a matronly person with short hair of that extraordinary shade which its votaries suppose to be auburn; an Italian marchese in a violently waisted dinner coat with a white camellia in his buttonhole; an elderly Englishman; an ox-eyed Swedish countess in black velvet. At dinner, which was served at a special table, Jean found herself on the right hand of their host, Mr. Richborough on her other side.

"And so this is your first visit to Egypt?" said the prince to Jean. "I have a house in Cairo. I trust I shall see something of you. Where are you going to stay?"

At Shepheards', she told him. She wanted to be central, as she intended to spend only a few days in Cairo before going up to Luxor. "They tell me that Cairo is apt to be cold in January," she said, "and I do so long for the warmth of the sun."

The prince nodded. "Only those who have seen the sunset at Luxor, or, better still, the dawn, can understand why inevitably the ancient Egyptians worshipped Amon-Ra, the sun god. At Luxor you have the Nile and the hills, but without the sun they are nothing. It is the sun which clothes them with their beauty—'Amon-Ra that giveth life,' as the inscriptions in the tombs say."

He spoke vigorously, arrestingly, with a glitter in his eye. His eyes were the strangest part of him, Jean told herself—reddish in hue, the lashes golden, the heavy eyebrows tawny against the smooth white brow. The irises seemed to catch the light like the sheen on the stone they call cat's eye and, with the play of light and shade, to vary in color from topaz-yellow to madder-brown.

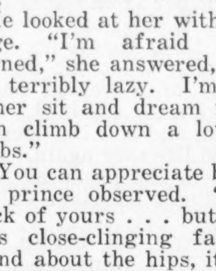
"Are you interested in Egyptology?" he asked her.

"I've got a lot of books," she rejoined. "I'm going to read it up."

"Fatal, absolutely fatal," he announced in mock despair. "With your head a jumble of facts you'll hire a dragoman at Luxor and you'll rush round from tomb to temple and from temple to tomb and your guide will confuse your mind still further with his bad English and, worse, with his inaccurate scraps of knowledge. No human being can, in the span of a man's life, obtain a really comprehensive grasp of the whole historical and religious significance of the Egypt of the Pharaohs. So why do the winter tourists try? Ignore the facts, ignore the history, my dear Mrs. Averil, and seek only for the beauty in life of this strange people whose whole existence centered in the sun."

He looked at her with an air of challenge. "I'm afraid I'm not very learned," she answered, smiling. "And I'm terribly lazy. I'm quite sure I'd rather sit and dream in the sunshine than climb down a lot of musty old tombs."

"You can appreciate beauty, I know," the prince observed. "This charming frock of yours . . . but it is Egyptian! This close-clinging fabric, this sash bound about the hips, it is the national dress of the women of old Egypt. Even thus is Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten, Tutankhamen's young queen, depicted on the panels of the king's chair of state. Just such dresses, in colors as brilliant as your cloth of gold, though the artists have been dust these three thousand years, you will see incised on the walls of the tombs in the Valley of the Kings. You are a lover of beauty, Mrs. Averil. If you have eyes to see, you will find it in the ruins of Egypt's ancient civilization."



**Three little maids from school set out in snowy Poland to rout the whole Bolshevist army. You will laugh, of course, but you will love them, every one. The story is in next week's Collier's**

*The* DAGGER
*By*
PHYLLIS BOTTOME

"You remind me of what an Egyptian I met at lunch was telling me," she remarked. "A man called Ismail; he's a dealer in Paris. Perhaps you know him?"

The lynx eyes flamed oddly. The prince's long fingers, with their sparse thatch of light down, stole up and smoothed down the reddish bristles of his close-cropped head, yellowing at the temples where the years had set their mark.

"It's a very common name in Egypt," he replied.

But now a diversion was caused by the precipitate flight of the ox-eyed Swede. The ship had begun to get lively. The vibration had increased and the Aquatic was developing a long pitching movement that had an almost instaneous effect on the attendance in the dining-room. The Italian marchese, his face as white as his camellia, was the second casualty at the prince's table, leaving Jean, the Richboroughs and the elderly Englishman at coffee with their host. At length, however, the Englishman rose.

"Prince," he said, "I never push fate too hard. I thank you for a truly Lucullian dinner . . . but I am going to bed."

Richborough looked at his wife. "That's what I call a lead," he remarked. "What about it, Aimée?"

"Why, if the prince wouldn't think us very rude," his wife fervently agreed, "I think perhaps—"

Said Hussein laughed with a glint of white teeth and glanced interrogatively at Jean. An alluring vision of a hot-water bottle, a snug eiderdown, a book and a reading-lamp flashed across her mind.

"Oh," she cried whole-heartedly, "I'd just love to go to bed . . . before it's too late!"

That made them all laugh, and they broke up very cheerily. As Jean made her way down the room in front of the prince, her eyes fell upon Cradock eating a lonely dinner at a table by himself, an open book propped up against a fruit dish. She went past him, her head in the air, but she felt the stern blue eyes search her face.

She had the impression that there was something severely disapproving in their regard.

Prince Said Hussein finished his cigar in the smokeroom. Save for the steward making up his day's chits at the bar, he had the place to himself. Like all Orientals, he seemed to possess the secret of indefinite spells of complete inactivity. With a brandy and soda on the marble-topped table at his elbow, he sat erect on the squeaking leather settee, seemingly indifferent to the movement of the ship and looking straight ahead.

Suddenly, with a blast of cold wind, the door swung open. Mr. Ismail stood swaying in the entrance, his small, dun-colored hands grasping the framework while his feet negotiated the brass-bound bar. He was limp and his sallow face was almost greenish in hue. He came in, shutting the door behind him, and, crossing the slanting floor, dropped into a chair. Silently he beckoned the steward over and in an almost inaudible voice ordered a small bottle of Veuve Cliquot.

The prince paid no attention to the newcomer.

Greedily Ismail emptied the glass which the deferential attendant filled. Then he took from his pocket a copy of the passenger list which had been distributed at dinner that evening and began to study it. He was aroused from this occupation by the voice of his vis-à-vis across the room. For the first time the other passenger had spoken.

"I'll take another brandy and soda, Steward," he said.

At the sound of that voice Ismail looked up quickly. He saw the speaker languidly push his empty glass across the table. The green fire of the great emerald on the little finger of that slim and artistic hand blazed in the electric light. It drew the eye, as Jean Averil had noted, to the stunted finger shorn of a joint. Ismail started, half rose to his feet and sat down again. He put his hand out and refilled his glass, emptying the bottle. As with the first, he drained the second glass at a draft. Then he stood up and unsteadily made for the door. As it slammed behind him the prince spoke again.

"Steward," he said, "I've changed my mind. I don't think I'll take that second drink after all."

He glanced at his wrist and rose to his feet. "A quarter past eleven," he remarked. "I'd no idea it was so late. Good night!"

And he followed Mr. Ismail out upon the wet and windy deck.

JEAN AVERIL stopped brushing her straight brown hair and raised her head to listen. Someone was tapping at the door of her cabin. She glanced at her traveling clock. A quarter past eleven! Who could it be at that hour of the night? She laid down her brush and, shaking her hair back over her shoulders, went to the door. She opened it a little way, lifting the hook, and found herself gazing into the saddle-colored face of Mr. Ismail. Under the electric light his eyeballs glinted whitely. He was breathing hard and his face was troubled.

"Oh, pardon!" the Egyptian exclaimed on recognizing her. "I thought it was the cabin of Meestair Cradock. Excuse me, madame, I beg!"

"It's all right," Jean smiled back at him. "This used to be Mr. Cradock's cabin, you know, but we changed. His is D 5, along the passage."

"Thank you, madame, and once again a thousand pardons!"

She closed the door. She shut it fast this time and locked it. She did not like the idea of saddle-skinned, dark-eyed gentlemen tiptoeing about outside her cabin at dead of night. She did not intend to do without fresh air, however, and with considerable trouble managed to get the porthole open. She noticed that the outside of the glass was not wet, so she hoped that the seas would not come in. Then she switched off the center light, picked up a novel and hopped into bed.

She tried to read, but all kinds of disturbances intervened to distract her attention. The cabin was aslant and, one by one, things became dislodged and began to roll. Behind the washstand rail her toilet bottles slid about, colliding noisily together, until, lest they should get broken, she was obliged to quit her warm bed and wedge them firm with a towel. Then with a crash her dressing-case descended from its stool to the floor and presently her golf sticks rattled to the ground. She let them lie. . . .

Jean clasped the friendly hot-water bag to her and snuggled down under the warm bedclothes, relaxing her limbs and letting her body go with the steady movement of the ship. Sleep stole softly over her. With drowsy eyes she watched the detail of her cabin fade away, her ermine wrap swaying on a peg, the crimson roses that Rachel Hannington had given her rocking with the water in the basin, the lifebelt in its rack above her head mirrored in the long glass of the wardrobe. She stretched herself and felt at peace.

"WOMEN," said Mr. Reginald Renton, one of the two wireless operators of the Aquatic, "are very like wireless, Mr. Cradock. Some days communication's dead easy and everything in the garden's lovely, and other times there's atmospherics and you're jammed something cruel. Now, there's a young lady I take out sometimes when we're on the Atlantic run—on the other side, she is, lives over Flatbush way, that's a suburb of N'York, y'know. I've known that girl—"

Here, loudly spluttering, the master of his fate from 8 P. M. to midnight called him, and his anecdote was lost. Adjusting his ear-pieces, the operator whipped a pencil out of an empty cigarette tin and drew his message pad toward him.

Perched high up on the topmost structure of the great ship, abaft the bridge, the isolation of the wireless cabin appealed to David Cradock's hermit soul. He had come up there after dinner to send a wireless and had remained to smoke a pipe and chat with the blond and engaging youth in charge. That is to say, he listened, sitting quietly smoking, while Renton, as and when his duties permitted, discoursed.

"Eleven-twenty!" announced the operator, glancing at the clock, and scribbled down the time on the message he had taken while, with his free hand, he punched a bell. A steward came and carried the message away. At his arrival and departure the wind tore like a fiend at the door.

"We'll be late getting into Naples if this weather lasts," the youth observed. The door opened again, admitting all the tumult of the night. A trim figure, his thin evening clothes fluttering about him, stood on the threshold.

"Good evening," the new arrival said pleasantly. "Can I send a wireless to Cairo?"

"Only via Naples, sir," the operator replied. "We shan't be in touch with the land station at Alex. before Tuesday morning. It would be quicker and cheaper to cable from Naples. We should be in before noon to-morrow."

"I dare say you're right," the other rejoined placidly. Then, catching sight of Cradock: "Why, hullo! I didn't see you there. I'd heard that you were on board."

"Good evening, Said Hussein," the Englishman returned without enthusiasm.

"Been to England?"

"Yes!"

"Going back to Luxor, eh?"

"Yes!"

"How's old Lomax?"

"Very fit!"

"Is he coming out this year?"

"No!"

Cradock's manner was distant almost to rudeness. But the prince affected not to remark it. He remained keeping up a one-sided conversation with Cradock until a step sounded without and the relief operator appeared.

Cradock stood up. "Midnight!" he announced. "I think I'll turn in. Good night, Renton. Good night, Said Hussein."

"I'm coming too," the prince replied. The two men descended the heaving companion together, Renton at their heels.

ABRUPTLY Jean Averil sat up in bed. Her heart was hammering madly. She cast frightened glances about her. Her book lay face downward on the eiderdown: the electric light still burned at the bedside.

She looked at her clock. Five minutes past twelve! She must have dozed, but now she was awake, wide awake and horribly frightened. She listened, but she heard only the thumping of her heart. That sound—that terrifying sound that had startled her from sleep—that yet lingered, indefinable, in her ears—did not recur.

In a sort of panic she sprang to the door. She was barefoot, in her nightdress, but she did not think of that. She looked out. The alleyway was empty, the electric globe quivering slightly to the shaking of the ship and burning yellow.

She darted across to D 5. It was dark, the door hooked back. She put out her hand to the switch by the door and turned on the light. The cabin was empty. Then she saw a piece of paper, twisted up into a cocked hat, lying just over the threshold. Mechanically she picked it up and stood irresolute.

Suddenly, from behind, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder. She spun round. Cradock's stern eyes looked into hers, searching her face. His mouth was grim.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. He did not relax his grasp on her shoulder but, holding her from him, peered past her into his cabin. His face softened, but then he saw the note in her hand. His eyes grew angry and he snatched the paper from her. He pointed to the superscription: "Mr. D. Cradock."

She fell back against the door jamb. He gave her a glance full of suspicion, then unfolded the note and read it. Crushing it in his hand, he thrust his face into hers.

"Let me warn you once and for all," he said, "not to meddle in my affairs. There's nothing in my correspondence to interest you or anybody else."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she gasped.

"And this note in your hand?"

"I picked it up off the floor. I was frightened. I came to ask if you had heard anything."

She felt his eyes on her face.

"What should I have heard?"

"Someone cried out. It seemed to me. . . . I thought I heard a scream."

"When? Where?"

"Just now. It seemed to come from outside."

Beneath its gossamer covering her bosom rose and fell rapidly. She glanced down at her nightdress and the color mounted her cheeks.

"Let me go back to my room!" she said, for he still stood between her and the door of her cabin. But he did not budge. He remained staring at her somberly. Her arm went out and she struck him across the chest.

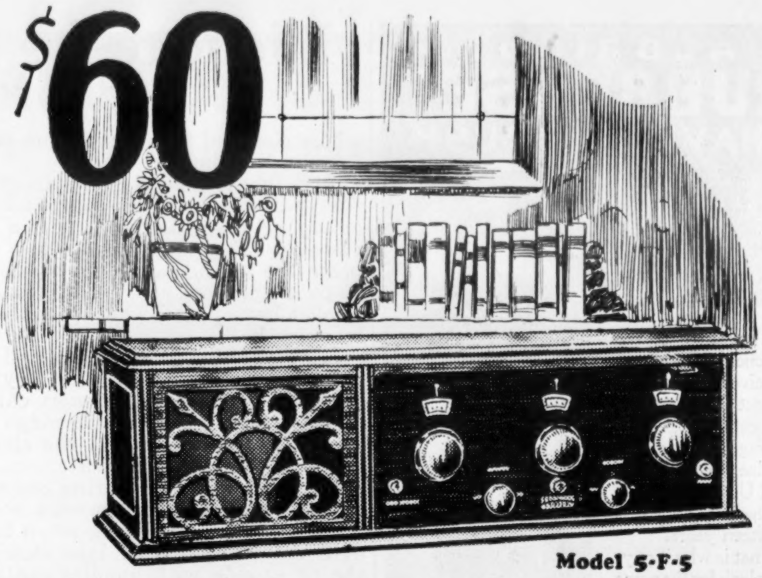
"Let me pass, I say!" she cried.

On that he stepped aside.

She fled back to her cabin and he heard her lock the door. He stood impassive, twisting the note in his fingers. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he roused himself from his lethargy and went headlong down the sloping corridor by the way he had come.

(*To be continued next week*)

$60



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# Etiquette for Christmas Shoppers

*Continued from page 5*

whose clenched fists the missing apparel may be dangling.

A lady entering a store dragging a four-year-old girl by the hand and emerging from the battle with a forty-two-year-old man in her arms should place the gentleman down on the floor at once and declare, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I must have picked you up in the rush by mistake!"

His reply should be, "That's all right, lady. I was glad to get inside, anyway!" Should a lady entering a store carrying a forty-two-year-old man emerge dragging a four-year-old girl the situation will be found more intricate.

Should a shopper entering one side of a revolving door with bundles containing a bathrobe, a smoking set, a talking doll and ten yards of lace emerge on the other side with bundles containing an electric heater, a pair of skates, a game of parchesi and a layer cake she should realize that accidents will happen.

*Getting Information.* Floorwalkers are maintained in all well-conducted stores to furnish Christmas shoppers with directions, routes, detours, current gossip, weather forecasts, small talk, business information, advice to the lovelorn, etc., etc. These gentlemen may be approached without either a personal or written introduction. They are very busy men, and the talk should be brief and to the point. For example:

*Shopper:* "Didn't I meet you here last season?"

*Floorwalker:* "I'm afraid so."

*Shopper:* "Well, well! You haven't changed a bit. A little stouter perhaps, but that's all."

*Floorwalker:* "You're looking good. How are all the folks?"

*Shopper:* "You never can tell."

*Floorwalker:* "It's a small world, after all, isn't it?"

*Shopper:* "I wouldn't be surprised."

*Floorwalker:* "I hope you're having no trouble getting around our store."

*Shopper:* "So do I. By the way, on what floor will I find the sale of ivory toilet sets?"

*Floorwalker:* "That's very funny; I heard it told in another form, though."

Thus supplied with complete information, the shopper should take her leave of the floorwalker with a slight nod and smile. It is not necessary to shake hands.

*Elevator Conduct.* Every larger department store, realizing that its patrons are entitled to diversion, conducts an exhilarating game known as Storm-the-Elevator. The outfit with which the game is played consists of from two to six elevators and as many clocklike dials over each. The game is played between the shoppers coming from the upper floors and those trying to get away from the lower. Each side tries to keep the other out.

The team on the lower floor masses its strength at whichever doorway it thinks the next elevator will appear. It is largely a matter of guesswork and is made more difficult by the fact that the clocklike dials which are supposed to indicate the whereabouts of each elevator are almost always "fixed" to deceive the players.

In front of these elevators is a gentleman in a gray uniform. He is the referee. The moment an elevator lands and the door is thrown open the referee cries, "Play!" "Fore!" 'Backgammon!" or something similarly deceptive.

Hurdling is barred under the rules adopted two years ago, but everything else goes. From one to fifteen minutes is allowed for a decision one way or the other. At the end of the allotted time, if neither side has established its right to a clear victory, those on the team in the elevator are locked in the cage again and sent to the top of the shaft, while the contending players mobilize for a return match.

During the trips up and down in one of these elevators the patrons are entertained by an auxiliary game conducted by the operator. Before each door he calls "Ladiesandmissescoatssuitsjacketsfrocksshoesglovesandhose," "Womensunderwearshoesnightgownsdressinggowns," etc., etc. The occupants of the elevator write on white slips whatever they think the right answer to be and drop the slips down the shaft. The winner is given her choice of a set of Browning, of six pairs of storm rubbers and an electric toaster.

*Making the Gift Selections.* Ultimately, of course, every shopper (outside of the dead, injured and missing) reaches the department she seeks. The battle is now half of one per cent won. At this point it is considered good form to meet the salesmen and salesladies. No special rules of approach are set down. They may be accosted from the right or left. Both salespeople and Christmas shoppers should remain standing during all conversations, parleys, pourparlers and tête-à-têtes. No formality of address or response is expected. It is sufficient for the shopper to say, "I want to see some Noah's arks. How much are the large ones?" And for the saleslady to reply, briefly, "You go upstairs three flights, lady, for socks for Noah or anybody else."

*Having the Gifts Sent.* It is optional with the Christmas shopper whether she will have the goods sent or carry them with her. Should she, for example, having purchased a cute little mechanical dog for a five-year-old child, wish to have it sent to the infant's home, she may say, simply, "Send it, if you please."

"Where to?" the saleslady should ask, taking out a pad and pencil and flirting with a red-headed youth two alleys away.

"To Baby Alice Noonan, care of Mr. and Mrs. Seth Noonan, 253 Elm Street, City," may be the reply.

"To Ray B. Alinoonan, care of Mr. and Mrs. S. Newton, 652 Avenue B, City," the saleslady will reply, making eyes at the new stock clerk.

The net result of whatever may be said after this will be that to the baby will be sent a lovely mustache cup, shaving brush and razor, while some elderly business man will receive the mechanical dog with a card inscribed "To Darling Baby."

*Meeting Santa Claus.* All stores worthy of the name, and many unworthy of it, have a large supply of Santa Clauses. These gentlemen will be found in groups of six or eight in each aisle, and it is considered proper to introduce children to them formally. A mother presenting a child should say, "Wilbur, this is Santa Claus, of whom you have heard me speak so often. Mr. Claus, this is my little boy, Wilbur, who has been very anxious to make your acquaintance."

The child should reply, "Charmed, I am sure. The pleasure is mine," or "This is a great privilege," adding as an afterthought, "Anything you can do for me will be appreciated."

This should be repeated all down the line of Santa Clauses until at the words "Wilbur, this is Santa Claus," the child replies, "So is your Aunt Susie!"

*When the Shopper Brings Her Husband.* Although there is no explicit rule covering the matter, tradition requires that a husband, however red-blooded and virile, submit to one Xmas shopping trip with his wife. It is not necessary that he do it meekly. Two or three weeks of bluster are allowed him before the surrender.

It is then good form for him to meet the wife in the doorway of the store when the rioting is at its height. Custom provides that his mouth be drawn down sharply at the corners and that his expression be very resigned.

While propriety demands that a gentleman enter a department store with a lady on his arm it is not considered avoidable if he enters during the Xmas season with two or three dozen ladies on his neck.

After sensing by the change in atmosphere and light that he has completed the trip through the doorway on his hands and knees, he should rise, lift what remains of his hat, smile and remark nonchalantly, "Hey, Emma! Where the devil are you?"

*When a Single Gentleman Desires to Accompany a Single Lady on a Shopping Tour.* A single gentleman designing to accompany a single lady on a Christmas shopping tour, if he has not been presented, should seek an introduction through mutual friends. This may be done by the friend in person with some such brief introduction as "Miss Minnehaha, this is Mr. Ambrose McTavish, a very dear friend of mine. He wants to take you through some of the more congested department stores." To which the lady should respond, offering her hand, "Glad to meet you. For a time I was afraid I might have to go through it alone."

*Leaving a Department Store After Casual Visit.* When a lady, having been received by and spent an afternoon with a department store during the holiday rush, takes her departure she should do so graciously. She should seek the proprietor or one of his floor agents and smilingly say, "Good afternoon. I wish to thank you for an afternoon I shall never forget. It has been most unusual." It is sufficient for the gentleman to bow and reply, "Keep moving, please, and don't block them aisles!"

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In leaving the store through any of the congested exits there are certain well-defined rules of etiquette governing right of way. For example, a lady carrying a rocking horse, a hockey stick and a boy scout ax has the right of way over a lady trying to fight her way out but carrying only a bundle of calico dress goods and a locket.

Likewise a lady making her exit with a boy's rifle, a gentleman's sword cane, a box of knives and forks and a pogo stick has the right of way over one carrying a string of pearls, a pair of mittens, a lamp shade and six radio tubes.

It is a matter of equipment.

*Married Men Leaving Department Stores with Wives.* Don't be silly. A married man leaving or entering a department store with his wife has no rights whatsoever.

***In an early issue you'll find another helpful article by Mr. Phillips, the world's deepest student of etiquette***

# Madonna of the Mesa

*Continued from page 4*

He turned in his chair and pointed at the workbench. He was indicating the large, swathed figure at the right. Then I felt a peculiar tension. My eyes turned to E-ho-de, whose brown hands were plunged in the soapy suds of the dish pan. She was rigid, intense. She had almost ceased to breathe, it seemed. Her eyes had grown wider, and there was in them now nothing but fear—stark, naked fear!

It was only for an instant. She bent her head again, and her hands lifted the dripping dishes to the bare boards of the table. Jesusito had made up his mind concerning me—and the watch. He wanted to investigate us both. He turned his round, babyish face up to his mother's, as if asking permission. Then with solemn, waddling dignity he came across to us, peered up in my face, and put his chubby hand on Ross Tenerforth's knee.

Ross Tenerforth stooped down and caught him up. He spoke to him in a jargon of very bad Navaho and very good English. The child seemed to understand, however. He permitted himself a seraphic smile, that changed his whole countenance from that of a stolid young savage to a benign symbol of happy childhood. Again I stole a glance at the young Navaho mother. She was watching the two with a soft, almost imperceptible smile on her face. And in her eyes there was no fear. Only worship. She continued to smile, in that dreamy, inner fashion, while Ross Tenerforth teased Jesusito, counted his ribs and made him giggle and squirm.

"Ross!" I burst out suddenly. "I want the meaning of all this. I suppose I ought to be polite and pretend I don't notice anything, but you and I are too good friends for that sort of pretense. What has changed you? What has happened to you in the years you have been living here on the mesa? And why is—that girl—afraid of you?"

I lowered my voice at the last. I did not know how much English she might understand. But she did not change expression or indicate in any way that she knew herself to be the object of my interest.

Ross, however, was leaning toward me, his whole being intent upon my words. Jesusito murmured petulantly at the sudden movement and began to snuggle like a sleepy puppy into the crook of Ross' arm.

"Changed me," he repeated. "Have you noticed it too? I have felt something—something so intangible that I cannot put my finger on it. I wonder, Clive; I wonder."

He leaned back in his chair again, considering my second question.

"E-ho-de is afraid of me, you say? Well, that might be, and yet I thought she had outgrown that feeling. When you live in the dark you become very sensitive to outside influences. At first I used to sense her fear. But lately it has seemed to me her attitude has changed. Still afraid, is she? Poor, superstitious E-ho-de! Do you want to know the reason, Clive? *She thinks I own her soul!*"

"Explain," I said tersely. "What is this about fear?"

ROSS settled little Jesusito more comfortably in his arm. He listened, to catch the rattle of pans, E-ho-de's progress. She came forward, as if at a signal, and put a chunk of mesquite root upon the fire. She looked down at the sleeping baby, said something, half holding out her arms. Ross shook his head.

"Let him sleep," he said in Navaho. She bent her head and turned away to her work, seemingly forgetful of our presence.

"Well," he said, puffing at his pipe, "there isn't a great deal to tell, after all. When I first came here I discovered that I wouldn't be able to get any models among the Navahos or the neighboring tribes. They have an ingrown superstition regarding posing for a painting or a sculpture.

"They would not pose for me, and I found myself regarded with a great deal of suspicion and animosity. So I took to observing things keenly and to working them out alone. That was how I first saw E-ho-de.

"My eyes were pretty bad, but I was using them for all they were worth. I was out on the mesa one blinding hot day, following a trail that led up toward the purple cliffs. Very suddenly I came on a picture such as you see only once in a lifetime. On a ledge in front of me stood E-ho-de, holding this child in her arms—he was just a baby at the time. She was clutching him rigidly against her breast, and their two faces were distorted with a stark, primeval fear: the baby because of the hurt that she was giving him in clutching him so tightly against her; the girl because on a shelf of rock, not three feet from her face, was a huge coiled rattler, his wicked, beady-eyed head reared, his tail, with its rings of sinister rattles, vibrating with deadly import.

"She was frozen there, motionless, paralyzed with fear. She did not dare make the slightest movement, because at any instant the rattler might strike. She was in agony lest the baby make some outcry and draw upon himself that terrible venomed lunge. And so they stood, a group that burned itself into my brain. *Fear!* Primitive fear! The basic, fundamental thing in all of us. And here it was, expressed in its most elemental form—an Indian woman and child, afraid of the sinister forces of nature!

"Can you see it, Clive, as I saw it, that burning hot day? Oh, I'm frank to admit, their danger meant little to me. I stood there, filling my eyes with that tableau, taking in every detail! the twisted features of the girl, the agony of her clutch, the way one hand pressed the child's head against her breast. And the baby's face too, realizing remotely that something terrible threatened him! One little hand was half extended; the fat brown fingers were upturned and curved—oh, what a picture that was!"

"But the rattler!" I broke in impatiently.

I WAS seeing the old, rabid spirit of Ross Tenerforth again. To have looked at such a scene merely as an inspiration of a group sculpture! To have thought nothing of the peril of that terrified woman and her baby!

"Did you kill it?"

He laughed at my tone.

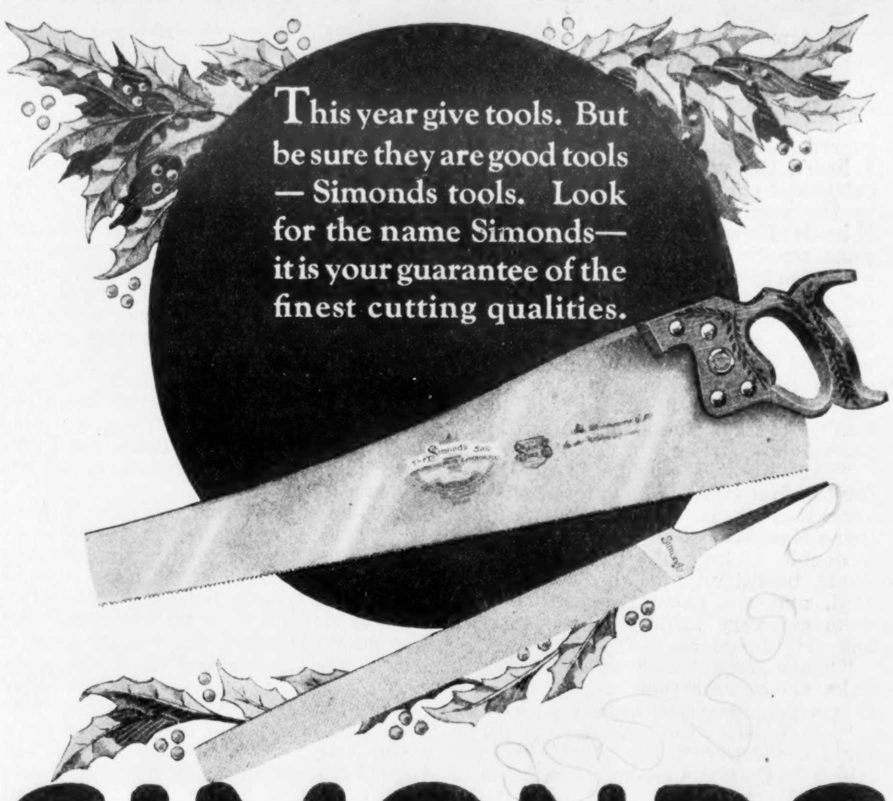
"I am sorry to say I was not so heroic. Disappointing as it must be to you, the act had no melodramatic ending. I dare say I should have come galloping up and seized the reptile by its tail, bowing to the fair lady, and saying, 'Madame, permit me. You are now quite safe. I have slain the serpent that menaced you!' But the truth is like that, Clive, as I often used to tell you—very simple, and for that reason a stepchild in a world that craves thrills. No, Clive; the rattler, sensing another presence, suddenly was overcome by cowardice. He turned his venomous eyes on me and then he uncoiled himself and slipped away into a crevice in the rock. The girl still stood there clutching the baby with that painful, terrified grip. I did not move until she did. Even then the fingers of my imagination were taking that scene and molding it, bringing into concrete form that tableau of awful, primitive fear.

"That was the beginning of my acquaintance with E-ho-de. But it was a long time before it developed into anything beyond a casual nod whenever I saw her in the village.

"From the first, I tried to tempt her to be my model. I felt that my imagination was not enough. I wanted to create something that should stand as my masterpiece; something that would justify my existence in the world of art. She would not listen to me. And when she found out more clearly what it was I wanted, she used to hide the baby's face whenever she passed me.

(*Continued on page 44*)

**HANDY GIFTS FOR HANDY MEN**



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# Madonna of the Mesa

*Continued from page 43*

"I commenced modeling the group from memory, only to find that I needed the inspiration of life to make the straining muscles live again in my clay.

"Then the fortunate accident occurred. Jesusito became suddenly ill. I heard the witch doctor shaking his rattle and chanting one night as I went by the hogan, and the next day I saw E-ho-de blowing quail feathers with some mystic formula that I surmised was a prayer for health. She caught my eye, and saw the smile on my lips—I imagine I smiled rather derisively. Her face went almost white, and her widened eyes burned upon me. She gave a little gasp, and I saw her watching me, motionless, a fluff of quail feathers in her hand, long after I had passed on.

"That night she came to my house for the first time. She entered without knocking, as is the custom with all these Navahos. She had in her hands a double string of native turquoise beads, beautifully polished and graduated, and she came forward, holding them out very timidly, her eyes wide and frightened as a fawn's.

"'Take them,' she said haltingly; 'take them, and then unsay the evil charm you have put upon my child.'

"I laughed at her, of course. But I could not convince her that I had not laid a spell on the baby. I managed to gather from her conversation that the witch doctor had failed to cure the child; that all the prayers she had said both to the Christian God and the many gods of her own people had been unavailing. Jesusito grew steadily worse. She was sure that I had bewitched the child in revenge for her refusal to pose for me. She tried to force the turquoise beads on me, and I grew impatient and then angry.

"SHE crept up to me, pleading, almost upon her knees. Her persistence irritated me, and I finally flung her hand away so that the blue strands went clattering against the floor. Then I caught up a bottle from my medicine kit: a very homely remedy, Clive—castor oil—and I thrust it into her hand.

"'Give that to your squawling brat,' I said in English, 'and let me alone.' I amended my harshness enough to show her the dose for a small child. Then I pushed her out of the door and gave myself up to morose broodings. If the child died, there was indeed an end to the group of which I had dreamed so constantly.

"But Jesusito did not die. The very next night came E-ho-de, silently as before, and stood in the doorway with her hands clasped upon her breast. I could hardly see her face—my eyes were very bad indeed.

"But it seemed to me that she stood in a glow of golden light. There was a glory in her eyes that was like the sunlight through cathedral windows. She said only a few words, in Navaho, and so slowly that even I could understand them.

"'My child lives. He lives because of you. You shall make my other self whenever you wish it. I give you my soul for the life of my child.'

"Do you see, Clive? According to her belief, her soul would be imprisoned in any reproduction of her body. It would become the property of whoever owned the statue. A precious gift! But I did not question my luck. I fell to work violently. I demanded every moment of E-ho-de's time that she could give me. Jesusito was still too ill to be carried about, so I had her clasp a bundle of the same general size and shape as the child. I had to rely on my memory for the baby's features, but, after all, they did not matter so much. The important thing was E-ho-de's face, distorted with primeval animal fear for her young.

"I managed to recreate the expression I wanted by saying to her in sharp, compelling whispers, 'Think, think of the snake, E-ho-de, that wanted your baby's life!' And the wide, deepened terror of her eyes would answer me. But one day I had kept her standing for a long time. I do not know how long I had been working, for I lost all count of time in the frenzy of my energy. My eyes were getting worse, worse. I was determined to finish the group before the coming of the darkness.

"On this day I saw that E-ho-de's strength was flagging. I had exhausted even her stolid Indian patience. Her face was strained, dull. Her eyes drooped heavily, and her shoulders slumped as if she were asleep on her feet.

"'The snake! The snake!' I hissed at her. But she only lifted her tired eyelids apathetically. Then I tried something else. It was cruel, but I was not thinking of kindness—only of my work.

"'E-ho-de,' I flung at her, 'I have your soul! Think of it, your soul, E-ho-de! It is confined in this piece of clay. It will be sold from hand to hand—you will lose it, forever—forever!'

"She straightened up suddenly, and her hands clutched the bundle against her breast spasmodically. Terror—oh, yes, I saw it in her eyes as I had never seen it before. And it thrilled me! Then the look faded before my fingers could imprison it in the clay. She turned her eyes full upon me, and into them came that golden, holy light I had seen once before.

"'I am not afraid,' she said very gently. 'It is just. My child lives. No payment is too great for that.'

"Then she slumped down in a heap of velvet and billowing skirts. I started forward. But the world went black for me too. There were red flashes before my eyes that merged into great black blots. I put my hands up to my eyes. I could not see them. I was blind! Blind at last. And my masterpiece not finished!

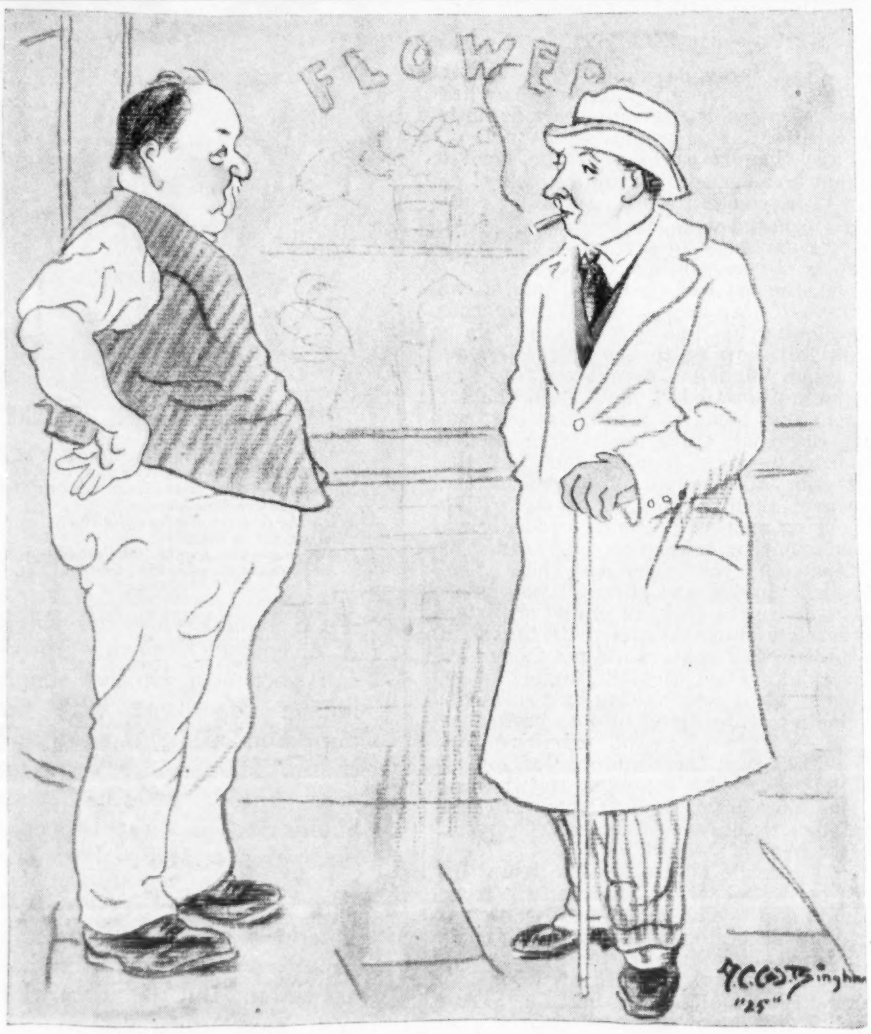
"Oh, Clive, those were bitter days, just at first. The days of readjustment when my finger tips were blind, groping things; when everything felt strange to my touch, and when unexpected obstacles sent a shock of unreasoning fright through me. I would have gone mad if it had not been for my work. I forced myself to keep on working at this group that had meant so much to me. It was hard, harder than I can tell you. But something inside drove me on, would not let me stop, even though the darkness had come.

"E-ho-de came every day, as before. Not to pose, of course, but to do the few household tasks that would help make me comfortable. Sometimes I could sense that same terror in her eyes that I was trying to immortalize in 'Primitive Fear.' But oftener I would seem to feel in her steady, silent gaze that holy light that was in her eyes the night she told me Jesusito would live. It would grow upon me, disturb me. Even when I tried to think of her as I saw her last she had not that deadly fear in her eyes, but was calm, courageous, saying gently, 'It is just.'

"For the first time in my life, Clive, my thoughts turned to the plight of someone else—to E-ho-de, who thought I owned her soul. I had lost my sight, and I had not taken the blow courageously. Why, there were times when I moaned and beat my fists against my aching eyes; times when I lay, face downward on the floor, cursing man, cursing God. But she had lost something too. Not really, of course; but does that matter? She believed it. It meant as much as my sight did to me, perhaps more. And she was so courageous. Sometimes I was tempted to stop, to hack the group to pieces, and say to her, 'There is your soul, E-ho-de; I have no power over it now.' But I couldn't. It meant too much money. Yes, there was that, surely. The life I had left, a life of comfort, of art—yes, there was that. But beyond all was that terrific urge to complete it—to make it the best of all I had ever done. It was my master. I had to go on.

"My blindness is at once an encouragement and an irritation. How do I know that I have caught the thing I was after? I cannot be sure of anything, and the uncertainty whips me alternately with delicious hope and despair in which there is terror. The outlines of the group seem to change from day to day. Have they? Have I ruined the thing which has meant so much to me? I should not have touched the features after I lost my sight. But I did. The urge was too strong. I wanted to make eyes of my finger tips so that they could tell me if the clay woman still stared at some unseen peril with wide, terror-frozen eyes. Perhaps I may have marred the features with too much handling. I am afraid—and yet I am happy. The thing has become a part of me. That is all, Clive—unless you would like to see it?"

I made some inarticulate sound. I could not trust myself to speak. So he was the same inside, after all—an utterly selfish, hard egotist who could take advantage of a girl's mother love to rob her of the thing she valued most in life and death! I looked at E-ho-de, so quietly working, and I knew that she was beautiful. There was an inner light that shone through her eyes—what was it Ross had said?—like the light through a cathedral window. How could he have missed it? How could he have ignored that beauty? How could he have distorted it, covered over the sublime courage of mother love with the ugly mask of fear?



*Young Newlywed—"Give me a dozen American Beauties; I want to forgive my wife for the quarrel we had this morning."*

ROSS had risen from his chair and had crossed to the workbench. I saw E-ho-de's eyes follow him and come to rest upon that swathed figure. She stood very quiet, as if she were afraid to breathe. With a quick movement of his hand, Ross loosened the heavy folds that covered it.

"This—this—" I stammered. "Are you serious? Is this the group you meant?"

"Yes, yes," he broke out impatiently. "Say something about it. Is it good? Bad? Hopelessly muddled by my blind handling? Tell me, Clive!"

"Ross," I said very softly, "it is good. It is magnificent. It is indeed your masterpiece. But—"

His face clouded at my last word.

"But—but—what?" he begged.

"But it is not 'Primitive Fear.' A mother and child, yes. But without fear, without ugliness. *It is the Holy Mother and the Infant Jesus* you have sculptured here."

For a long moment we stood tranced, enthralled. It was as if we were in the presence of a miracle. Then there was a cry from E-ho-de.

"It is my soul! My soul!" she breathed. "I prayed to God, the God of the padre, that He would not let my soul be lost in darkness. And it is here—here, made sacred by the Good Mother and the Little Jesus!"

The face that Ross turned to me was the groping face of a sleep walker.

"How—how," he muttered, "did I do that? What has happened? Tell me."

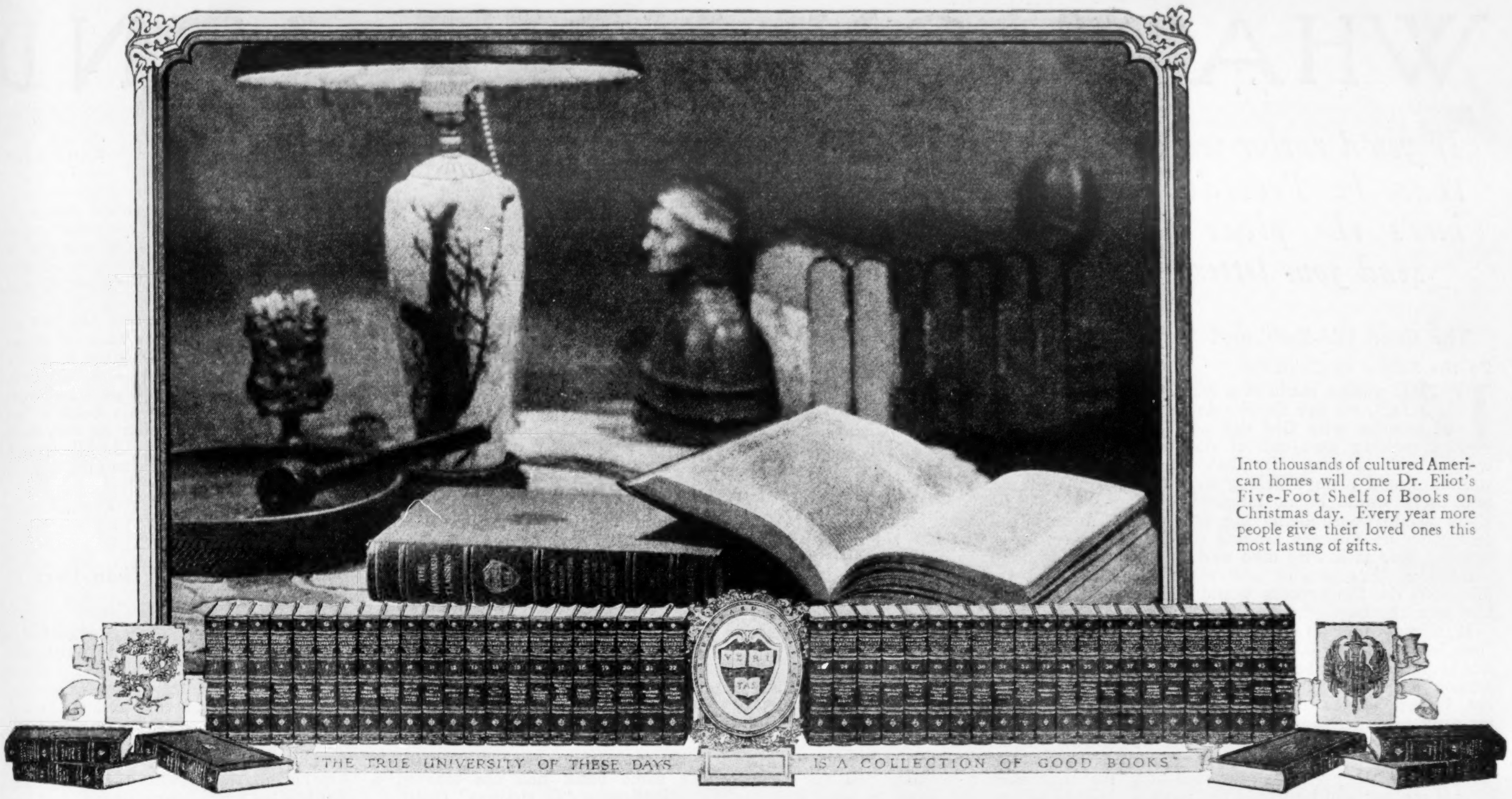
I could not tell him. I could only describe the thing I saw. A Mother and Child. And she was clasping him close against her breast in a passion of love and protection. But there was no fear upon her face. It was benign, quiet, holy. The features were high-boned, unmistakably Indian. But the eyes were wide, filled with visions. A Madonna of the Mesa. And the child—the little one in her arms—he reached out his hand, the tiny fingers upturned and curved, even as Ross had seen them on that day of awful danger. But there was no tension of terror in that baby hand. The little fingers were lifted in a gesture of blessing, and the childish mouth was curved in a beatific smile.

Ross Tenerforth put out his hand. His fingers traced the outlines of the sculptured group, slowly, almost reverently. His voice came very low and wondering.

"Beauty—beauty of spirit—and my eyes could not see it. Only my soul found it and brought it out of the darkness."

Then he lifted it from its pedestal and bent down to the kneeling girl.

"E-ho-de," he said compellingly, and his voice was like the tone of a bell, "take back your soul. I give it to you. It is a fair exchange; it is just. For you have given me my soul, O Madonna of the Mesa!"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# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

*If you'd rather write than be President here's the place to send your letter*

### The Good Old-Fashioned Way

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

IF THE woman made of a man's rib is a fact, we are thrown into a fit of wonder why God did not keep on making men out of dust and women out of ribs. In that case a woman would always belong to a man and there would be no single women. Each would be suddenly big and perfect with no nursery trouble of child rearing, and if a wife died and a man wanted another one, or several as the Mormons do, the process would reduce him to a shortage of ribs.

If a man had to spare a rib each time he took a wife, some of the men would perhaps not be so fickle and impetuous for changes. Also he could not blame her faults on her family training or inheritance. A man would not be hectored for money for her to go home and spend part of the year with her mother—for she would not have a mother and he would not have a mother-in-law.

By this divine mating there would be avoided the emotional tumult of courtship and also the divorce evils. It would bar much domestic disorder by the fact of the male's being set up first and no privilege left to the female to upset the institution. That being left to some member of the animal order loafing about and making family interference, sort of a serpent in a garden.

MRS. H. C. P., Lawrence, Kans

### Florida Flippancy

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

Following the spinster's dissertation on what she would do if she were a father, and the late Col. Ingersoll's improved plans if he were God, we have now been regaled by two articles in Collier's by Wm. Johnston as to what he would do if he were a doctor, and also what he would do if he were a lawyer.

We shall await with interest an article from the same source as to what he would do if he were a writer.

A. A. WOLFE, Tampa, Fla.

### Pythagoras and John L. Agree

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In this week's Collier's I notice the caption: "When is a Man Drunk?"

I am tempted to quote the great pagan philosopher Pythagoras, who said:

"A man is not to be considered dead drunk, till he lies on the floor and stretches out his arms and legs to prevent his going lower."

Pythagoras lived four hundred years B. C., and had a large following. He was one of the world's great philosophers.

C. T. B., Salinas, Cal.

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

W. G. Cox of Burlington says words. No greater authority ever was than John L. Sullivan, either from experience or observation in his palmy days, though to his everlasting credit after the stiffest battle of his life he became and remained a consistent passenger on the water wagon. He defined intoxication as the state of a man who was obliged to lie down on the floor but if he had to hold on to the floor he was drunk.

H. F. S., New Haven, Conn.

### No Crockery Cut, Either

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I maintain that bobbed hair is 99 per cent graft. My sister has been wearing her hair in that style for some time and yesterday she had her hair "cut" for the hundredth time thereabouts. This morning she said to me, "George, can you tell that I have had a haircut?" I took a good look at her hair and then said, "No, did you get one?" She'd paid fifty cents for about four snips.

Let me tell you, these barbers and beauty specialists aren't so dumb. Ah! joyously indeed did they realize that once a woman had her hair bobbed she would have to have it cut every so often to keep it from looking straggly and unkempt. This would make her a permanent customer as long as she kept her hair bobbed. And they also realized that if they would cut as little hair off as they could get by with the lady would have to come that much sooner for another haircut, which meant that there would be just that many more half dollars rolling in.

My barber charges 40 cents to work a good thirty-five minutes to give me a good haircut, and he doesn't put a bowl on my head and cut around it either.

"LAFFITOFF," Louisville, Ky.

### For the Poor Harassed Taxpayer

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

Is there a town in the United States where some bank has not started a "Vacation" or a "Christmas" club?

That of course is fine; they help thrift, but thrift which I would call "spending thrift" pure and simple. But who has ever heard of a "taxpayers" club?

Vacation and Christmas times come around once a year and one feels good with ready money when they come. Yet there is another time when not a few in every town must have ready money too, or there is a worse anxiety for him who has not than there is when "spending times" come around without funds for them.

That time comes when the tax collector reminds one that he is in arrears for his taxes; that they must be paid or his house will be sold; and then what a "grand and glorious time" that would be if he could go to his bank's "taxpayers club" into which he has made, during the year, some small deposits which could be withdrawn only for that purpose!

A. C. H., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

### Better Friends Than Ever

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I sincerely hope that the author of the letter from Melbourne, Australia, published under the heading "Better Friends Than Ever" is under twenty-five years of age, is a newcomer in Australia or has a poor memory, for in that letter he states that: "Until a few weeks ago Australia's idea of the Americans was founded on the stage Yankee"—"that our new-found big brother has come and gone, to our very great regret"—"that Americans are a fine race of real he-men."

I like to think that the fourteen thousand officers and men who steamed into Australia's harbors on that memorable cruise of Fighting Bob Evans around the world in 1907 and 1908 were all "he-men" and that the delightfully hospitable Australians thought so too.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

### A Grade-A Check

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In Babe Ruth's story in a recent number of your weekly he says: "I was to get $5,000 a week for ten weeks' work making a picture. The picture was made all right. And after it was completed they gave me a *certified* check and asked me not to deposit it for a week. Before the time was out the company went into bankruptcy!"

Babe Ruth isn't a good story teller, besides being a little simple. If the bank isn't broke (the bank issuing check) I'll buy the check for $4,000. Please tip Bambino off that he's that much more to the good.

T. S. DOBRIN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

### "His Soul Goes Marching On"

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In "John Brown's Body," by Mr. Upson, I was pleased to discover information concerning the burial place of John Brown.

As a matter of historical accuracy, John Brown was executed at Charles Town, Jefferson County, a few miles from Harpers Ferry. These villages are in West Virginia now; then, Virginia.

Charleston, capital of West Virginia, is in Kanawha County, a good many leagues from Charles Town in the northeastern panhandle.

An interesting coincidence in this connection is that William Blizzard, mine union official, of St. Albans, W. Va., was tried and found not guilty of treason in 1922 in the same courthouse at Charles Town where John Brown was convicted of that charge.

Blizzard's indictment grew out of the "armed march" of miners to Logan, W. Va., in 1921, and in which he was charged with being the "generalissimo."

L. B. B., Columbus, O.

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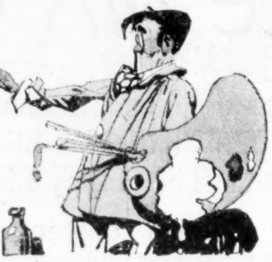

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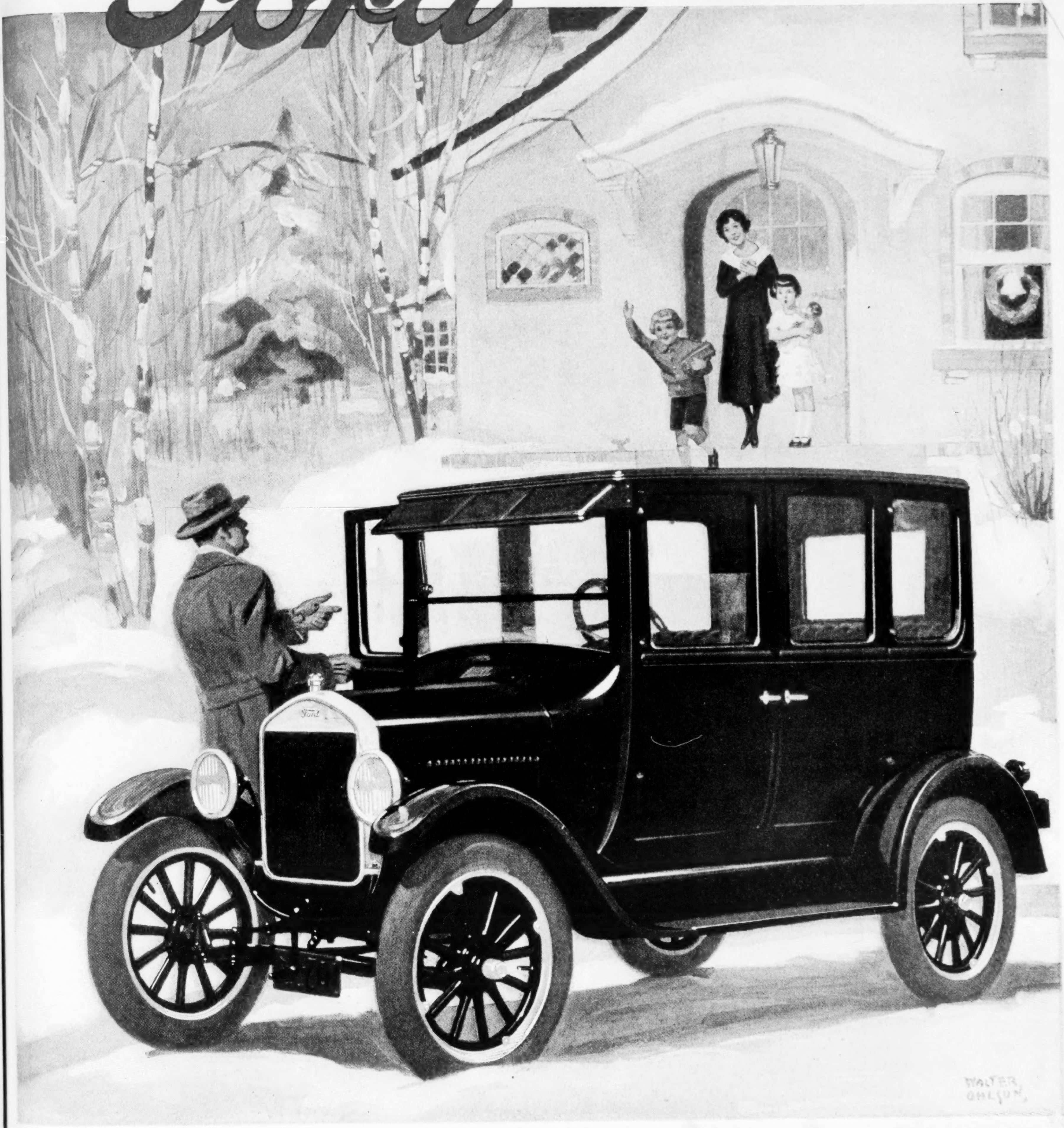

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